

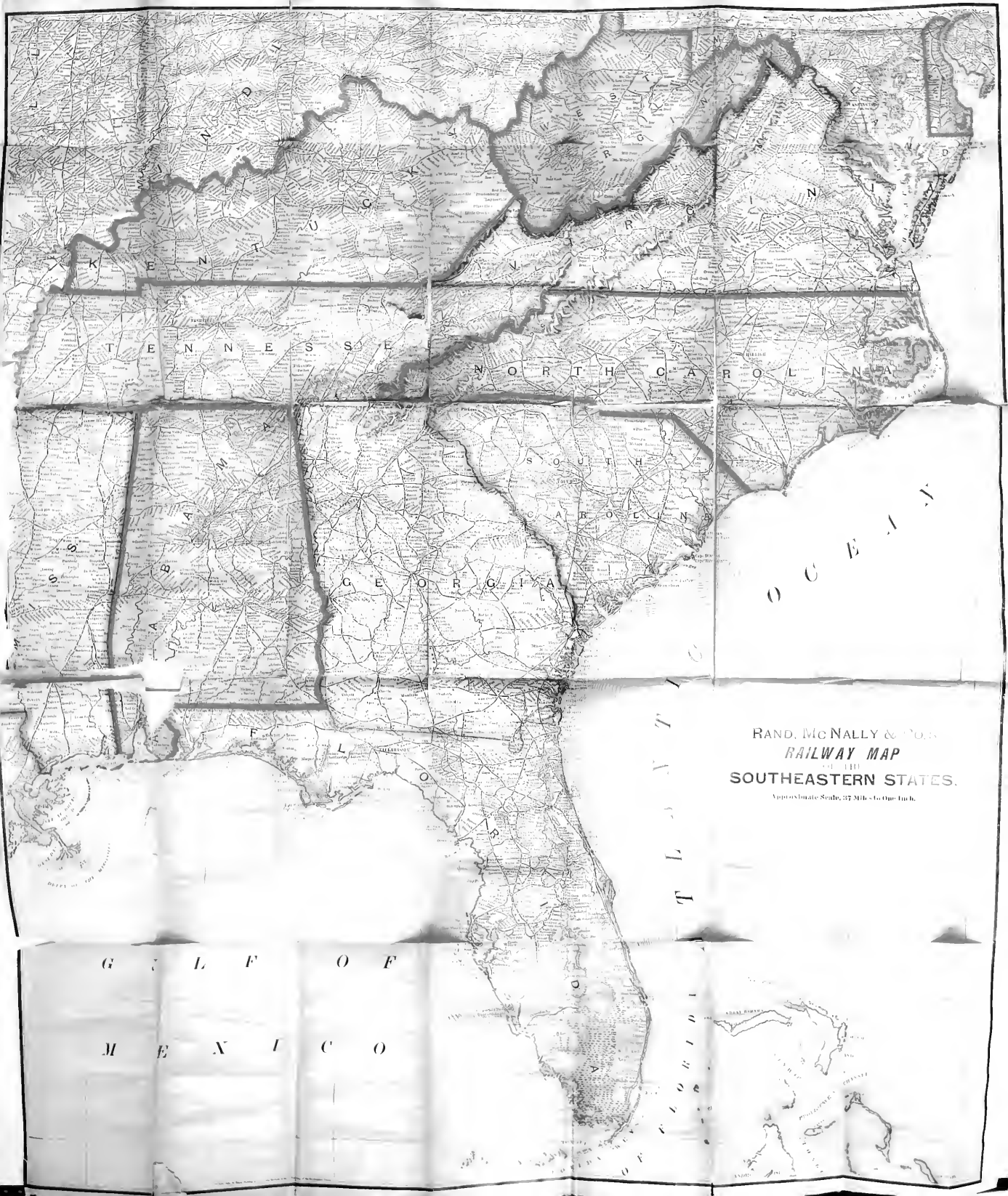


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Southeastern States

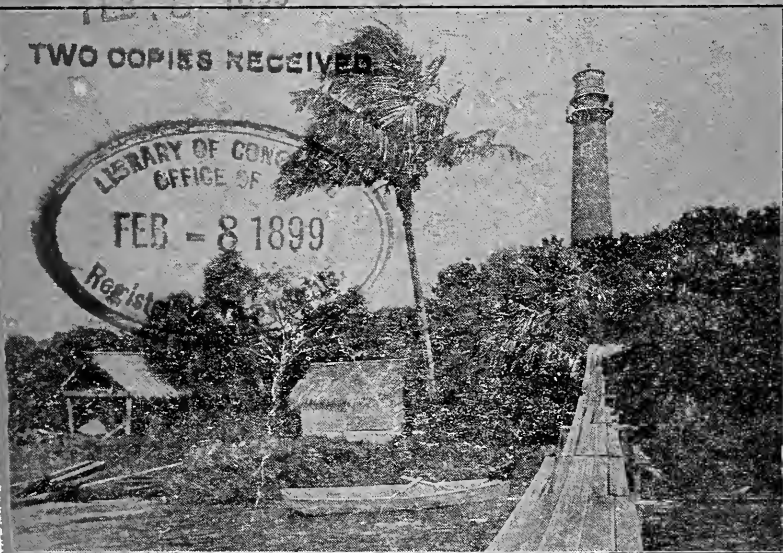
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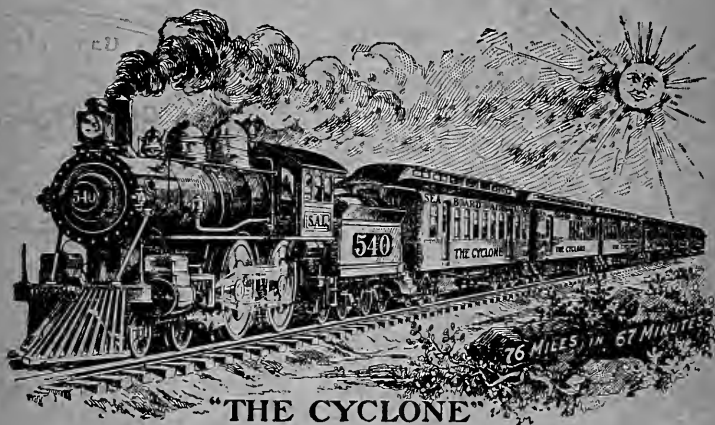
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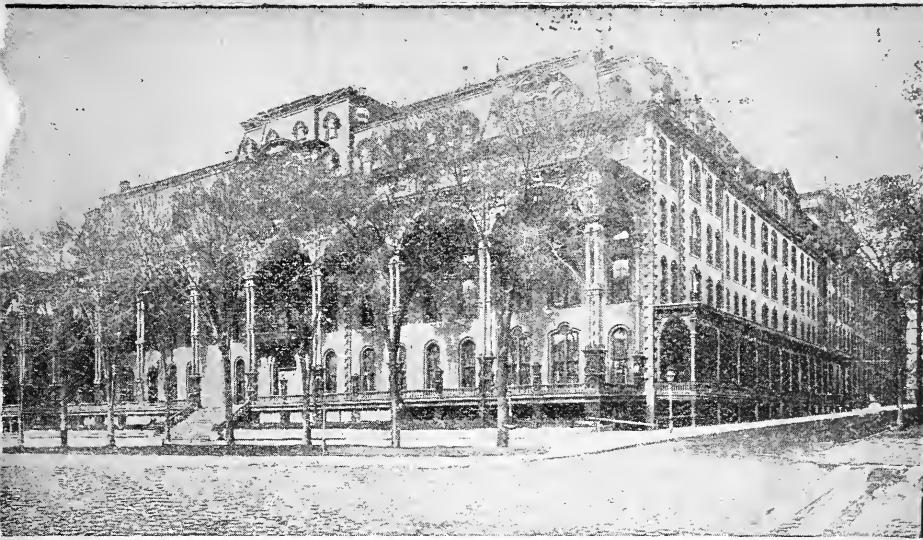
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HANDY GUIDE

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GEORGIA, THE CAROLINAS, AND
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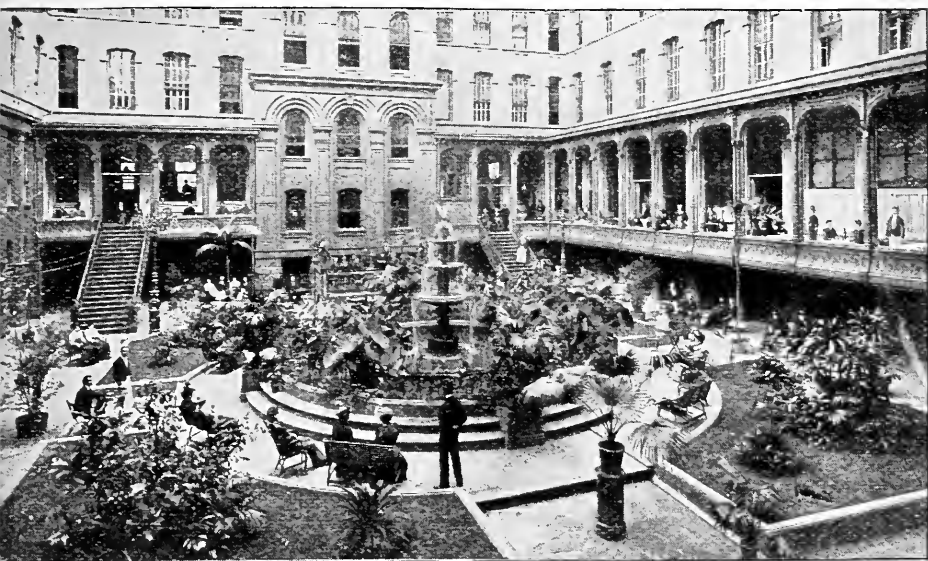
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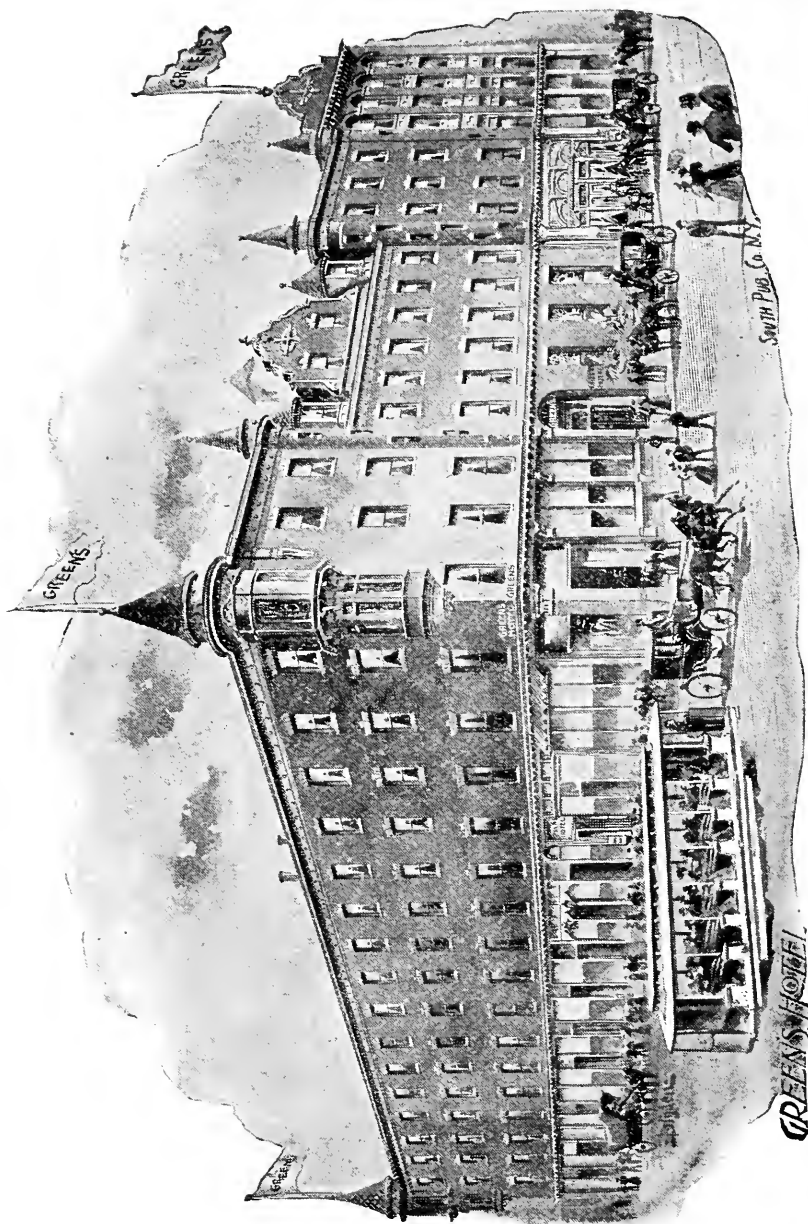
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The Voyage begins with the passage down New York harbor to The Narrows, where the Staten Island shore, with Fort Wadsworth on the right, and the shore of South Brooklyn, with Fort

Hamilton on the left, approach one another and separate the Upper from the Lower Bay.

The round, brown fort in the water on the left of The Narrows is Fort Lafayette, built in 1812, and famous as a military prison during the Civil War. As the expanse of the Lower Bay spreads right and left, the long row of hotels and amusement places of South Beach is seen on the Staten Island shore, and on the left the houses of the Gravesend and Bath Beach shores. The two small islands ahead are devoted to quarantine patients treated for contagious diseases, and far beyond is seen the shore of New Jersey. The course sweeps slowly to the left until the open ocean becomes visible, and the ship passes out past *Sandy Hook*, with the pleasure villages of Coney Island, Brighton, and Manhattan beaches in plain view on the left. Steering outside of Scotland lightship, near where the international yacht races are run, the prow is pointed south, and all the evening the passenger is amused by the brilliantly lighted New Jersey shore, from Long Branch down past Asbury Park, almost to Barnegat. In the morning the ship is out of sight of land and headed for Cape Hatteras, whose lighthouse and low shore are sighted at dusk. Glimpses are caught next day of the Carolina coast, the lighthouses at Cape Lookout (entrance to New Berne, N. C.), and Cape Fear (near Wilmington, N. C.), and, if circumstances and the tide are favorable, the bar off Charleston harbor is reached in time to cross it and make a safe trip up the tortuous channel to the city before dark; otherwise the ship anchors until daylight.

Charleston Harbor.—The steamer follows carefully the excavated passage through the dangerous bar, nineteen feet deep at mean high tide, between the stone jetties that reach out from the shores, and, by directing the tidal currents, help to keep the channel clear from shifting sands and silt. The shore on the right (north) is *Sullivan's Island*, and is dotted with summer residences, hotels, and bathing places, forming farther westward the village of Moultrieville. The southern shore is formed by the sand dunes of *Morris Island*. Here the Confederate troops, during the Civil War, erected batteries and fortifications, notably Fort Wagner, just south of the jetty on the left, and Battery Gregg, opposite Fort Sumter, from which they were driven during the summer of 1863 by the Federal soldiers. But Sullivan's Island has had quite as lively a history. A palmetto fort, styled Sullivan, on the western end of the island, was attacked by Clinton's troops in 1776 with no success, as the spongy palmetto wood resisted the cannon-balls. The fort was afterward rebuilt in more formal style, named after Col. William Moultrie, who had commanded it at the battle, and was garrisoned until the hostilities of 1860; this *Fort Moul-*

trie now appears on the right, amid clustering white houses, as a low, red wall partly hidden by gleaming sand dunes. The voyager should next turn his attention to **Fort Sumter**, a short distance ahead on the left. This famous fortress, where the first shot at the country's flag was fired by the Secessionists of 1861, is founded upon an artificial island, composed of rocks mainly brought from the North as ballast in cotton ships. In 1846 the foundations were barely above the water, and at the beginning of the Civil War the brick walls, 40 feet high and 8 feet thick, were scarcely completed. At present, turf-covered earthworks round up from the salient angles of the walls, which have been rebuilt, but only a few guns peer from between them. A modern fort, with disappearing guns, is now building on Sullivan's Island.

Maj. Robert Anderson was in charge of the Charleston defenses in 1860, and had made repeated requests to Congress for their proper renewal, but they were unheeded; and hearing the threats of secession at Charleston, he spiked the guns of Fort Moultrie and secretly moved his garrison to the stronger fortress, Fort Sumter. The steamer "Star of the West," sent to reinforce Fort Sumter, was driven back by the batteries on Morris Island, which had been promptly erected by Charlestonians after Anderson's change of base, and from Fort Moultrie, then in the hands of the Confederates. Anderson considered this firing at a vessel bearing the United States flag an act of war, and was much angered by it, but was obliged by his orders from the War Department to refrain from replying to the shots, and from preventing the erection of battery after battery around his position. Several States were hovering on the edge of secession, and it was decided by those which had already thrown themselves out of the Union, to conclude matters by subduing Fort Sumter, whose commander had pluckily refused to surrender his force. At last, hearing that two ships were trying to cross the bar in order to aid it, firing was commenced from the Confederate batteries, which continued until the fort was nearly demolished, and the garrison, almost starved out, but not seriously injured by the bombardment, was compelled to evacuate the fort (April 14, 1861), and was permitted to sail for New York, carrying the flag with them. The War of Secession broke out instantly, and the Confederates occupied the fort until it was further knocked to pieces (1863) by Gillmore's volleys.

Beyond Sumter, a long point reaches out from James Island, on the south, terminating in an old earthwork (Fort Johnston) now occupied by the quarantine station. This point was fortified in early Colonial times, and its officer had a royal commission to stop all vessels upon which he suspected dangerous diseases. It was the office and store yard of the engineers who built Fort Sumter, and later formed a part of the Confederate works. Opposite it, on the northern shore, and nearer the city, a point of the mainland juts

out, with the village of *Mount Pleasant*, and a little beyond it is Shute's Folly Island, the site of *Castle Pinckney*, a circular brick Revolutionary fort, the top of which is in ruins, and which is partly hidden by small houses. One can now see distinctly the foremost houses of the city, the graceful steeples of St. Michael's and St. Philip's churches, and at the right the noble *Custom House* of white marble, like a symmetrical Roman-Corinthian temple, that dominates the shore line. At night St. Phillip's steeple becomes a lighthouse.

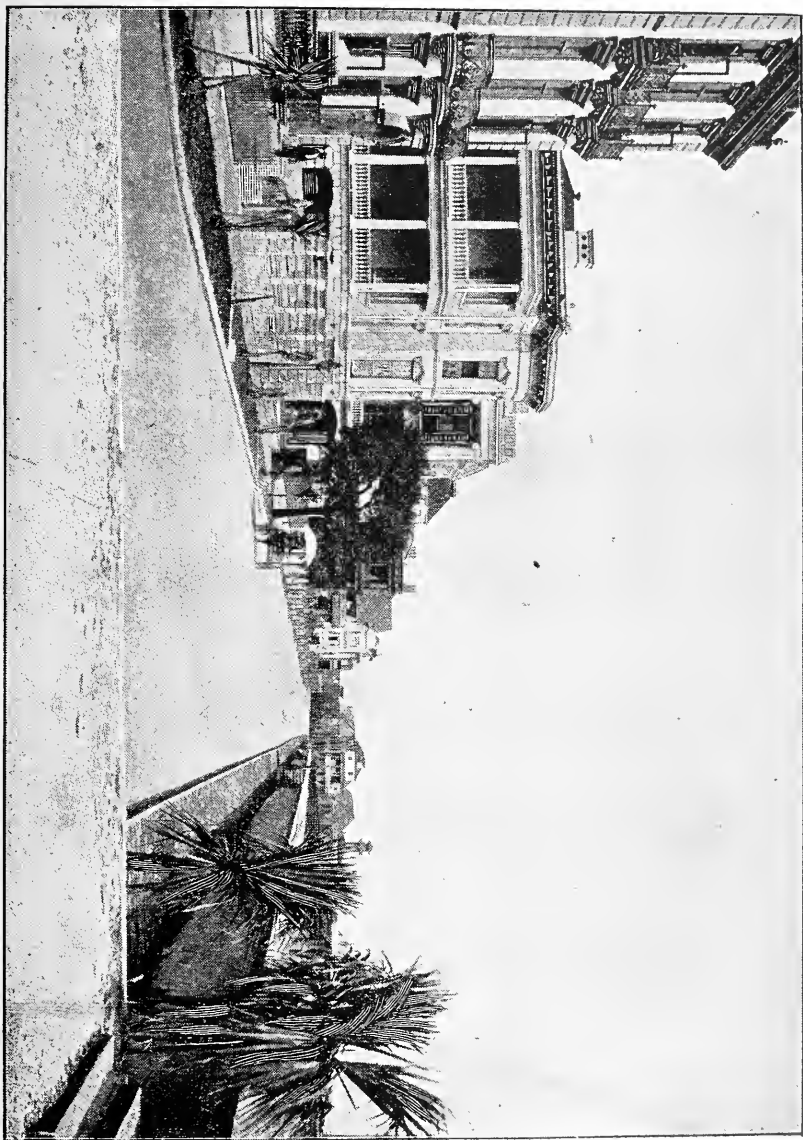
Excursions About the Harbor.—A steamer plies between Charleston and Sullivan's Island several times a day, stopping at Fort Sumter, Moultrieville, and Mount Pleasant, the latter being summer-resorts and bathing-places on the north shore of the bay. In winter steamboats furnish regular transportation to *Magnolia Gardens*, a few miles above Charleston on Ashley River. These gardens, the ancient home of the Drayton family, are noted for their live oaks, loaded with trailing moss (*Tillandsia*, which is not a true moss, in any sense of the word, but is an epiphytic member of the pineapple family), several being so large that seven persons can barely encircle each tree with outstretched arms. But the gardens are still more renowned for their gigantic camellia trees, and for the masses of azaleas of every tint, the bushes being often twenty-five feet through, that blaze along the walks. Ashley Hill, the home of Commodore Gillam, a naval hero of the Revolution, is between the gardens and the city; and above them are many places of great romantic and historical interest, mentioned as near Summerville (p. 14), a pleasure resort (22 m. north by rail).

The City of Charleston.

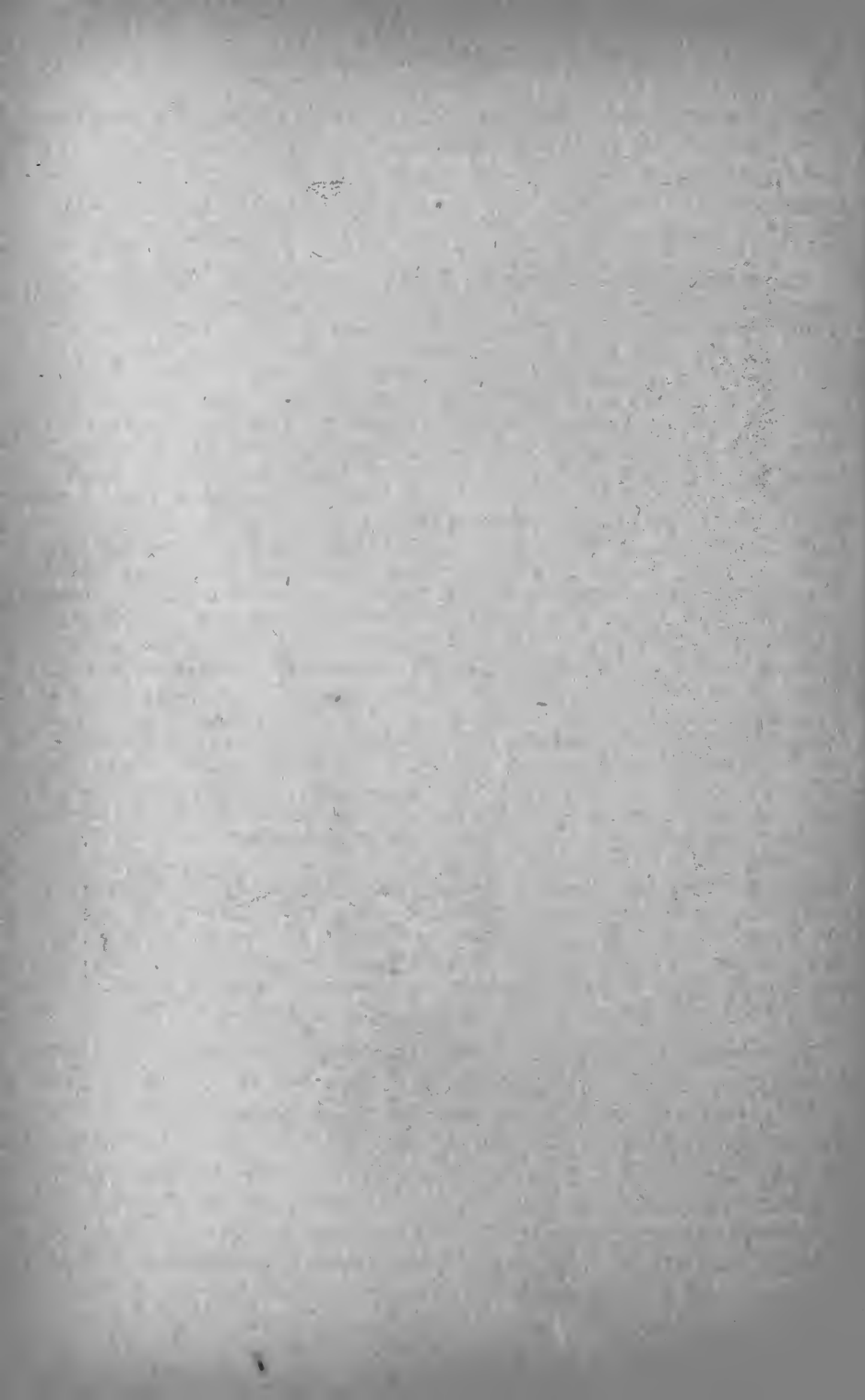
Situation and History.—The city of Charleston (pop., 55,000; *Charleston Hotel*, special rates; St. Charles, \$3; Osceola, \$2; New Pavilion, \$1.50) is the largest city in South Carolina, and one of the most important seaports of the Southern coast. It occupies a peninsula lying nearly north and south between Cooper River, on the east, and Ashley River, on the west, which join to form the harbor.

English colonists, coming from Port Royal, started a settlement on Ashley River in 1670, but 1680 found them in their present situation, on what was then called Oyster Point. The new town was named in honor of Charles II. By 1690 a number of Huguenots had joined the colony, and subsequent arrivals from other nations swelled their numbers. The Charlestonians flourished and repelled a combined attack of Spanish and French in 1706, one by Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Peter Parker in 1776, and another by General Prevost three years later, but the place was finally captured by Clinton in 1780, only to be evacuated by the British troops in 1782.

Charleston has always been proud of the fact that it was never taken during the Civil War. The federal Admiral Dupont tried



THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON.



to pass the batteries at the entrance to the harbor (1863), but the monitor "Weehawken," leading the fleet, got entangled among the obstructions scattered about the channel, became a target for the enemy's batteries, and after some hard fighting the fleet was withdrawn by Dupont, the "Keokuk" afterward sinking in an inlet.

Capture of the Charleston Forts.—Gen. Q. A. Gillmore was assigned to the command of the National Department of the South (June, 1863), and devised a plan for using land forces to subdue Fort Wagner while the monitors attacked Sumter. A masked battery was erected on Folly Island south of Morris Island. Dupont, who had prevented the Confederates from further fortification of Morris Island, was superseded by Admiral Dahlgren. When all was prepared, several military excursions were made inland to divert the attention of the Charlestonians, and on July 13, 1863, a strong force crossed the channel between Folly and Morris islands before dawn, and captured the powerful outworks on the southern end of the latter. At the same time the masked batteries began to speak, and Dahlgren and Gillmore bombarded Fort Wagner effectively, but repeated assaults failed to take it. The young Colonel Shaw was killed in this fight, and buried with contempt by the garrison in a trench beneath the dead of the colored regiment he had commanded. Finally Gillmore settled down to a siege of the forts. A 200-pound Parrott gun, the "swamp angel," was placed on piles in a marsh between Morris and James islands, and (August 17th) another attack was made on the various forts, which resulted in their evacuation. Sumter was knocked to pieces, and Gillmore occasionally bombarded Charleston, until nearly the end of the year, but as no fleet appeared to take possession of the city, which was no longer of any strategic importance, he ceased his cannonade. On February 18, 1865, the Confederate commander at Charleston, hearing of Sherman's capture of Columbia, fired all the public property and withdrew from the city. The next day Gillmore's troops raised the national flag over Fort Sumter, and the city was surrendered. The fire, which had become a dangerous conflagration, was quickly put out by the Federals and negroes, and Charleston was placed under martial law.

Streets and Objects of Interest.—Charleston is laid out in square blocks of considerable regularity, the cross streets extending from river to river, and the longer streets running at right angles to them. The commercial side of the city is the eastern, facing the harbor and Cooper River; and the steamer landings are near the lower end of the water front, midway between the custom house and the Battery; the Union railroad station is in the northeastern part of the city, about a mile from the Battery. Electric cars connect these landing places with all parts of the town. The principal cross street is Broad,

which stretches across the peninsula about one-third mile above its southern extremity. It terminates east at Bay Street, which extends along the harbor front in the rear of the wharves, and is principally devoted to commercial offices and the wholesale trade. The southern extremity of Bay Street forms the *Battery*, which was the site of the colonial fortifications of the city, and also of guns erected during the Civil War. It is now bounded by a broad sea wall which forms a favorite promenade looking out upon the magnificent harbor.

The lower end of the sea wall terminates in the Battery, or White Point Garden, a public park facing Ashley River shaded by live oaks and palms, and traversed by white shell paths, along which seats are placed. A statue of a Continental soldier in the peculiar uniform of the Carolina troops, erected in memory of the militiamen who died during the Revolution in defense of Fort Moultrie; a bronze bust of Wm. Gillmore Simms, the novelist and poet (1806-1870), and a round tower, composed of blocks of phosphate, a mineral fertilizer and one of the most valuable products of the State, ornament this pleasant park which was known of old as "White Point."

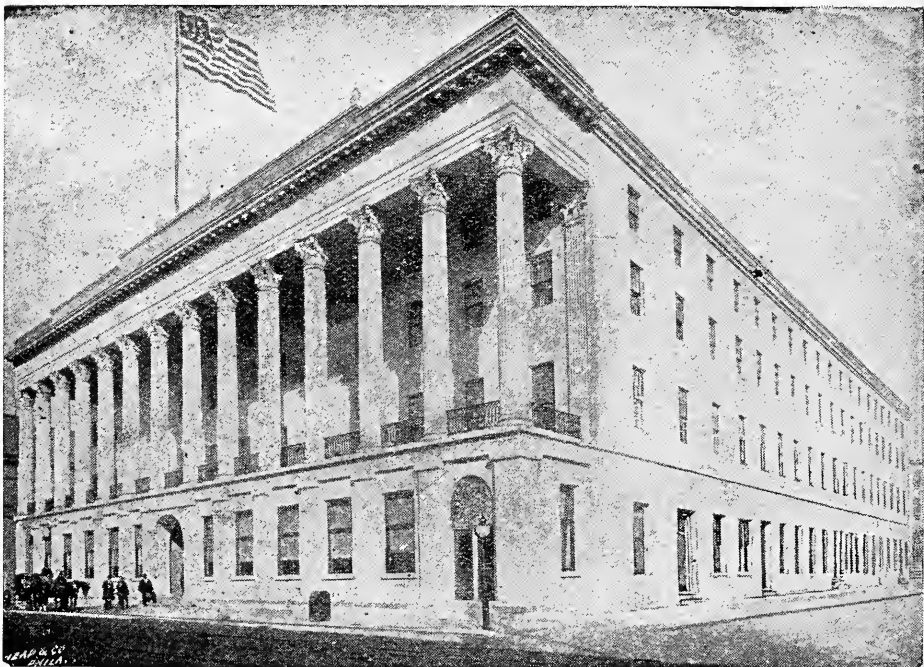
Skirting the Battery, and occupying the old narrow streets northward to Broad, are grouped the most magnificent as well as the quaintest of Charleston's houses, some new homes shouldering the simple but large buildings that have survived bombardment, cyclone, and earthquake.

These older houses all stand with their ends to the street, the wall rising abruptly from the narrow sidewalk, thus securing a sunny exposure, and, at the same time, a considerable privacy for the wide galleries that rise to the eaves and look out upon the garden that separates each house from its neighbor. "Because of this method of building, the entrances, which, without knowing better, we would take to be the front doors, in reality admit the members of each household either to the end of the lower porch or into the garden, the true main doorway being on the side of the house." These spacious gardens between the houses give this part of Charleston a peculiarly charming effect, sunny glimpses of masses of brilliant flowers constantly attracting the glance through the ornamental iron gates in old brick walls or dense hedges. Trees of *crêpe myrtle*, loaded with gay pink flowers, lean over the tops of the walls, and the heads of palms, fig-trees, and bananas occasionally appear, while rose vines climb to the eaves of the piazzas. A remarkable example of such a garden can be seen on Legare Street, at the house originally built by George Edwards, who had his initials wrought into the curved iron railings about his door. Another wilderness of trees and plants covers the graves in *St. Michael's* churchyard. This noted and interesting church stands at the corner of Broad and Meeting streets, a white stuccoed building of good Colonial architecture. It was



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

**"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE
CHARLESTON"**



CHARLESTON HOTEL

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

AFFORDING ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Golf Links and Cycling on Miles of Shell Roads.

Do not fail to visit this historic and interesting city.
The winter rendezvous of the North
American squadron.

W. IRVING DAVIDS.

built in 1752 and suffered severely during the various catastrophes that have befallen the city, but has recently been repaired without change of its original form. The old square pews remain, and one by the central aisle is preserved just as it was when Washington listened to a service there. A custodian tells how cannon-balls came through the chancel window and under the altar — cannon-balls sent from the throat of the "swamp angel" hidden in the pines during the siege of Charleston; and how the walls were cracked, the steeple turned half way around, and the floor torn up by the earthquake in 1886. The sweet-toned bells, that chime from the steeple, have had a varied history and many travels. *St. Philip's Church*, like *St. Michael's*, Episcopal, "has the third building in which the congregation has worshiped, but it copies the second one destroyed in 1835." There is a true story of a slave lad having climbed the steeple of *St. Philip's* to put out a fire, and being set free by his master as a reward. Its churchyard contains the grave of John C. Calhoun. Another interesting church is that of the old Huguenot congregation.

St. Michael's Church is on the southeast corner of Broad and Meeting streets, which may be considered the social center of the city. Diagonally opposite is the County Court House, and on the northeast corner the City Hall, partly surrounded by *Washington Park*, which contains a granite obelisk erected to the memory of the men of the South Carolina Light Infantry who were slain in those battles of the Civil War noted on its base; and a statue of that great English friend of the colonists, William Pitt. A short distance below, on Broad Street, is the *Public Library* (founded in 1748), rich in old-fashioned books and curious documents, as well as in modern works, and supplied with a good reading-room. Street-cars run north on Meeting Street to the railway station and upper parts of the city. Next west of Meeting Street, and parallel, is *King Street*, where are the principal retail shops, hotels, and restaurants. Street-cars run upon it from the Battery to the northern suburbs. By taking these cars to the northern end of the line, or the green cars on East Bay Street, and changing to a suburban line at the terminus, one may ride five miles into the country and return for 20 cents.

Magnolia Cemetery, three miles north of the City Hall (street-cars so labeled, 10 cents), should be visited on account of its rich semi-tropical vegetation.

An open space between King and Meeting streets, one-fourth mile north of the City Hall, is *Marion Square*, on the northern side of which is a castellated stone building, the *Citadel*, long occupied by a military school. A statue of the South Carolina orator and publicist, John C. Calhoun (1782-1850), whose teachings ultimately led

to this State taking the lead in the doctrine of "State rights" and secession from the Union, stands at the other end of the square.

Just north of the Custom House is the *City Market*, occupying a series of long buildings extending from Bay to Meeting streets, and one of the most picturesque sights of the city. Flowers from the great rose gardens near the city are always prominent. Old darkies sit in their little pens guarding small portions of produce carefully displayed in shallow baskets woven of wire-grass and palmetto, which form the most interesting of souvenirs to tourists. Outside of the market, on top of the low walls across the way, sit numerous black, red-necked turkey buzzards (*Cathartes aura*), and the smaller carrion crows (*Catharista atratus*). The market sheds terminate on Meeting Street in a large, imposing office building called Market Hall.

The **Charleston Hotel** (special rates), on Meeting Street between Hayne and Pinckney streets, is an imposing structure, with two-storied balconies, which has been recently renovated and elaborately furnished and decorated. It is first-class in all appointments, has sunny rooms on three sides, and a breezy front, since the building faces the west, whence comes the pleasantest winds of summer. The *St. Charles Hotel*, corner Meeting and Hazel streets, is also a house of excellent reputation.

Railways out of Charleston; Summerville.

(1) To *Florence* and northward. Atlantic Coast Line (Route 13).

(2) To *Augusta, Columbia, Atlanta, and northwest*. The S. C. & Ga. Rd. pursues a westerly course through the phosphate-producing region, crossing the headwaters of the Edisto River. This is the oldest practical railway in the United States (opened in 1831); it runs through a populous part of the State, full of reminiscences of Marion's exploits in Revolutionary days and of desultory fighting during the early, and again during the later, period of the Civil War. There are, however, extensive areas of pine forest, containing many small hotels and village boarding-houses patronized by invalids seeking relief in the dry, salubrious, balsam-scented air of this equable district. The foremost of these resorts is at **Summerville** (pop., 5,000, 22 m. from Charleston), where are situated the *Pine-Forest Inn* (\$4), *Dorchester Inn* (\$2.50), and several lesser hotels.

The hotels are large houses among the pines, built and furnished with every modern convenience, and open in winter as a

health and pleasure resort. Summerville is a well-regulated village with churches, schools, lighted streets, good drainage, etc., and the locality has received the highest medical commendation. The means of amusement are various; shooting for quail, wild turkeys, etc., is good, and fox-hunts are a feature of the neighborhood. The historical interest is very great. Four miles distant are the picturesque ruins of the old Dorchester fort, built of shell-rock on a high bluff overlooking Ashley River, which is known to have been standing since 1719. An ancient church stands near it. The Old White Church near by, now in ruins, was built in 1696. Goose Creek Church, built in 1711 (1 m. from Otranto), and St. Andrew's, in 1706, are quaint structures still well preserved, the former having the royal arms of Great Britain and the coats of arms of various neighboring families emblazoned on the walls. The Oaks, near Goose Creek Church (St. James), graphically described in one of Gillmore Simm's novels, *Ingleside*, and several other old plantations, will interest the visitor. *Middleton Place*, noted for its lawn and stately terraces, has remained in the same family since the Revolution, and "contains the tomb of Arthur Middleton," one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Drayton Hall, a spacious and imposing brick residence built in 1740, and used by Cornwallis in 1780, has been the property of the present family since 1671. *Yeoman's Hall* is another ancient property originally the residence of Landgrave Smith, Colonial Governor of South Carolina. It has secret underground passages to the river, and a secret chamber where prisoners and treasures have been safely concealed through the Revolutionary and recent wars. There are several extensive phosphate mines in the immediate neighborhood.

At Branchville a branch diverges to Columbia; and at Denmark is crossed the Florida Short Line (Route 14). The road now rises upon the healthful watershed between the Savannah and Edisto rivers, passes *Aiken* (p. 47), and then crosses the Savannah at Hamburg into Augusta (p. 47). Sleeping-cars, Augusta to New York.

(3) To **Savannah**. Atlantic Coast Line (Route 13).

Clyde Line Steamships Charleston to Jacksonville.

The ship leaves Charleston about noon, reverses the scenery of the harbor (p. 8), steams quietly down the coast, and reaches the bar of the *St. Johns River* at dawn, where at the height of the tide the largest ships find water deep enough to allow safe passage over the treacherous bar. The voyager will hardly imagine that a broad river breaks the coastline here, for the river turns in such a manner that one sees its farther bank across its current, apparently closing the real entrance. As the ship crosses the bar a white strip of sand, crowned with scrubby pines, gleams on the left. It is the low outer

shore of Florida, and the little village clustered around the foot of the tall, red lighthouse is *Mayport*, said to be the best place for enjoying the luscious pompano. Burnside Beach is just below ; and nine miles farther south is Pablo Beach, the sea-bathing resort of Jacksonville.

History.—In 1562, Coligni, the admiral of the French navy under Charles IX, and the leader of the Huguenots, sent a Huguenot colony under Ribault to America, which entered the St. Johns on the 1st day of May. They named the stream the River of May, and placed a pillar engraved with the fleur-de-lis near its mouth. Two years later Laudonnière, with another party of colonists, built Fort Caroline, named in honor of Charles IX, on the south side of the river, immediately above St. Johns Bluff, five miles up the stream. In 1565 this fort was captured by Spaniards from St. Augustine, led by Menendez, and a terrible massacre ensued. The Spaniards repaired Fort Caroline, renamed it San Mateo, and built two fortifications on opposite sides of the mouth of the St. Johns. A Frenchman, de Gourgues, came, in 1568, to avenge the murder of the Huguenots, and, with the help of the Indians, captured all the forts, killed the garrisons, and razed San Mateo to the ground. About 1737, Oglethorpe, the English governor of Georgia, planned a small fortification, called Fort George, on an island at the entrance of the St. Johns.

The twenty-five tortuous miles from the bar to Jacksonville are **slowly** traversed by the steamer. Although the river is broad and lake-like in some places, its muddy waters conceal many shoals, and a local pilot directs the ship's movements. St. Johns Bluff, on the left, above Mayport, is the highest land (40 ft.) of the region, the usual shores being merely banks of white sand that project far out under the water, as is evidenced by extensive flooded patches of green and purple marsh-grass. Herons and wild ducks rush out of these patches as the ship passes, and it is said that the largest alligators used to frequent this part of the river. About halfway to Jacksonville, on the right bank, lies New Berlin, rather the largest of the little villages that have been seen peeping from the forest, which is overtopped by a few feather-duster cabbage palms. Seines and boats proclaim one occupation of the inhabitants of this curious land, as the orange groves indicate another. At last, after many twists and turns, the ship is safely fastened to the end of the wharf at Jacksonville, which is at the foot of Hogan Street, one block from the central part of Bay Street, the principal thoroughfare, where electric cars run to all parts of the city.

LOW TIDE - ISLE OF PALMS, CHARLESTON & SEASHORE RAILROAD.



The Charleston & Seashore Railroad Company and Her Many Attractions.

The Isle of Palms, and thereabouts. Charleston—Mt. Pleasant—Sullivan's Island, and The Isle of Palms.

To the tourist and pleasure-seeker who comes to the lovely South-land to sojourn for a season, the contents of these pages may prove interesting. We venture the assertion that there is no section of the country that will present a more varied field for observation than in and around the historic old city.

Beginning at "The Battery," and extending the line of observation eastward and southward, the interest of the tourist increases with the rapidly changing scenes which present themselves to the vision of the observer.

A Tour of the City.

After a tour of the city, visiting the many places of interest—old St. Michaels with the beautiful chimes, St. Phillips with the lighthouse in the tower, the Military Academy, Calhoun Monument, and others—he suddenly finds himself at the foot of Cumberland Street. Lying within the Ferry Slip, awaiting the arrival of her human cargo, the new double-end passenger steamer *Commodore Perry*, of the Charleston & Seashore Railroad, is in readiness to make the trip across the Cooper River to Mt. Pleasant. A sound of the whistle and a ring of the gong are signals to weigh anchor. Steam is applied to the machinery of this "Floating Neptune," and the tourist finds himself on the ocean waves with **Charleston** in the distance.

Casting the eye to windward, the fast receding city is seen; the United States Custom House stands majestically overlooking the harbor; while St. Phillip's spire, with its beacon light, rises heavenward in her God-given mission of guiding mariners safely into port.

Castle Pinckney and Fort Sumter.

A moment later, and we are passing very near to "Castle Pinckney." Fort Sumter, from whose walls the first gun of the Secession was fired, is now plainly visible to the left. Now the landing at Mt. Pleasant is reached.

Once aboard the electric cars of the Charleston & Seashore Railroad, we go spinning along at a thirty-mile gait. The trip through Mt. Pleasant village is a matter of only a few moments; and we cross one of the magnificent steel bridges to Sullivan's Island.

Here are many places of more than passing interest. "Fort Moultrie," of Revolutionary fame, now occupied by United States Regulars, and fully equipped with modern disappearing guns; the New Fort Jasper; grave of Osceola, the Seminole Chief; all these, and more, will prove of great interest to the stranger.

LOVER'S RETREAT—ISLE OF PALMS, CHARLESTON & SEASHORE RAILROAD.



The Isle of Palms.

We are now, after a half-hour's ride from Charleston, nearing *The Mecca*. "In Italy, all roads lead to Rome," but only one, the incomparable Charleston & Seashore Railroad, can reach the "Isle of Palms."

Breach Inlet and the Steel Drawbridge.

Crossing Breach Inlet, through the Steel Drawbridge, the Isle of Palms is reached, and a ride of two miles lands you at the terminal station. Immediately connecting with the station is the pavilion, occupying a water-front of 2,000 feet, the largest pavilion on the Atlantic seacoast North or South.

From the veranda of the pavilion the view is nothing less than magnificent. The ceaseless ebb and flow of the tide, white-caps chasing each other in rapid succession, the sea gulls sporting gaily with the waves, steam and sail vessels passing and repassing to and from the ports of the world with their cargoes of merchandise, all combine to form a picture unequaled on the Southern seacoast.

The "cold winds of winter" effect no change at the Isle of Palms. There it is perpetual summer, and the pavilion is converted into one grand solarium, the building being entirely enclosed in glass during the winter season; while huge logs of oak, in spacious open fireplaces, furnish fuel to heat the pavilion on the few inclement days when "Winter is King."

The pavilion is decorated with hundreds of beautiful palms and brilliantly illuminated by electricity, rendering the scene a blaze of glory. Dancing is the order of the afternoons and evenings. Beautiful music is discoursed by the First United States Artillery Band, affording every opportunity to the lovers of the terpsichorean art to indulge to their hearts' content, and every thing goes "as merry as a marriage bell."

But the more tangible things have not escaped the attention of the management. Realizing that "civilized men can not live without cooks," the culinary department, under the management of Mr. A.V. Green, has not been neglected in the least. In fact, great attention has been devoted to this department, and no pains have been spared to make it first class in every particular. The kitchen is equipped with the most modern conveniences. The dining-room, immediately in the rear of, and connecting with, the pavilion, is a model of neatness, and the pride of the owners of the beautiful place. Linen of immaculate whiteness; china and glassware of the most modern and approved patterns; first-class service, and a tempting menu, all form a combination at once attractive and irresistible.

Patrons of the cafe at the "Isle of Palms" can mingle with the crowd if they desire, or they can be as exclusive as if within the confines of their own homes. Separate apartments, in the way of private dining-rooms, can be secured, if desired. Select parties are provided with every facility for private dinings, teas, card parties,

BACK BEACH—ISLE OF PALMS. CHARLESTON & SEASHORE RAILROAD.



and social functions of all kinds. As a matter of fact, every possible convenience has been arranged to make life worth living at this lovely spot. Bedrooms and living apartments are provided within easy access of the dining-room and pavilion, and parties of any size can be accommodated with rooms, singly or in suites, as the guests may require.

For the special accommodation and convenience of the gentleman who wants his "bachelor friends" with him, a club-room has also been fitted up. Furnished cottages of six, eight, and ten rooms will be some of the attractions. No one can claim that they can not get just the kind of accommodations they require.

Have you ever had the pleasure of attending a *fish fry* or an *oyster roast*, at the Isle of Palms? If not, you have something to live for. A seine of 500 feet in length is used in securing the finny tribe, and they are cooked and served fresh from the ocean. The bivalves are also taken fresh from the water, and served on the half-shell to the guests of the Isle of Palms.

One of the principal attractions is the Ferris Wheel, the property of the management of the Isle of Palms, and is being erected near the pavilion. The steeplechase, the only one ever south of Atlantic City, is another of the chief attractions, while the steam carrousel makes it merry for the little folks.

Should time grow heavy on your hands, and after you have refreshed the inner man with the good things at the cafe, a stroll through *The Palms*, and on the beach, will serve to dissipate all sadness and drive away dull care.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,

Where the waving palm and nodding violet blows."

A visit to the Isle of Palms would induce one to believe that the author of these beautiful lines had witnessed the beauties of that spot, and had reveled in the charms of "land, sea, and sky" of The Isle. The scene is indeed enchanting, and the atmosphere exhilarating in the extreme.

With much emphasis and truth it has been many times declared that Dame Nature has, with a lavish hand, adorned the Isle of Palms, and it is indeed a matter of surprise that her radiant charms have so long lain dormant. Lying within a short distance of a bustling, busy city of 65,000 inhabitants, it is worthy of comment that her possibilities have not long ago been discovered and published to the world.

In conclusion, we wish to say that no word can fitly describe this enchanted spot. It is, in truth, the "connecting link" between New York and Florida, the garden spot of this lovely South-land.

Route 2.—Ocean Steamship Line to Savannah.

The Ocean Steamship Company sustains lines of first-class passenger steamers between Savannah, Ga., and New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, which form a long popular north-and-south route.

From New York a steamer of this line leaves every day, except Sunday, at 5.00 p. m., from Pier 34, North River, foot of Spring and Canal Streets, easily accessible by street-cars. The time to Savannah is about 50 hours, and no stops are made. Steamers leave the Ocean Steamship Wharf in Savannah for New York daily, except Thursday (to Boston) and Sunday, as the tide serves. The fleet includes such vessels as: "La Grande Duchesse," 5,000 tons; "Kansas City," 4,000 tons; "City of Augusta," "City of Savannah," and "Nacoochee," each 3,000 tons; they are of steel, with water-tight compartments, and provided with all "that would conduce to the comfort, security, and ease of the traveler." The saloons are completely finished in hardwood, the upholstery, hangings, and carpetings harmonizing in coloring and design. The staterooms contain two roomy berths each and are lighted by electricity, as is the whole ship. A berth in one of the staterooms is included in each first-class ticket; and a person may reserve a whole stateroom to himself, when the ship is not crowded, by an extra payment of \$10. Meals are included in the fare. Tickets are sold and baggage is checked through by this line, from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to all points in the Southeastern States. Four kinds of tickets are sold: First-class (one way), round-trip at reduced rates, second cabin, and steerage; a "stop-over" at Savannah is allowed.

From Boston, via New York.—The steamships "City of Macon," "Chattahoochee," and "Gate City" leave Boston twice a week; those leaving on Wednesdays touch at New York the next evening, but those leaving on Saturdays sail directly to Savannah. On their north-bound voyages these steamers go direct to Boston.

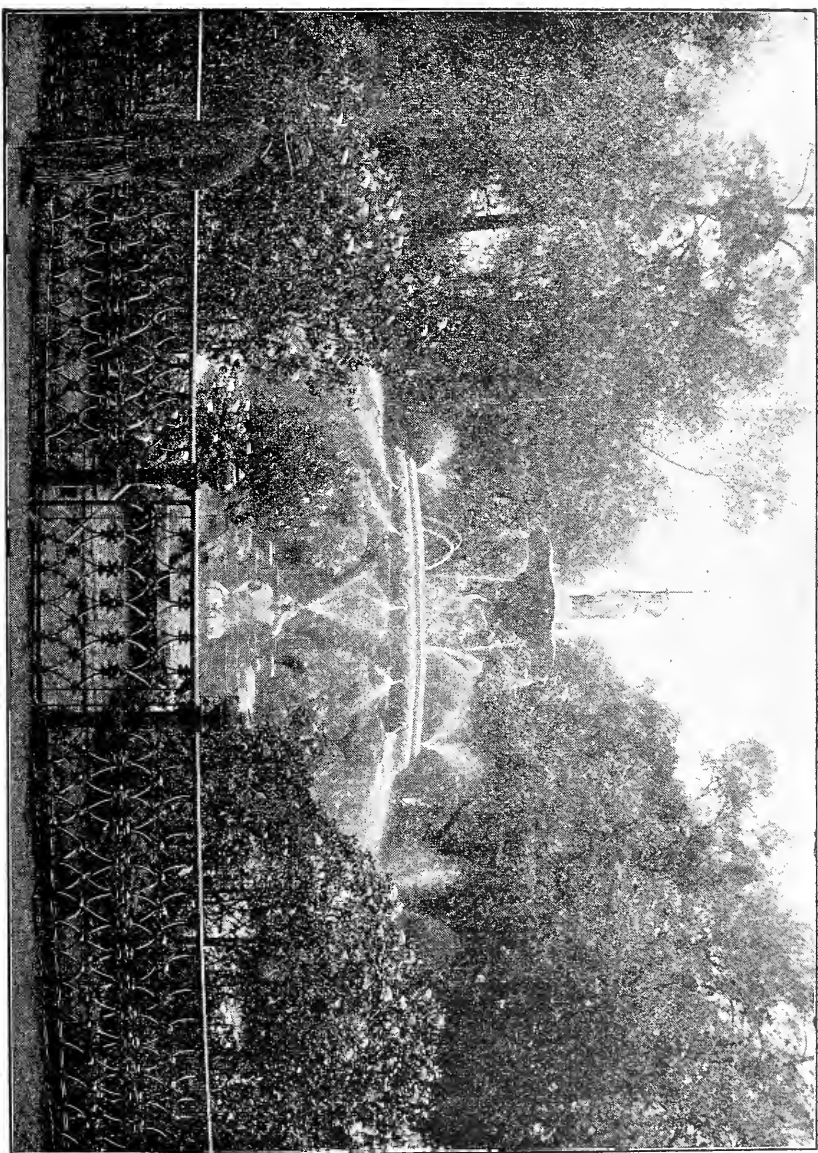
The Voyage from New York to Savannah gives two days at sea. Leaving New York at 3.00 p. m., Sandy Hook is left behind before dark, and the lights of the watering-places along the New Jersey coast sparkle in plain view until bedtime. Glimpses are caught the next day of lighthouses at Hatteras and perhaps at Cape Fear (Wilmington, N. C.), whence a direct course is laid for the entrance to

Savannah River.—This river is the boundary between Georgia and South Carolina, and expands at its mouth into Tybee Roads,

north of which is the island of Hilton Head and the bay of Port Royal (Route 13c). The southern shore of Tybee Roads and the lower river is formed by a series of low islands, separated by marshy channels often navigable; the outermost of these is Tybee, formerly among the most celebrated for the production of the sea-island cotton, which rendered many of these low detachments of the coast lands extremely valuable. Cotton culture was undertaken by the earliest settlers along this coast, but amounted to nothing until after the close of the War for Independence. Sea-island or long-staple cotton began to be grown on the Georgia islands in 1786, but the first successful crop was raised here on Hilton Head in 1790. The invention of the cotton-gin, followed by an immediate influx of slaves, gave such an impulse to this industry that, in 1807, the crop of the United States amounted to 48,000,000 pounds, 20,000 pounds of which was exported.

Early History.—Into this river sailed, in February, 1732, Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe, with 116 colonists, planning to found there a refuge for English insolvent debtors and persons fleeing from religious persecution. The colony received letters-patent from George II, and was named after him. The Creek Indians, who inhabited all that part of the country, welcomed the newcomers and ceded to them Yamacraw Bluff, the site of the present city—high ground on the southern bank, eighteen miles from the mouth of the river. The colony was wisely managed and prospered, so that when, in 1776, Georgia was admitted to the Federal Union as one of the original thirteen States, she had 70,000 population, and Savannah was already an important seaport. In 1776 a British naval attack was repulsed, but in 1778 the English gained possession of the city, and held it in spite of a vigorous effort for its recovery, made some months later, by a combined force of Americans and Frenchmen, the latter under D'Estaing, and including a fiery young Polish officer, Count Casimir Pulaski, who lost his life, and whose name has been identified with the locality ever since. It was not until the close of the Revolutionary War that the British were expelled. After the gaining of peace, Georgia was much troubled by Indian border-wars, but Savannah, although repeatedly devastated by fires, grew rapidly, and was chartered in 1789.

Savannah (pop., 60,500; *DeSoto*, \$4; *Pulaski*, \$3.50; *Screven*, \$2.50) is laid out with great regularity and in an interesting manner. A narrow, low space along the riverside is occupied by the wharves and cotton warehouses, *rice mills*, and vast *cotton presses*, which form one of the sights of the city. Behind these commercial establishments the edge of the bluff rises so steeply that few of the north and south streets come down to the river edge, most of them



FOUNTAIN, FORSYTHE PARK — Savannah.

Tourists Returning from **Florida** ^{and} **the South**

Will find the climatic extremes of the
North and South ideally blended at

Richmond **Old Point Comfort** (Fort Monroe), and **Virginia Beach, Va.**

Where magnificent hotels will make a
pleasant stay. From here the journey
can be continued by the

Fast Modern Steamships

OF THE

OLD DOMINION LINE

A Short, Delightful Sea Trip

Under the most favorable conditions of accommodations and cuisine.
Buy tickets via O. D. S. S. Co. from Richmond or Norfolk to New
York, or, if limit does not suit, to Norfolk or Richmond only.

**The New Steamships, "HAMILTON" and "JEFFERSON," will be
placed in commission, Spring of 1899.**

For full information, rates, schedules, etc., apply to chief ticket offices
of South, or

OLD DOMINION S. S. CO.,

W. L. GUILLAUMEU,
Vice-President and Traffic Manager.

Pier 26, North River, New York, N. Y.

stopping at *Bay Street*, which runs along the brow of the bluff, and is the principal business street. On it are the city hall, custom house, banks, etc. It terminates at each end in East and West Broad streets, which run back from the river and form the sides, so to speak, of the quadrangle of the city. Midway between these two, and parallel with them, is *Bull Street*, the "fashionable promenade," a walk along which displays most of the city's points of public interest. It is crossed near Bay Street by Congress and Broughton streets, on which are the best retail stores. Half a mile back (south) from Bay Street is the broad cross-street, Liberty Street, with the De Soto Hotel at the corner of Bull Street; the Cen. R. R. of Ga.'s station at the western end (West Broad Street), and the Coast-line's station at the other extremity (East Broad Street). Steamship passengers may "stop over" here.

This city early became the home of wealthy merchants and planters, who erected stately and elegant homes; and these old-fashioned houses, grown picturesque through age, facing streets shaded by fine old oaks and palms, and surrounded by gardens profuse with shrubbery and flowers, lend an air of old-time elegance to Savannah, dear to its people and very attractive to a stranger. The great amount of shade has given the name "Forest City" to the town, and the warm climate gives to it a semi-tropical variety very lasting and beautiful. This feature is enhanced by the small parks which stand at street intersections every 200 yards throughout all the older part of the city. All of these little parks are pretty, and some of them are specially noteworthy. **Johnson Square** is on Bull Street, between Congress and Broughton, and contains a Doric obelisk commemorative of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, commander of the Southern army during the Revolution; it was erected in 1829. Pulaski Hotel and Christ Church face the square. The next up Bull Street comes *Wright Square*, containing the County Court House and the Gordon statue. Two blocks west of it is Telfair Place, facing which are Trinity Church and the **Telfair Academy**, the latter containing a notable collection of casts, many good paintings, and interesting historical objects, which are open to visitors. Walking south to Broad Street, turn east to Bull Street, at the corner of which are the Independent-Presbyterian Church and the old Chatham Academy. Just south, on Bull Street, is Chippewa Square, at the northeast corner of which is the *Savannah Theater*, the oldest in the United States; and one block east of this is an *old cemetery* worth notice. A short distance south of the old cemetery is Liberty Street and the Roman Catholic Cathedral and Convent of St. Vincent de Paul. A block west, at the corner of Liberty and Bull streets, is the new *De Soto Hotel*, a lofty, handsome building of brick and stone, furnished and conducted in a modern and first-class manner, and largely patronized by winter residents from the North. The southern face of the hotel looks out upon *Madison Square*, in which is a **statue-monu-**

ment to **Sergeant Jasper**, the hero of Fort Moultrie, representing him in the historical act of planting the fallen flag upon the ramparts. Next south, on Bull Street, is Monterey Square, with a spirited *statue of Count Pulaski*. This monument, which rises on the spot where Pulaski fell in 1779, is a marble shaft, fifty-five feet high, surmounted by a statue of Liberty displaying the national flag; its foundations were laid by Lafayette in 1825. One square farther brings us to Forsyth Park, at the entrance to which is *Hodgson Hall*, containing the rooms, library, and museum of the Georgia Historical Society. **Forsyth Park** contains thirty acres, is filled with trees of a great variety, and a vast number of flowers and flowering shrubs; it has a fountain copied from that on the Place de la Concord, Paris, and is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful parks in the country; south of it expands the *parade-ground*, containing a monument to Confederate soldiers, surmounted by a statue of R. E. Lee. Here (Dec., 1898) the President reviewed Keifer's corps, en route to Cuba.

Suburban excursions of great interest may be made at Savannah. Fine level roads, paved with crushed shells, extend from the city in every direction. The most interesting is southward to Bonaventure Cemetery, Thunderbolt, and the Isle of Hope, which can be also reached by electric cars. The avenues of **Bonaventure Cemetery** are shaded by long lines of ancient live-oaks, thickly hung with the graybeard moss that lends a grandly funereal aspect to the place, and makes this graveyard one of the most remarkable and interesting in the South. Some distance beyond is **Thunderbolt**, a water-side picnic place and pleasure resort (boating and fishing) renowned for its sea-food dinners. The *Isle of Hope*, still farther on, is the summer residence of many citizens. In another direction is *The Hermitage*, an old-time plantation well worth seeing.

The story of Savannah in the Civil War is interesting. During the first months of the conflict it was open or inefficiently blockaded, so that the port was of great value to the Confederacy for the export of cotton and the import of munitions of war and merchandise. It was defended by Fort Pulaski, on a small island at the mouth of the river, and by Fort McAllister and other modern batteries nearer the city. Port Royal, S. C., was captured in October, 1861 (p. —), and, late in November, Commodore Du Pont took possession of Big Tybee and other islands, whence Fort Pulaski, planted on Cockspur Island, could be easily bombarded. This fort had been erected by the Government many years before at a cost of \$1,000,000, and was fully garrisoned. Exploration of the waterways disclosed a passage by which the gunboats made their way around the islands to the rear of the fort. Meanwhile heavy batteries had been erected on Tybee Island, and by February, 1862, the river was completely blockaded. In April, Fort Pulaski was bombarded, and in two days had been so battered as to be no longer tenable, and was surrendered.

(It has since been restored to 'an effective condition.) This enabled the Union forces to seal the harbor; but they could not reach the city itself, which did not fall into Federal hands until the latter part of December, 1864, when Sherman's army approached it from the northwest (Route 21). The defenses checked the advance, but a division passed on and captured Fort McAllister by assault. This opened communication with the blockading fleet, and a few days later Sherman nearly invested the city, which was then evacuated by the Confederates. On December 21st the Union troops marched in, and the next day General Sherman wrote to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about 125,000 bales of cotton."

Railroad Routes from Savannah.

(1) To *Charleston*. Atlantic Coast Line (Route 13).

(2) To *Columbia* and northward. Florida Short Line (Route 14).

(3) To *Augusta*, *Macon*, and *Atlanta*. This is the old Central Railroad of Georgia route, with certain alternatives. The line passes northwest to *Millen* (79 m.), where it divides, one branch proceeding north fifty-three miles through Waynesboro to *Augusta* (p. 47), whence the same line continues northwest to **Atlanta** (p. 119); the other branch continues west, 112 miles, through the Middle Georgia pine woods, via Oconee (springs) and Gordon (branch line to *Milledgeville*, the former State capital), to **Macon** (p. 122), whence there is choice of two routes to Atlanta: (a) Central Railroad of Georgia (Route 21), or (b) Southern Railway (Route 22). Distance to Atlanta, via *Augusta*, 303 miles; via *Macon*, 294 miles.

(4) To *Americus*, *Ga.*, *Montgomery*, *Ala.*, and west.—The Central of Georgia and allied railroads form a line directly west, through Lyons, Mount Vernon, Cordele (intersection of Georgia Southern Rd.), and *Americus* (125 m.) to *Montgomery*, *Ala.*, and westward via Meridian, Miss. **Americus** (pop., 10,000; Windsor, \$3; Allen, \$2; Watts, \$2) is a flourishing market and manufacturing town, with roads to Columbus, Macon, Albany, and further connections. It is in the midst of the fruit country, and is a cotton market. A few miles north is Andersonville, made forever infamous by the frightful prison pens kept there during the Civil War.

(5) To *New Orleans*. (a) Plant System (continuation of Route 13, Atlantic Coast Line), via Waycross, Thomasville, Pensacola, and Flomaton (Route 28). Distance Savannah to New Orleans 673 miles. (b) Central Railroad of Georgia, to *Montgomery*, *Ala.* (see above and Route 28); distance 661 miles.

(6) To *Jacksonville*: (a) Florida Short Line (Route 14), via Everett; distance, 139 miles. (b) Plant System, via Waycross; distance, 172 miles.

Route 3.—Mallory Lines to Florida and Texas.

The New York & Texas Steamship Company (Mallory Lines) maintains an excellent service of eleven iron steamships between New York and Brunswick, Ga., and to Galveston, Tex., touching at Key West, Fla. The company's fleet includes the "Concho," 4,500 tons; "Leona," 3,700; "Nueces," 3,700; "Comal," 3,200; "Lampasas," 3,200; "Alamo," 3,200, and several others of less size. These are built and equipped with all modern devices for safety, comfort, and enjoyment, and the table service has an especially high reputation. First-class and steerage tickets are sold, and through and round-trip tickets to all prominent points in Florida, Texas, the Southwest, California, Mexico, and Cuba. The fare includes a berth in a stateroom, and a first-class stateroom may usually be reserved by payment of one fare and a half. The steerage is comfortable and liberally managed. The piers of this company, in New York, are Nos. 20 and 21, East River, adjoining Fulton Ferry, easily reached by street-cars, the elevated railroad (Fulton Street station), and the Fulton Ferry from Brooklyn.

For Key West, Fla., and Galveston, Tex., steamers leave New York, during the winter-half of the year, three times a week (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 3.00 p. m.), and twice a week (Wednesday and Saturday) in summer. Returning, steamers leave Galveston same days. The time to Galveston direct is six to seven days. Saturday's steamer, all the year round (Wednesday's from Galveston) touches at *Key West*, four days from New York. (For the Florida Keys and Key West, see p. 199.)

The Georgia-Florida service (to **Brunswick** and, by transfer, **Fernandina**) is by weekly sailings from New York every Friday at 3.00 p. m. the year round, except when business warrants a service semi-weekly (Tuesday and Friday). Returning, the steamers leave Brunswick on Friday. The time is about sixty hours from New York to Brunswick, where a comfortable coasting steamboat (see Route 4) may be taken every morning to Fernandina (p. 29). If close connection be made, Jacksonville may be reached from New York in seventy hours.

Brunswick (pop., 8,000; Oglethorpe, \$3.50) is one of the most interesting of the Southern seaports. It is situated upon a small peninsula between two of the four tidal rivers which empty into St. Simon's Sound in the rear of St. Simon's and Jekyll islands. As the inlet between these islands will admit vessels of 20 feet draught the commercial possibilities of the harbor are extensive, and the port conducts a large business in the export of lumber, naval stores, and phosphates, especially to South American ports. The last cargo of slaves imported into the United States was landed here.

As a temporary residence, especially in winter and spring, Brunswick has many attractions. It is one of the oldest settlements on the coast, having been founded by Oglethorpe's colonists soon after Savannah. The town is divided into square blocks by very broad, straight streets, and the older parts are shaded by aged live-oaks which in many places form a moss-draped arch of dense evergreen foliage extending for several blocks. *Hanover Park* is filled with magnificent oaks, interspersed with palmettos and cedars. Many fine old homes, in the midst of large gardens, give an appearance of settled domesticity, very welcome to a stranger. Persons with weak lungs find the local climate beneficial, while the comparatively dry and usually sunny and balmy air is a constant pleasure to the winter visitor, and tempers the heat of summer, when the seashore at Brunswick is sought by persons from the interior of the State. Good roads penetrate the pine woods in every direction, and the *shooting* is excellent throughout the neighborhood. Deer, wild turkeys, and quail are the leading items in the list, but foxes, squirrels, hares, and the various shore and water birds are numerous. The *list of fishes* of this coast includes mullet, trout, blackfish, drum, bass, sheepshead, whiting, and flounder, and many boatmen make a business of fishing in the sounds and rivers, and send the catch to inland markets. Visitors fond of fishing can therefore get suitable boats and experienced guidance, and be sure of excellent sport in this direction. Sailboats and steam-launches may be hired for exploration of the very interesting waterways that lead back among the sea islands.

Steamboats run intermittently between Savannah and Brunswick, and a person having the time (two days) and inclination would find the trip well worth the making. Shorter trips may be made daily by regular steamboats, one of which runs between Brunswick and Darien via St. Simon's Mills, returning the same day. *Darien* is a quaint old port at the mouth of the Altamaha, one of the earliest settlements in the State. Another line runs up the *Satilla River* to Burnt Fort, returning the next day. This is a trip for sportsmen.

The Oglethorpe, at Brunswick, is one of the largest and most prominent hotels in the South. It covers a slight elevation overlook-

ing the harbor, within a moment's walk of the railway and steamboat stations and the principal shops. The building is of brick, three stories in height, with a frontage of 267 feet, along the whole length of which runs a wide porch, and with wings reaching back 140 feet at each end. Towers and peaked roofs give a pleasing aspect to the structure. The center of the building is occupied by a spacious, marble-floored rotunda, opening at the rear upon a second broad porch, which is the favorite afternoon lounging-place of guests. All of the furniture and fittings of this hotel are elegant and comfortable, and there is little choice among the rooms so far as situation is concerned. The lighting is by electricity, water is supplied from an artesian well, and the provision against bad drainage or fire seems to be complete.

Of the **Sea Islands** near Brunswick harbor, St. Simon's, Jekyll, and Cumberland are the most important. Of these the nearest is **St. Simon's**. This island is 12 miles long, north and south, from Altamaha Sound to St. Simon's Inlet, and 7 miles wide. One of the earliest settlements in the State was made upon it, and in the period before the Civil War it embraced extensive cotton plantations. The first American sea-island cotton seen in Liverpool came from here (1786), a sample raised from Bahama seed. The island still has a considerable population devoted to lumbering, farming, and fishing; but is reputed principally as a summer seashore resort. A steamboat runs twice a day, during the summer, to the hotel landing (8 m.; fare, 25 cents), leaving Brunswick at 9.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. (extra trip 9.00 p.m. Saturday); and all the year round a small mail-boat makes a daily trip to *St. Simon's Mills*, on the western shore. The hotel landing is at the southern end of the island, where the lighthouse stands upon the site of Oglethorpe's primitive fortification called St. Simon's Fort or King's Retreat. This lighthouse is a stone tower, bearing a revolving red and white light, flashing alternately at intervals of two minutes and visible sixteen miles. Between it and the pier are picnic grounds, a small hotel (Ocean View, \$2), and a row of small plain cottages known as the "Waycross Colony." The amusement of the place is found in fishing and in hunting for green turtles, which come upon the beach to deposit their eggs. St. Simon's Hotel (\$3) is on the hard ocean beach, on the farther (eastern) side of the island, and is reached by tramway (fare, 10 cents). It is a large wooden building of modern construction, and has extensive *bathing houses*, and a well-furnished livery stable. The immediate neighborhood offers no other amusement than walking, bathing, and hunting for turtles; but the northern part of the island is full of picturesque as well as historical interest.

History and Antiquities.—Oglethorpe had landed at Savannah in 1733 (p. 18) and claimed for his colony an extensive region southward. In 1736 he returned from a visit to England with 150 Highland soldiers and a number of heavy cannon, and built at the northern end of St. Simon's Island a very strong fort protecting a settlement of colonists called Frederica, on a bluff overlooking the Altamaha, where he himself set up the only home he ever had in Georgia. He also erected earthworks for batteries at the southern extremity of the island (Fort St. Simon or King's Retreat), commanding the inlet there, and then connected the two places by a road along the inner side of the island. Two years later he attempted a fruitless attack upon Florida, then held by the Spaniards, and made other aggressive movements. In 1742 the Spaniards resolved to check these threatening acts, and if possible expel the English from "Georgia," which Spain claimed as far as the Savannah River. They gathered from Cuba and Florida a fleet and sailed from St. Augustine, entering St. Simon's Sound in July with 36 vessels and 3,000 land troops. Oglethorpe, forewarned, was ready upon the island, but had a force of less than 1,000, including Indians, since South Carolina had denied him aid. His batteries at St. Simon's Fort were successfully passed by the enemy, whereupon he spiked their useless guns and retreated to Frederica. The Spaniards followed and annoyed him by frequent attacks, always repulsed, while he waited in vain for reinforcements from South Carolina. Then he retaliated by a night attack upon the enemy, but failed to surprise or dislodge them. By a ruse he led them to believe that a British fleet was soon expected; whereupon they marched again to attack Frederica, but were ambushed in the forest and were largely killed or captured. Those who could, retreated in confusion, and, boarding their ships, hastened to St. Augustine, which they believed in danger, only to find that they had been outgeneraled by Oglethorpe. The place of their slaughter is still called "Bloody Marsh;" and the Spaniards never tried again to take possession of Georgia, which, in 1763, was formally declared British territory to St. Mary's River, the present southern boundary of the State.

Delightful Excursions may be made to Frederica and various places of interest in the neighborhood. A shell road, well maintained, runs from the St. Simon's Hotel northward—the same one which Oglethorpe built in 1736—and passes close to *Bloody Marsh* (2 m.). Of **Frederica** nothing now remains except the old British fort and the ruins of a magazine or storehouse, of which the first and second stories are still standing. Both buildings are composed of "tabby," a concrete of shells, lime, and sand, for which the materials were abundant, and which soon hardens into the firmness of rock; probably the knowledge of tabby was a relic of information picked up by Oglethorpe in Queen Anne's wars against the Turks, for it is a common building material in Morocco. The

fort and the "magazine" are a quarter of a mile apart and connected by a subterranean way.

Breastworks defended the land approaches on all sides, outside of which may still be seen several ancient tombs, in which Spaniards have been buried—presumably officers to whom the British gave Christian burial. These interesting colonial relics are slowly falling to ruin, and it is greatly to be desired that some public-spirited person should institute measures for their preservation. A few hundred yards from the old fort is the *Church*, in the midst of a group of magnificent oaks, where John Wesley, not yet a Methodist, preached to Oglethorpe's Highlanders while their sentinels scanned the sea against Spanish men-of-war, and watched the Sound in fear of Indian raiders. A small, new building has taken the place of the original Church-of-England edifice, but it stands upon the same spot, surrounded by the old churchyard in which lie the bodies of several generations of Kings and Butlers. These Butlers had owned *Butler's Island*, close by, for a century, and when Fanny Kemble, the tragedienne, married into the family, it was thither that she went as a bride. Following the original military road northeastward, the traveler presently reaches *Cannon's Point*, where the ruins of a long-famous plantation house form a point of view for a landscape of exceeding beauty. Near by still stands a hut in which Aaron Burr is said to have hidden for some time during his wanderings in the South in 1805-7, plotting an overturn of the Government. An olive-grove of 360 trees, and the stump of the oak that supplied a bowsprit to the United States Frigate "Independence," are also pointed out to visitors. From Frederica the drive may continue eastward along hard, level roads, and beneath the entwined arms of moss-laden live-oaks to the *Couper Place*, a celebrated colonial residence on an inlet named Black Banks, where the best fishing is to be had. The road then returns southward, near the ocean side of the island, through forest arches, opening here and there into glades or a view of the sea. These forests still supply a great quantity of timber, which is cut by several mills, one of which uses nothing but cypress logs. No cotton and little tobacco is now cultivated.

Route 4.—Brunswick to Fernandina through the Sounds.

A very pleasant divergence from any of several rail routes between the North and Florida may be made by taking the comfortable boats of the Brunswick & Florida Steamboat Company between Brunswick and Fernandina. These leave Brunswick at 8.00 a. m., and reach Fernandina at 12.30 noon; returning, leave Fernandina at 1.00 p. m., and reach Brunswick at 5.30 p. m., making train connections at both ends, and such stops as are required.

The route, southbound, crosses Brunswick harbor, leaving St. Simon's Island and inlet on the left, and turns south into a narrow tidal passage, called *Jekyll Creek*, along the inner shore of **Jekyll Island**. This is a densely-forested island, about the size of St. Simon's, reaching from St. Simon's Inlet south to St. Andrew's Sound. It was formerly more or less occupied, but lately has been left wild, and a few years ago became the property of the *Jekyll Club*, an association of wealthy gentlemen who wish to make the island a recreation ground and game-preserve. They have erected a luxurious club-house near the steamboat landing, made a fine drive around the island and hard roads in various directions, have stocked it with hundreds of deer and thousands of game birds, including foreign pheasants, and made every provision for out-door enjoyment and in-door comfort. The grounds are not open to the public.

Cumberland Island is next south of Jekyll Island, from which it is separated by St. Andrew's Sound, whence *Cumberland River* furnishes an inland passage southward to St. Mary's River.

This large island was formerly of very great value, not only on account of its timber and fish, but for its extensive plantations of cotton. It is still somewhat inhabited, and the steamer makes three stops—*Cumberland*, *Cabin Bluff*, and *Dungeness*—when occasion calls. The first landing is for the summer resort in the northern part of the island, which surrounds the Cumberland Island Hotel (\$2.50). This is situated in the midst of beautiful woods, midway between the river and the ocean beach, with both of which the hotel and cottages are connected by tramways. A special steamer makes a daily trip between Brunswick and this place, which is a favorite resort of Georgians. *Dungeness*, near the southern extremity of the island, is the name of a plantation connected with the early and interesting history of the locality.

Oglethorpe landed on this island, among his early explorations, named it after the Duke of Cumberland, and built a battery called Fort Andrew on the southwest side. The island remained unoccupied, however, and at the close of the Revolution the State gave it to Gen. Nathaniel Greene, as a testimonial to his services in the South, including Little Cumberland, the island to the north of it, which now bears a powerful lighthouse. He took possession of it and built the mansion styled *Dungeness*, but died almost immediately afterward (1785). His widow maintained the plantation, cotton growing having been profitably begun on the sea-islands. As a tutor for her children she employed a Connecticut schoolmaster,

Eli Whitney, who there invented the cotton-gin, which enormously increased the cultivation of cotton, but proportionately enlarged the demand for laborers, and caused an immense importation of slaves during the next ten years, with its ultimate sad results. In 1814, Gen. Charles Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee was severely wounded by a mob in Baltimore and went to the West Indies to recover his health. The attempt failed, and in 1818 he returned to the United States. Halting at Dungeness, he was overtaken by a relapse, died, and was buried, and his grave still remains there. The daughter of Mrs. Greene inherited the property, from whom it descended to the Nightingales of Brunswick. The house was carefully protected from harm during the Civil War by the troops of both sides, a national garrison holding the island after 1862; but some years later the mansion was burned. The estate was then bought by Andrew Carnegie, the Pittsburg ironmaster, who has rebuilt the house as a great granite castle. During the Civil War a battery was built at its southern end, but no fight of consequence occurred.

Passing out of Cumberland Sound, and across the mouth of St. Mary's River, the steamer enters the narrow arm of the sea between Amelia Island, on the left, and Tiger Island, on the right, called North Amelia River, and soon reaches the railway wharf at the new town of Fernandina. This inlet turns west and connects with St. Mary's River; southward it communicates through Kingsley's Creek, navigable for light-draught boats, with Nassau Sound, ten miles south, whence small boats can find their way through to the St. Johns River, making possible a continuous inland passage for light-draught boats (with trifling breaks near Wilmington, N. C.) from New York to Jacksonville.

Sport Along Shore.—"In going south (in November) the yachtsman will pass large and numerous flocks of bay-snipe on all the marshes south of Charleston. These marshes are muddy islands and of a peculiar nature. On the surface, when dry, they are firm enough for walking, but their shores are unfathomable ooze, beneath which a man would sink at once out of sight. . . . Curlew, willet, marlin, all varieties down to the tiny ox-eye, and in immense flocks, frequent these islands, where they seem to find food without stint. To stool them you can set out your decoys in the thin grass, and make a stand near by from reeds or bushes. They are quite wary, however. . . . These marshes are honey-combed with the burrows of the fiddler-crab and mussels grown on their surface in soft mounds of earth. They are covered by very high tides, and are always more or less damp. The bay-snipe, however, do not seem to winter here. They leave a small proportion of their members, but the main body goes farther south, possibly beyond the equator. There are no such myriads as the Northern flight would require, and they grow fewer and fewer as the season advances, till in March they are almost

scarce. Let the sportsman take his toll from them while he can; stopping amid the lonesomeness of these islands, where it is certain death to pass a summer (?), and where he may sail tens of miles without seeing a man, white or black. Let him try the deep holes alongside of bluffs, or where two creeks meet, for sheepshead, using for bait the Southern prawn, that gigantic shrimp, with its body six inches long and its feelers ten; and if he can catch no fish and misses the birds, let him rejoice in knowing that there are millions of both in Florida."—R. B. ROOSEVELT, *Florida and Game Water-Birds*.

Fernandina (pop., 4,000; *Egmont* (closed), Strathmore, \$2.50) is chiefly interesting to sportsmen and as a seaport. The town is on the landward side of Amelia Island, and its pretty harbor is considered the finest on the coast south of Chesapeake Bay, and was well known to the early explorers; but no permanent settlement was made until 1808. In 1818 the place fell into the hands of a filibuster named McGregor, and was made the headquarters of piratical forays upon Spanish commerce. When this was ended the town faded, but slowly advanced after Florida came into the Union in 1821, encouraged by the building there of Fort Clinch, a really powerful work on high ground at the northern end of Amelia Island, flanked by water-batteries and outworks.

This fort was not garrisoned, though fully armed, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion was seized by the Confederates, who valued the harbor as a refuge for blockade-runners. In 1861 a Confederate prize-vessel was run ashore and destroyed by a National cruiser. The town then had about 2,000 inhabitants. In February, 1862, a Federal fleet, under Dupont, came from Port Royal to attack this point. On its approach the fort and town were hastily evacuated. Only one vessel, the "Ottawa," in that state of the tide, was able to reach the town at once, with Commander Percival Drayton in charge. As he passed Fort Clinch a boat's crew was sent ashore to hoist the American flag as a signal to the fleet. A white flag was displayed at Fernandina, but shots were fired at the "Ottawa," and a railway train drawn by two engines was discovered just moving off. It was naturally supposed to contain troops, and an exciting chase ensued, as the track was, for some four miles, within range of the river. The "Ottawa" endeavored to disable the engines with her large-rifled gun, but the train had the advantage of speed, and eventually left the gunboat behind, escaping across the bridge. A steamer, the "Darlington," crowded with refugees, was less fortunate, being captured by the "Ottawa's" boats. The occupation of Fernandina restored to Federal control the whole of the sea-coast of Georgia, and afforded a convenient base of operations against Jacksonville and St. Augustine.—NORTON. *Handbook of Florida*.

The city at present is busy as a port, since it is the center of

the lumber trade of Florida, and exports large quantities of phosphates. There are extensive wharves and elevators. The streets are wide, shady, covered with shell paving, and lighted by electricity. The climate is singularly equable. Opportunities for interesting yachting and canoeing are equaled by few, if any, places on the Southern coast, and excellent sport with gun and rod can be had the year round. Interesting *excursions* may be made to Fort Clinch, and to the "old town" (1½ m.), beyond which is the lighthouse. *Amelia Beach*, the ocean shore of the island, is thirteen miles long — pure white sand, almost as hard as asphalt, at low tide. Fernandina was the camping ground, in 1898, of a large part of the army operating against Cuba.

The Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad extends from Fernandina southeast to Cedar Keys. At *Yulee* (12 m. inland) it is intersected by the Florida Short Line, where passengers change for Jacksonville, thirty-six miles from Fernandina.

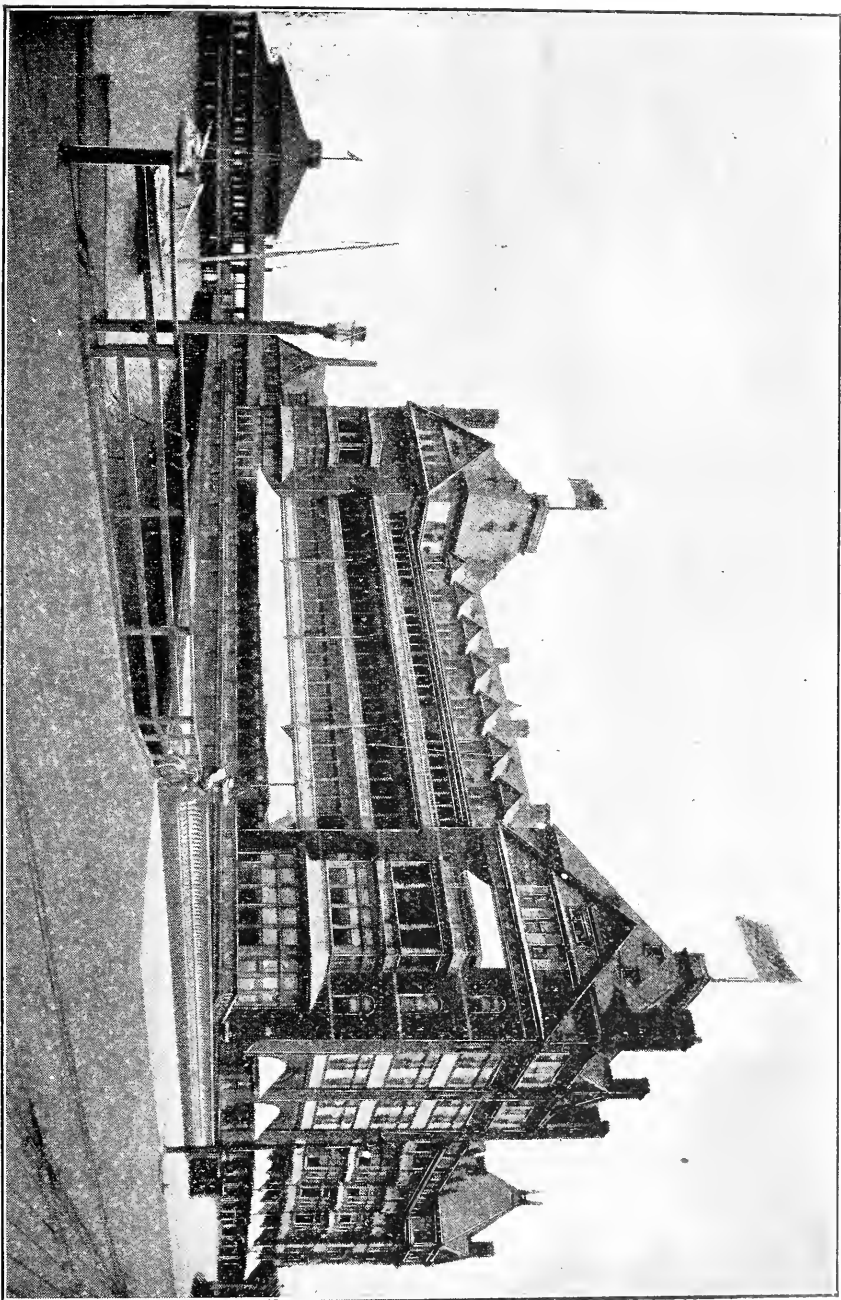
Route 5.—Cromwell Line to New Orleans.

The Cromwell Steamship Company run large iron steamers, having full passenger accommodations, between **New York** and **New Orleans**, direct, sailing from Pier 9, North River, New York, every Saturday, and from the foot of Toulouse Street, New Orleans, every Wednesday. Through tickets are sold to interior points north and west of New Orleans, and to California and Mexico. As New Orleans is hardly within the limits of the present book, a more particular description is not called for here.

Route 6.—Boston, Providence, and Baltimore to the South.

The Merchants & Miners Transportation Company operates lines of large and commodious steamers from northern to southern ports, and sells through tickets to interior points in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and the Southwest, as follows:

(1) **Boston to Baltimore**, via Norfolk and Newport News, tri-weekly (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 2.00 p. m.), from Battery Wharf. The interesting scenes of Boston Harbor are in view before dark, and the next day a delightful run is made through the land-locked waters of Vineyard Sound, whence a straight course is laid for the "Capes of Virginia." The time from Boston to Baltimore is about three days, including stops of several hours at *Norfolk* and



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ALAN F. CAMPBELL,
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\$4.00 per day and upwards.

Newport News. Steamers leave Baltimore for Boston, Newport News, and Norfolk, Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at 4.00 p. m.

(2) **Providence, R. I., to Baltimore.**—Steamers leave Providence for Baltimore, via Norfolk and Newport News, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.00 p.m. Returning, leave Baltimore Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 4.00 p. m.; leave Norfolk next evening.

(3) **Baltimore to Savannah** (p. 18).—Leave Baltimore tri-weekly, (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 4.00 p. m.), stopping at Norfolk. Returning, leave Savannah Wednesday or Saturday, at high tide.

The arrangement above described furnishes a daily night line (except Saturday south and Tuesday north) between Baltimore, Newport News, and Norfolk. Time, Baltimore and Savannah, about fifty hours.

Route 7.—Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk.

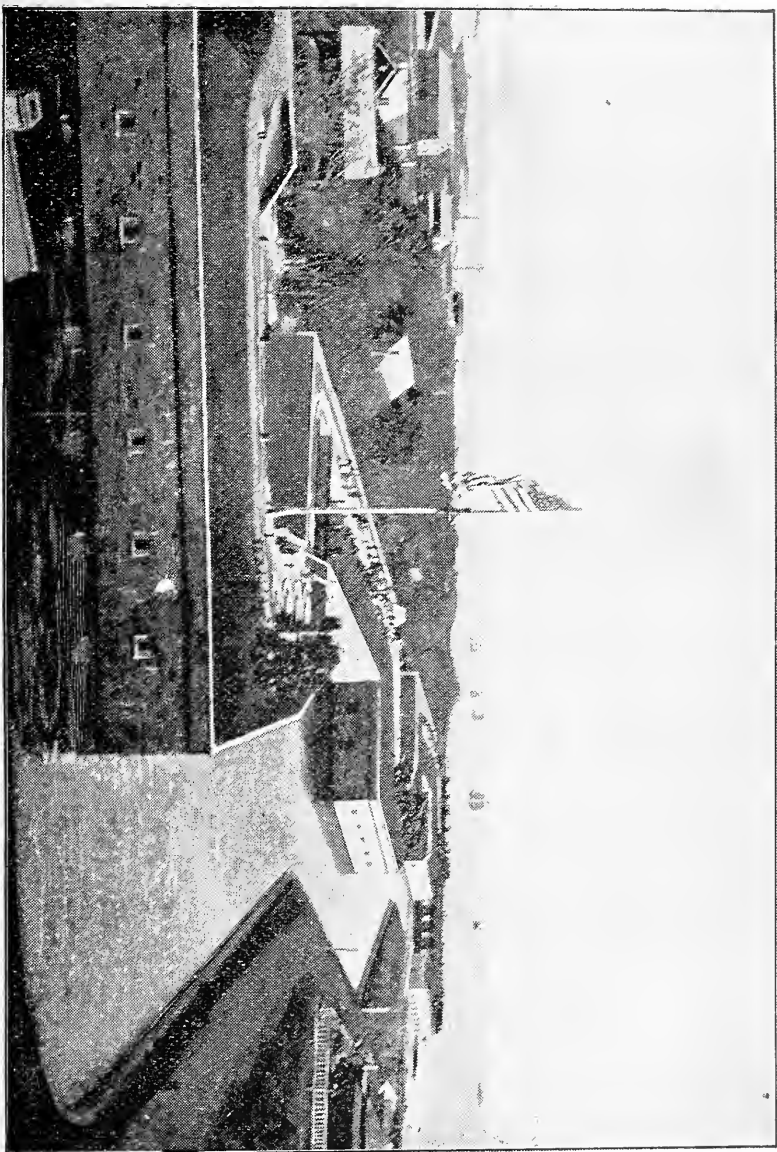
The Old Dominion Steamship Company runs daily lines of steamers between New York, Norfolk, Newport News, Old Point Comfort, Pinner's Point, and Richmond. The favorite boats are the "James-town" (3,000 tons), "Princess Anne" (3,100), and "Guyandotte" (2,400 tons). Two new steamships, "Hamilton" and "Jefferson" (3,100 tons each), will be added in 1899. All are modern, fast, well appointed, and well-manned screw-steamships, capable of performing a first-class ocean service. They leave New York from Pier 26, North River, foot of Beach Street, and the general office of the company is on the pier. The steamers to Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport News depart daily, excepting Sunday; those to Richmond, direct, on Saturday. The time of leaving is invariably 3.00 p.m., except on Saturday, when the sailing-hour is 4.00 p. m.

The voyage begins by a daylight run down New York harbor, and Sandy Hook is left behind long before nightfall. The early morning finds the ship out of sight of land, but by breakfast time the lighthouses on the Virginia coast rise upon the horizon, and soon the vessel is heading into the broad entrance to Chesapeake Bay, between Cape Charles on the right and Cape Henry on the left; the Cape Charles lighthouse is on Smith's Island, but Cape Henry light stands upon the mainland, and the course is nearer the latter. Passing inside the capes, the expanse of Chesapeake Bay stretches northward, on the right, and the wooded shore of Princess Anne County, Virginia, on the left, guides the eye up to the mouth of the James River, which

debouches through the narrows formed by Sewall Point on the south and Old Point Comfort on the north. The steamer steers toward the latter, past the dismantled island-fort Wool, on the ripraps (known as Fort Calhoun until the secession of the Southern States, whereby Calhoun became a traitor), and lands passengers on the Government pier, close to the Hygeia Hotel and Fortress Monroe.

Old Point Comfort has been so called since the earliest colonization of Virginia (1606), but it is only a spit of sand almost wholly occupied by the greatest of American fortifications—*Fort Monroe*. This is open to visitors, and ought to be inspected by everyone who has the opportunity; it always contains a large garrison, and is the seat of the Artillery School of the Army, where officers are given a post-graduate course of training in the theory and practice of gunnery, and the science of fortification. There is usually a warship or two in the harbor to add further martial interest to the scene. The beauty of the situation and the extreme salubrity of the climate, especially in the trying months of spring, caused the erection here, long ago, of two great and luxurious hotels, **The Hygeia** and **Chamberlin's**, whose rates are from \$4 a day upward in winter and somewhat less in summer. A third hotel, *The Sherwood* (\$2), stands opposite the entrance to the fort. These hostelries, the climate, the bathing, military attractions, and easy accessibility, have combined to form one of the most charming and fashionable all-the-year-round watering places on the continent. There is daily communication with Baltimore, Washington, and Norfolk by water, and with the rest of the world by rail. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway has a terminal station at Old Point, and runs trains up the "peninsula of Virginia" to Richmond and Gordonsville, Va., where it joins its main line from Washington to Cincinnati and Louisville. The first station is *Hampton* (Barnes, \$2), the site of a National Cemetery and Soldiers' Home, and of a National Indian Training School. There is also an electric tramway from Old Point Comfort to Hampton (5 cents), and from Hampton onward a few miles (10 cents) to

Newport News (*Hotel Warwick*, \$3). Newport News is the seaport or tide-water terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company, and a port of call for several lines of steamers; it has an extensive dry dock, vast coal pockets, grain elevators, and other facilities for commerce, and possesses a ship-building yard in which several United States cruisers and battleships have been built, or are now building.



FORTRESS MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

Showing the officers' quarters, seaward wall and parapet, moat and water-batteries. The notes are on the continuation of the Point, to the right of the picture.

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HISTORIC RESORT

HYGEIA HOTEL

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.



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**THE MOST COMPLETE, HOMELIKE, AND ATTRACTIVE RESORT
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**Turkish, Russian, Electric, and Hot and Cold Sea and
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FINEST PLUMBING AND PERFECT DRAINAGE.

**Glass enclosed Verandas, Spacious, Well-Ventilated and Delightfully-
Situated Sleeping Rooms. Elegant Private Suites, Reasonable
Terms. The Hygeia has entertained more Army and Navy people
than any Hotel in the United States.**

Persons en route to or from Florida will find a stop-off at Old Point Comfort and a few days sojourn at the Hygeia both novel and interesting. A specially attractive feature of the present season will be the rendezvous of the White Squadron in Hampton Roads.

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**F. N. PIKE, Proprietor,
A. C. PIKE, Manager.**

The Hotel Warwick is a well-appointed structure, open the year round, much frequented, especially in spring, by health and pleasure seekers. The fishing and fall shooting is very good in this neighborhood. In front of it, in the expanse of James River called *Hampton Roads*, the "Monitor" defeated the "Merrimac" (March 9, 1862), revolutionizing naval warfare; and here, in 1863, McClellan assembled his vast Army of the Potomac. The quaint name of this place comes from an incident of 1608, when John Smith's colony at Jamestown, starved and disheartened, had set out to return to England, but here received notice that Newport's ships were coming to their relief.

Norfolk (pop., 40,000; *The Monticello*, \$3 to \$4; *New Atlantic*, \$2.50 to \$4; St. James, \$2.50; Norfolk, \$2). Crossing Hampton Roads (James River), passing Craney Island (see below), and entering Elizabeth River, the steamer reaches Norfolk about twenty hours from New York. The wharf is at Lambert's Point, whence street-cars run to the hotels and all parts of the city. Norfolk is one of the oldest towns in the country, and is well worth a few days' examination. Its streets and water front, including old Fort Norfolk, built in 1812, and old Fort Nelson opposite, are picturesque, and the newer parts of the city show many fine residences. There is an extremely interesting Colonial (1730) church (*St. Paul's*) and churchyard, and the market should be visited. While the city has an extensive shipping-trade in lumber, coal, peanuts, oysters, fresh fruit, and early vegetables sent to Northern markets, its most valuable export is cotton, of which it ships an amount next to Savannah; and the visitor should see the huge hydraulic *cotton presses* in which the bales are compressed to a third or fourth of their bulk in preparation for shipment. The neighborhood offers many interesting excursions, the principal one of which is to *Virginia Beach*, on the shore of the Atlantic, twenty miles east (reached in forty-five minutes several times daily in summer), where there is a large first-class hotel, the *Princess Anne* (\$3.50), and another, the *Inverness Inn* (\$2.50), and every facility for surf-bathing and seaside enjoyment. Another resort, nearer Norfolk, is *Ocean View*, on the bay shore, reached by electric cars. Boating, fishing, and bathing are excellent here.

A new route to Old Point Comfort now gives an hourly service (except Sunday) by the Ocean View electric railroad to Willoughby Spit, a landing on the Bay Shore, whence steamers to and from Old Point. Time, one hour; fare, 50 cents, to or from any part of Norfolk.

Portsmouth (pop., 15,000; St. Elmo, European plan) is on the opposite side of Elizabeth River, and connected with Norfolk by a

ferry. It has the U. S. Marine Hospital — a conspicuous pillared edifice in an extensive grove, open to visitors, on the river bank — old Fort Nelson, and the *Norfolk*, or “*Gosport*,” Navy Yard, the largest and one of the oldest in the United States, a short walk from the ferry and free to visitors. Electric cars run from Portsmouth to Port Norfolk, to connect with the Atlantic & Danville and Norfolk & Carolina railways.

In 1775, the Earl of Dunmore, then governor of Virginia, enraged at his subjects for having put into practice the plans proposed by the Virginia convention, and the organization of the militia, declared martial law, promised freedom to all slaves who should join him, and proceeded to lay waste the country about the Elizabeth River. The patriots rose against him, and courageously defeated his forces in twenty-five minutes, at Great Bridge, a fortified passage of the Elizabeth near the Dismal Swamp (December 9, 1775). Lord Dunmore retreated to his fleet of war vessels in Norfolk harbor, but could procure no provisions from the town, and was so annoyed by patriot shots, that he bombarded the town (January 1, 1776) and burned most of it. The Virginia militia removed the people, and the next month burned the remainder of the town that it might afford nothing to the British. Dunmore ravaged the coast, and then built a stockaded fort on Gwyne's Island, from which he was driven by the militia, and finally, after more destruction, went entirely away.

On the 1st of June, 1813, a British fleet under Admiral Warren entered the Chesapeake and attacked Norfolk, which was defended by Forts Norfolk and Nelson, on opposite sides of the Elizabeth River, the small forts, Tar and Barbour, and fortifications on Craney Island, five miles below the city. The frigate “*Constellation*” and a flotilla of gunboats defended the water approaches. A British frigate, “*Junon*,” lay about three miles from the rest of the fleet, and one dark morning (June 20, 1813) several gunboats surprised her and were only repulsed when two other British vessels came to her assistance. Immediately the royalist fleet moved into Hampton Roads and attempted, by a land force and barges, to capture Craney Island, but a terrible cannonading sent the attacking troops back to their ships, and the Norfolk navy yard and the “*Constellation*” were saved. The navy yard contained a great deal of valuable military property when the Civil War opened. On April 16, 1861, boats were sunk by the Confederates in the channel of Elizabeth River to prevent the Union vessels from getting out. The Federal Government, hearing of this, sent orders for the proper defense and care of the navy yard, but Commodore McCauley was dilatory in following instructions. Two days later a Confederate commander prepared to seize the navy yard. The workmen and southern-born officers deserted to the Confederacy and McCauley scuttled all of the ships except the “*Cumberland*.” The slowly sinking ships were burned by Captain Paulding (Nat.), who had just arrived and who also set fire to other inflammable property in the navy yard on land, seeing that he could

not protect it with his small number of troops. The Confederates, upon the withdrawal of the Union troops, entered the yard and saved a great share of the property, afterward raising the "Merrimac" and "Plymouth," forming them into iron-clads. The insurgents also took possession of Norfolk and Portsmouth, but were forced to surrender them May 10, 1862, blowing up the ram "Merrimac" with a slow match, as they retreated.

To James River and Richmond.—The Old Dominion Company's steamers from New York to **Richmond** pass up the James River, 110 miles above Old Point, and thus give the passengers an excellent view of this winding river, whose banks have witnessed so long and interesting a chapter in American history. The old site of *Jamestown* (42 m. above Old Point), Capt. John Smith's first settlement (1607), is pointed out. *City Point* (78 m.), the headquarters of Grant's campaigns against Richmond, and many other places and battle-grounds made familiar by the Civil War are seen. The time from New York to Richmond is about thirty-eight hours.

For steamer "Pocahontas," from Norfolk to Richmond, see p. 40.

To West Point, Va.—The Old Dominion Company's line of steamers to West Point is no longer operated.

The York River Line now connects West Point with *Baltimore* daily, a boat leaving Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 5.00 p. m., and reaching West Point early next morning, connecting with trains for Richmond. This line is a part of the Southern Ry. system. Sunday, at 6.00 p. m. This line is a part of the Southern Ry. system.

West Point (pop., 2,000; Terminal, \$2.50) is at the head of York River, and is the terminus of a line of the Southern Ry. to Richmond—65 miles through the Chickahominy swamps. The only other place on the river is *Yorktown*, where the surrender of Cornwallis (October 19, 1781) decided the War of the Revolution, and where a second great conflict took place during the Peninsular campaign of the Civil War. It has a commemorative monument, etc.

Route 8.—Steamer Lines, Baltimore and Norfolk.

1. Bay Line.—The large steamboats of the Bay Line (Baltimore Steam Packet Company), long noted for the fine meals served, leave Baltimore every evening, except Sunday, from Union Dock, at 6.30 p. m., and from Canton Dock (Penn. Rd.) at 7.30 p. m., in connection with the arrival of designated trains from the north, which run directly to the steamer landing, and arrive at **Old Point Comfort** and **Norfolk** early the next morning. Through tickets are issued to all principal points in the South. Northward-bound steamers leave Norfolk every evening at 6.00, and Old Point Comfort at 7.00.

The James River Line of the same company has a steamer three times a week (Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) to *James River ports and Richmond*. It leaves Pier 10, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, at 4.00 p. m. and, returning, leaves Richmond on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3.00 p. m.

Stops are made at Old Point, Newport News, King's Mill Wharf (landing for Williamsburg), and early morning brings the steamer to City Point. *Grant* had his headquarters for a long period in a large house which still stands on the bluff near the landing. It was the base of operations for the Army of the Potomac investing Richmond and Petersburg. A farm on the north side of the river marks the site of the battle of Malvern Hill, and the battle of Drury's Bluff was also fought near here. The *Dutch Gap Canal*, which was partly cut through a peninsula by the Federal forces, is now used as a short route by vessels on the river. This work, which was begun under the direction of General Butler, saves about seven miles of distance around a bend. Fort Darling and Fort Harrison are the next places of interest. Here the Confederates threw up strong intrenchments for the defense of Richmond; parts of the forts are still to be seen from the steamer. The last object of note before reaching the city is the grave of Powhatan, marked by a cluster of tall cedars, on a high bluff near a wood-working factory, on the north side.

2. Baltimore & Norfolk Line.—This new service in connection with the Southern Ry. Co. is by a daily steamer of the first class, leaving Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 6.00 p. m., reaching Old Point Comfort at 7.00 a. m., and Norfolk at 8.00 a. m., next morning. Returning, the steamer leaves Norfolk at 5.30 p. m., Old Point at 6.30, and reaches Baltimore at 8.00 a. m. Through tickets are sold via these boats between all points North and South.

Route 9.—Washington and Norfolk Steamboats.

Night Line.—A steamer of the Norfolk & Washington (D. C.) Steamboat Company leaves Washington (7th Street Wharf, 7th Street electric cars) every day at 7.00 p. m., reaching **Old Point Comfort** at 6.30 a. m. next day, and **Norfolk** at 7.30. Returning, leaves Norfolk 6.10 p. m.; Old Point, 7.30 p. m., and arrives in Washington at 6.30 a. m. In summer the scenery of the Potomac, near Washington and Mount Vernon, and that of Hampton Roads, are both visible.

This steamer passes in full view of all the historical points in the history of our country, such as Alexandria, Fort Foote, Fort Washington, Mount Vernon, the home and resting-place of Washington; Indian Head, now used as the proving-ground for heavy ordnance by the Government; Evansport, Acquia Creek, and Mathias Point, on the Virginia shore, where heavy batteries were erected by the Confederate army during the late war.



The Norfolk & Ocean View Railway Company

The popular route between Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, via Ocean View. Twenty minutes on steam-er crossing Hampton Roads to Willoughby Beach

Twenty-five min-

utes in elegant steam-heated cars (during the winter) into Norfolk. Electric power with open cars used during the summer. Fare 50c. for the round trip, including two street-car fares to any part of Norfolk.

BETWEEN OLD POINT COMFORT AND NORFOLK

THE MOST POPULAR ROUTE IS VIA THE

Norfolk & Ocean View Ry. Co.

Round Trip Tickets, including Two Street Car Fares, 50 cents.

A delightful trip of TWENTY MINUTES ON STEAMER, crossing Hampton Roads to Willoughby Beach. TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES in elegant, steam-heated cars (during winter) into Norfolk, where the holders of round-trip tickets are entitled to two rides on the street cars to any part of the city. The road passes Ocean View, where the different buildings—hotel, pavilion, ballroom, theatre, bath houses, etc., are seen; through several stretches of pine forest, and through the finest trucking farms. Special late trains are run during the winter for the accommodation of Norfolk people who attend the dances at the Hygeia and Chamberlin hotels at Old Point Comfort, and wish to return to Norfolk the same night.

During the summer, electric motive power is used, and trolley trains composed of cool and comfortable summer cars leave Norfolk at frequent intervals, carrying large crowds to Ocean View to enjoy the Fishing, Bathing, Music, Dancing, and Vaudeville.

THE FISHING is conceded by all to be the finest along the coast. No one place in Southern waters is equal to it, for every convenience of boats, tackle, bait, etc. is supplied, and a proper costume alone is needed. Here the far-famed HOGFISH and SPOT abound, while Trout, Chub, Flounder, Perch, Sheepshead, Croker and other varieties are caught within five hundred (500) yards to one and one-half miles from the shore. In deep water, five to ten miles distant, the Bluefish, Sea Trout, Dogfish and other game fish furnish fine sport for the more ardent sportsman. Two men, in two hours, with favorable conditions of wind and tide, have been known to catch five hundred (500) good fish.

THE BATHING is the finest and safest along the coast. Good, sandy bottom and beach and ABSOLUTELY NO UNDERTOW, AS IT IS WITHIN THE CAPES.

VAUDEVILLE. A large theatre was constructed in 1898 and there is accommodation for 1,000 people—all under cover.

The Vaudeville, Music, and Dancing are the special attractions during the long summer evenings. The fare of twenty cents for the round trip places Ocean View within the means of everyone living in Norfolk. The season of 1899 will be a very brilliant one.

II.

RAILROAD ROUTES EAST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Route 10.—Cape Charles Route to Norfolk.

This line, with through cars from New York by the Pennsylvania Rd., New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Rd., turns southward from **Wilmington**, Del. It passes through *Dover*, the capital of Delaware, and then on through the peach-growing districts of Southern Delaware and the "Eastern Shore" of Virginia. This peninsula (Accomac), between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic, was one of the earlier-settled districts of the United States, and retains many picturesque relics of former times. At King's Creek a branch road diverges to *Chrisfield*, a famous oystering region on the bay. The lower part of the peninsula is highly attractive to sportsmen, and much frequented by them and by summer sea-shore residents. The railroad terminates at *Cape Charles* (95 m.), near the extremity of the northern of the two capes of Virginia, where a steamer is waiting for the ferriage to **Old Point Comfort** (two hours) and **Norfolk** (three hours). The steamers are models of comfort and luxury, and elegant meals are served aboard of them. The landing at Old Point is at the Government Pier, and at Norfolk at the principal wharf, close to the Portsmouth ferry and railway stations. Through tickets are issued by this pleasant route between Northeastern cities and all principal Southern points. (For Norfolk and connections southward, see p. 33.)

Route 11.—Routes from Norfolk or Portsmouth.

I. **Down the North Carolina Coast.**—The Norfolk & Southern Railroad extends south from Norfolk along the coasts of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds in North Carolina, and manages numerous

steamboats plying upon those inland waters which offer remarkable attractions to the sportsman. At Snowden (31 m.) conveyances are taken for *Currituck Sound*, famous for duck-shooting; at *Elizabeth City* (45 m.) connection is made with a good steamer (sailing Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 6.00 p. m.) for **Roanoke Island** and **New Berne** (see below); and at *Edenton*, with steamers to Roanoke River and Windsor (daily, except Sunday); Scuppernong River (Monday and Friday); Chowan River (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday). Albemarle Sound (fresh water) is here crossed by a ferry, when the train proceeds to *Belhaven*, where a steamer departs (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings) for Washington and landings on Pamlico River and Sound, and daily for Wilmington.

Currituck Sound may also be reached by water from Norfolk, by ascending the south branch of Elizabeth River (15 m.), through the edge of the Dismal Swamp (p. 77), passing through the Albemarle Canal (8 m.) and then along a narrow, tortuous watercourse (15 m.) to the head of the sound. Irregular steamboats make the trip, which is of especial interest to sportsmen in the wildfowling season. These inland routes offer an unusual and pleasant route not only to New Berne, Beaufort, and Morehead City, but also to *Wilmington, N. C.*, since connection is made at New Berne with the Wilmington & Weldon Rd. to and from that city, and with the Atlantic & North Carolina Rd. for Kinston, Goldsboro, and Morehead City.

New Berne (pop., 8,000, Mackie, \$2; Chattawkwa, \$2) is a quaint old town, engaged in trade and fisheries, and showing many of the beauties characteristic of all the Southern seaports. It was the scene of stirring events in the early part of the Civil War (p. 39), when it and Beaufort were precious to the Confederates as ports for blockade-runners, for which the intricacies of these sounds formed an excellent refuge. New Berne is at the head of sea-going navigation on Neuse River, the outlet of which is through Pamlico at either Ocracoke or Hatteras inlets, to the northward, or by Core and Bogue sounds and the inlets south of Cape Lookout. On the mainland, thirty-five miles southeast of New Berne, near the outlet of these last-named sounds, are the two towns *Beaufort* and *Morehead City*, separated by narrow bays from each other and from the outer ocean beaches. *Beaufort* (pop., 2,500; Davis, \$2) is a beautiful old town, where fishing, duck-shooting, and boating can be greatly enjoyed. Morehead is mainly a summer resort, with facilities for surf-bathing and

seaside amusements, and having several hotels frequented by families from the interior of the State, of which the principal one is *The Atlantic* (\$2.50). *Nag's Head* is another popular summer resort.

Historical.—Some of the earliest and most adventurous history of the United States attaches to these waters and shores, and especially to Roanoke Island, which, lying in the tidal narrows between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, occupies a strategic position. Here the various expeditions sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, between 1584 and 1588, to the coast he named "Virginia," made their headquarters, and attempted settlements which were soon withdrawn. When, later, colonies were planted along the James River, this region came to be included and was frequently visited, and one may therefore say that these sounds have been inhabited, by white men for 250 years. The island had small interest for the public, however, until the War of Secession brought it again into public view. Its strategic value as a coast defense was early perceived; and it was strongly fortified by the Confederates in the hope of preserving these safe inland waters as refuges for blockade-runners. In February, 1862, a large fleet of National gunboats, commanded by Com. L. M. Goldsborough, convoying transports loaded with troops under Gen. A. E. Burnside, sailed through Hatteras Inlet and assembled in Croatan Sound, north of the island. It was defended by a flotilla of small gunboats (Confederate), which were soon disposed of, by Fort Bartow, a strong work at the northern end of the island, and by a fortified camp in the center of the island. The gunboats reduced the flotilla and Fort Bartow to silence, and troops were landed who, after a slow and severe fight, captured all the land-works and made prisoners of the garrison. The loss of this island was very serious to the Confederates. The flotilla fled up Pamlico Sound, but was caught and destroyed, and land batteries near Elizabeth City were captured. This was the first Union operation in North Carolina. (For the sequel see p. 44.)

2. Norfolk & Carolina R. R.—This is the *Atlantic Coast Line* freight and passenger route from Norfolk to the South.

The steamer connections with this system of roads embrace daily lines from Baltimore and New York, as well as tri-weekly lines from Philadelphia, Boston, and Providence, making delivery of freight at the extensive wharves of the Atlantic Coast Line at Piner's Point (opposite Norfolk), from which point there are daily fast freight trains to North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. There is double daily passenger service from Norfolk, via Suffolk, Tarboro, and Rocky Mount, where connections are made with the through trains of the Atlantic Coast Line from Eastern cities that are operated via Washington and Richmond to Charleston, Savannah, and Florida, as well as to Aiken, S. C., Augusta, and Middle Georgia. The Norfolk & Carolina Railroad is also the direct route from Norfolk to Washington, Plymouth, Kinston, and New Berne.

It also penetrates the great vegetable and fruit raising, or "truck" district, which now yields a very important part of the revenue of the State.

"The best district is around New Berne, where there are 8,000 acres planted in strawberries, asparagus, green peas, cabbages, beans, kale, turnips, Irish potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, eggplants, radishes, etc. During the shipping season the railroad has run from one to three trains a day from this district, and two steamers have made five trips a week laden with the produce. It is said, as a result of careful calculation, that this New Berne section realized \$750,000 from its produce in 1891, and the farmers netted \$500,000. Wilmington, Elizabeth City, and Goldsboro are other large shipping points for other districts."—JULIAN RALPH, In *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1895.

◎ 3. **Atlantic & Danville Rd.**—A direct line to **Danville**, Va. (p. 58), 205 miles across the southern tier of counties, given up mainly to tobacco growing, but showing large tracts of level, uncultivated land, covered with sparse pine-woods. The principal stations are *Suffolk* and *Emporium* (junction with Atlantic Coast Line). Through connections are made at Danville.

4. To **Richmond**, **Lynchburg**, and **Roanoke**, Va.—Norfolk & Western Rd. (See Route 16a.)

5. To **Richmond** by **River**.—The Virginia Navigation Company runs the large, new, and handsome steamer "Pocahontas" between Norfolk and Richmond, leaving Norfolk on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and Richmond on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 7.00 a. m., and reaching each destination at 5.00 p. m. This steamer calls at Fortress Monroe, Newport News, and all the river landings, and offers a very comfortable and interesting journey.

For the *Old Dominion Line* to *Richmond*, see p. 35.

Route 12.—Seaboard Air Line.

The Seaboard Air Line is a route from **Washington** and from **Norfolk**, via Raleigh, N. C., to **Atlanta**, Ga. It claims to be the shortest through-car line between Washington and Atlanta. Through tickets are sold between New York and Atlanta, and points west and south, all rail, or via sea to Norfolk; and solid vestibuled trains run between both northern terminals and Atlanta.

From **Washington** the course is via the Atlantic Coast Line (Route 13) to Weldon, N. C. From **Norfolk** (Portsmouth) the train runs southwest through *Franklin* (connection with steamers on Chowan, Blackwater, and Roanoke rivers, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday) to **Weldon** (p. 44). Here the train is consolidated with that from Washington, and proceeds southwest toward Raleigh, passing *Littleton* (*Panacea Springs*, Bon Air, and other hotels, \$2.50 to \$3) and *Henderson*, whence a branch runs to Durham (p. 42) and connects through to Greensboro.

Raleigh (pop., 15,000; The Park, \$3; Yarborough, \$2.50; Central,

\$2) is the capital of North Carolina, and occupies high ground (alt., 316 feet) among the sources of the Neuse River, selected in 1791 for its central and healthful situation.

This city is one in which the people feel great local pride. In the center of the town stands the *State House*, surrounded by Union Square, whence shaded streets lead to pleasant residence quarters and well-built business streets. Raleigh's business is principally in naval stores, tobacco, agricultural implements, and country merchandise. There are three cotton mills, a car works, and several machine shops and widely-known candy factories. The town is noted for its educational institutions, comprising *St. Mary's College*, in the midst of large grounds; the *Shaw University* (colored); a College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, supported by the State, and the *State Geological Museum*, in which the remarkable mineral wealth of the State is fully displayed. The State Prison and State Insane Asylum are also here.

Southward from Raleigh the Seaboard Air Line traverses a general agricultural and tobacco-growing region to Sanford (junction with C. F. & Y. V. Rd. to Wilmington), and thence a more forested and sandy region, producing mainly lumber, ties, and naval stores. In the midst of these high, dry "pine barrens" (70 m. from Raleigh) has recently sprung up, around the railway company's new *Piney Woods Hotel* (\$3), a village called *Southern Pines*, devoted to healthseekers and winter tourists. The locality has an altitude of 600 feet, and the sanitary advantages characterizing these long-leaf pine uplands from here to Middle Georgia. Another winter health-colony called *Pinehurst* (*Holly Inn*, \$3.50) is six miles below, where a casino and many elegant cottages have been erected, and are occupied by New Englanders; electric cars to Southern Pines. At *Hamlet*, a few miles farther, the road crosses lines to Wilmington, N. C., and Florence, S. C., and turns west to *Monroe*. This is a town of 3,000 population (Jefferson, \$2), whence a branch of the Seaboard Air Line proceeds west to Charlotte (p. 66), Lincolnton, and Rutherfordton, at the base of the Blue Ridge, in the midst of a region of small summer resorts described under Route 15. From Monroe the through line turns southward through the beautiful uplands of South Carolina, where Tarleton raided and Marion resisted in 1779-'81, passing *Chester* (railroad north to Asheville), Greenwood (branch to Augusta, Ga.), and Abbeville, S. C. This is the region through which Sherman's legions swept, almost without opposition, after they had left Columbia, in February, 1865; and at Cheraw, a few miles south of Hamlet and

Wadesboro, great quantities of military and private stores were destroyed. The route then crosses the Savannah River into Georgia, and passing through Elberton to *Athens* (pop., 10,000; Commercial, \$2; Victoria, \$2), a pleasant old town and the seat of the State University, whence the course is west (75 m.) to **Atlanta** (p. 119). Distance, Washington to Atlanta, via Seaboard Air Line, 729 miles.

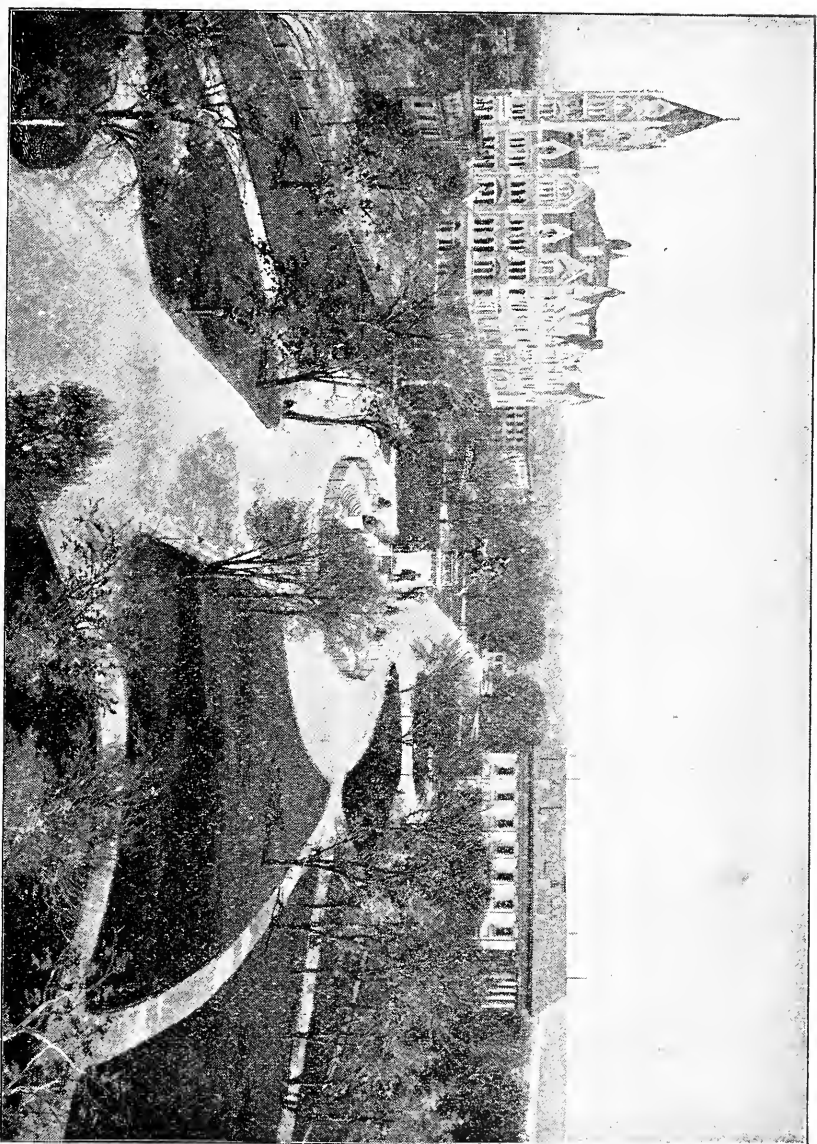
Route 12a — Raleigh to Greensboro.

This is an old road through the heart of the State. As far as Cary it runs beside the Seaboard Air Line, then turns west to **Durham** (pop., 8,000; Carolina, \$3 to \$4). This is in the midst of the best tobacco-growing region of the State, and has an important tobacco market and factories, of which the principal are Blackwell's and Duke's, making cigarettes and smoking tobacco. There are also large cotton factories and turpentine interests. Three railroads from the north converge here. A few miles west is *Hillsboro* (pop., 2,000; Ococoneechee, \$2), near which is the State University, among beautiful hills; and the road terminates at **Greensboro** (82 m. from Raleigh), where connections are made with the Southern Ry. (See page 39.)

Historical.—This part of the State witnessed the closing scenes of the Rebellion. When Sherman, having captured Savannah, Columbia, and Charleston (spring, 1865), led his army northward, driving before him all opposition, the scattered forces of the Confederates concentrated into the Army of North Carolina, commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Sherman was pressing Johnston vigorously backward, when the tidings of Lee's surrender at Appomattox was brought. Johnston was then at Durham, and, on April 14th, opened negotiations to surrender his army. The two commanders met on April 17th at Durham, but Johnston would not accept the terms given by Grant to Lee without a concession, which Sherman could only refer to Washington. The Government refused it, and sent Grant to Durham, who announced that unless the original terms proposed by Sherman were accepted within twenty-four hours, an attack would follow, and a surrender of all the troops in the Department of the Carolinas was at once made (April 26th) by General Johnston. Nothing remained of the "Confederacy" except a few loose fragments in the southwest, which were speedily gathered in.

Route 13.—Atlantic Coast Line.

This is a long-established railway route, known as the "Florida Fast Line," by which sleeping cars are run between **New York** and **Aiken, Augusta, Atlanta, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Tampa**, via Washington and Richmond.



CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND.

Showing the new City Hall on the left, the Washington Monument, the Capitol (seat of the Confederate Government, 1861-'65), and James River in the distance, looking southeast.

The Jefferson

RICHMOND, VA.



The Jefferson.

One of the Finest Hotels in America

First-Class in Every Appointment.
Turkish, Russian, and Electric Baths.
Well-Kept Golf Links.

Winter Season — American and European Plans.

Summer Season — European Plan exclusively.

Rooms \$1.50 per day and upwards.

Elegant Sample Rooms for
Commercial Business.

EXCESS BAGGAGE CHECKED IN HOTEL.

This line has the merit of speed, regularity, and an equipment and discipline of long standing, and is the route of the exclusively Pullman car train known as the "New York and Florida Special," and the solid vestibuled train styled "Florida and West Indian Limited," connecting with steamers for Havana, Nassau, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. Through tickets can be obtained between New England and New York and all Southern and Southwestern points.

From **Washington** (Pennsylvania Railroad station, Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street) trains cross the Potomac (Long Bridge) to Alexandria, and go thence through Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River, to Richmond, Va.; but it does not fall within the purpose of the present book to describe this part of the country in detail.

Richmond is well worth a tourist's visit, at least; and it has in the new *Jefferson* (\$5) one of the most costly and handsome hotel buildings, designed, erected, and magnificently furnished under the direction of the New York architects, Carriere & Hastings, in the country, while its management puts it into the first rank of hotels.

Richmond is one of the oldest and most beautifully situated cities in the Union, and possesses, especially in spring, a lovely climate. The town rises gradually from the James River and a deep cross-valley to the central hill crowned by Capitol Park. In the center stands the Greek Capitol, built in 1796 and used by the Confederate Government. It contains Hondon's statue of Washington, a valuable library, and many interesting historical objects. The residence of "Jeff" Davis, opposite the park, is now a museum of Confederate relics. Capitol Park has Crawford's gigantic equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by bronze figures of the great Virginians of his time, and several other statues and fountains. The old bell-house, the new Public Library, and other places of interest are near by. Richmond's finest residence street, Franklin, leads west from the center of this park and will repay a walk; Gen. R. E. Lee lived at No. 707, and his statue stands at the west end of the street. Other prominent public buildings and monuments are: Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Libby Hill; site of old Libby Prison, Twentieth and Cary streets; Howitzer Monument, Park Avenue and Harrison Street; City Hall, Tenth and Broad streets; Chamber of Commerce Building, Ninth and Main streets; Soldiers' Home and Grounds, Grove Road; St. John's Church, Twenty-fifth and Broad streets, in which Patrick Henry made his famous declaration for liberty or death; the colonial stone house on Main Street, believed to have been occupied by Washington; the Masonic Temple, whose cornerstone was laid in 1785, and which is the oldest temple in the United States; and many educational institutions, asylums, etc. The high and diversified region surrounding the city has made possible a number of very beautiful parks, and certain cemeteries—particularly Hollywood, where 12,000 Confederate soldiers are buried—are also beautifully arranged and maintained.

Leaving Richmond the train crosses the James and Belle Isle, and runs south to **Petersburg** (pop., 30,000; Imperial; Shirley, \$2 to \$3).

This interesting old city, now prosperous as a manufacturing

town, especially of tobacco, cotton goods, lumber, and peanuts, was almost destroyed by the Civil War, whose closing and bloodiest scenes were enacted during the long sieges and bombardment of its fortifications in 1864 and 1865. It is an easy matter to reach "the crater" and other places of special historical interest, and to go thence (12 m.) to the James River and visit the scenes in the neighborhood of City Point, and Bermuda Hundred, etc., the center of Grant's extensive operations. The Norfolk & Western Railway (Route 16a) runs east and west from here.

From Petersburg the Coast Line runs nearly due south, crossing the A. & D. Rd. (p. 40) at Emporia to **Weldon** (pop., 1,500; Atlantic Coast Line, \$3), a market town and railway center just within the boundary of North Carolina, whence lines diverge to Norfolk, Raleigh (97 m.), and the coast towns.

This railroad was of vast importance to the Confederates as a source of supplies for the armies defending Richmond and Petersburg, and during the final campaigns strenuous efforts were made by the Union commanders to destroy it. An attempt in force in June, 1864, failed, but three months later a large section of the track north of Weldon was captured and torn up.

The line continues south through a flat country, lately developed into an important farming region, where great quantities of tobacco, cotton, and peanuts are cultivated. Halifax (the provincial capital before North Carolina became a State), Enfield, and Rocky Mount are the principal stations. At South Rocky Mount is a railway restaurant.

Route 13a.—To Goldsboro and Wilmington; Wilmington.

At *Wilson* the main line of the Wilmington & Weldon Rd. strikes straight south (24 m.) to **Goldsboro** (pop., 4,500; Kennon, \$2.50), a market town and railway crossing on Neuse River, with roads west to Smithfield and Raleigh, and east to Kinston and New Berne. It was a point of military importance early in the Civil War and again at its close, as described on the preceding page.

North Carolina was very reluctant to secede from the Union, but was forced out by the pressure of South Carolina and Virginia. The sentiment that favored secession, however, was principally in these coast counties, and the ports were quickly fortified. In 1861 Pamlico Sound and its ports were taken possession of by the Union navy (p. 39), and troops were landed who held the coast. The force was small, however, and during 1862 the Confederates made repeated efforts to overcome it. One very sharp engagement took place at Washington in September. The Federal general, J. G. Foster, having been reinforced, became aggressive. In December, 1862, he marched

on Goldsboro, meeting steady opposition, especially at Kinston, where (December 14th) a force of 6,000 rebels was defeated. He himself was repulsed at Goldsboro, and returned to New Berne, but he was successful in inflicting great losses on the enemy and capturing many prisoners. In March, Gen. D. H. Hill (Confederate) retaliated by attacking the Union positions, and severe battles were fought at New Berne and Washington, but in April he was forced to retreat. This was followed by expeditions in various directions inland, which soon placed the whole region under Federal control. (See also p. 42.)

South of Goldsboro the line pursues a direct course down the level wooded valley of the northeastern branch of Cape Fear River to **Wilmington**. This city (pop., 21,000; Orton, \$3.50, and others) is one of the oldest (dating from 1733), and now the most important, in North Carolina. It is twenty-five miles from the sea, at the head of the deep inlet receiving Cape Fear River and several smaller streams, and protected by Smith's Island, the seaward extremity of which is Cape Fear. The city is well laid out and has some fine old residences, but not much else to attract the tourist save as an important shipping port for lumber (pitch-pine), naval stores, produce, and cotton (202,270 bales exported 1894-5). It was of great importance to the Confederacy as a port for blockade-runners, and was retained longer than any other seaport by reason of the strength of its fortifications, especially *Fort Fisher*, at the mouth of the river, which was not reduced until a very powerful naval expedition, accompanied by land forces, was directed against it at the end of 1864. A heavy bombardment from the vessels preceded an attempt to destroy the water-side works by exploding close to them an old hulk loaded with 430,000 pounds of powder, which did little damage. Two weeks later a very carefully planned combined assault was made by both ships and land troops, and the fort was taken after a desperate resistance. The fall of Wilmington, the last seaport of the Confederates, speedily followed. These old forts, Wrightsville (hotels) and the *Island Beach Hotel* (surf-bathing, etc.), are reached by a daily excursion steamer from the city. Wilmington has a delightful winter climate.

Railroads radiate from Wilmington:

- (1) North to *New Berne* (Route 11).
- (2) North to *Goldsboro*, *Raleigh*, and west (Route 13a).
- (3) Northwest to Fayetteville and *Greensboro* (C. F. & Y. V. Rd).
- (4) Northwest by Carolina Central Railway and Seaboard Air Line to Hamlet and *Charlotte*.

(5) West to *Florence* and *Columbia*, S. C. This, with No. 2, forms an alternative north-and-south route of the Atlantic Coast Line, whose general offices are in Wilmington.

Coast Line (resumed).—Wilson to Florence, S. C.

From **Wilson** (p. 44) the through line proceeds southwest through *Selma* (crossing of railroad between Raleigh and Goldsboro) and *Smithfield*, along the course of Sherman's advance in 1865 (p. 43), to *Fayetteville* (pop., 4,500; Lafayette, \$2.50). This is a brisk old market-town on Cape Fear River, dealing in farming supplies and naval stores. Here crosses the C. F. & Y. V. Ry. from Wilmington to Greensboro, and a branch of the same leads southwest to Bennettsville and onward into Central South Carolina. The town formerly contained a United States arsenal, which was conveniently stocked with arms and ammunition by Buchanan's disloyal Secretary of War, Floyd, in preparation for its seizure by the secessionists in 1861, and which was destroyed by Sherman in 1865. At Pembroke the Carolina Central Rd., from Wilmington to Hamlet, is crossed, beyond which the train soon enters South Carolina, crosses the Pee Dee River, and reaches **Florence** (pop., 5,000; Central, \$2.50), a local cotton market and railway junction, whence lines radiate to all parts of the State. The principal of these is

Route 13b.—Florence to Augusta, Atlanta, and Macon.

This route proceeds from Florence west through **Sumter** (pop., 6,000; Tervey, \$2), a railway center, cotton market, and winter resort. A railway continues straight west (43 m.) to *Columbia* (p. 54), and is the most direct route to **Camden** (pop., 3,500; *Hobkirk Inn*, sp. rates; Upton Court, \$3) by the way of Camden Junction (12 m. west of Sumter), and north twenty-six miles on the S. C. & Ga. Rd. This is a winter resort of high local repute as a healthful and pleasant place, having an unusually favorable climate for invalids, and excellent hotels. It can also be reached by the Seaboard Air Line from Harmony, or the Piedmont Air Line from Blacksburg.

From Sumter the Coast Line proceeds south of west across the middle of the State to Aiken and Augusta (via Denmark), and thence to Macon and Atlanta. The country all along this line is much the same—moderately elevated, sandy, largely covered with forests of pine interspersed with small oaks, and having a dry, moderate,

equable climate, healthful at all seasons, and in winter of great value to invalids, especially those with pulmonary weakness, on account of its mildness and the dryness and restorative quality of the air. Good sport for the gun is obtainable in the autumn almost anywhere. Historically, it is full of reminiscences of the Revolutionary campaigns of Cornwallis, Greene, and Marion; and the eastern part was swept by Sherman's troops in 1865. Twenty miles southwest the Santee River is crossed at Rimini, and twenty-four miles farther is *Orangeburg*, the junction of a line from Charleston to Columbia, and the scene of a battle, in February, 1865, in which Sherman's troops drove the Confederates out of their intrenchments and back toward Charleston. The place was important to the Union commander only because it severed the railroad connection between the Confederate forces at Charleston and Columbia; and consequently this railroad and all the cotton and military property of the place were destroyed. The Florida Short Line is then crossed at *Denmark*, forty miles beyond which is Aiken, 120 miles from Charleston.

Aiken is 520 feet above the sea, in the midst of pine woods growing in almost pure sand, and in a dry, bracing, and beneficial climate remarkable for the proportion of sunny days. The principal recreations are driving, shooting (deer and game-birds), and fox-hunting with hounds. Since the Highland Park Hotel was consumed by fire, in February, 1898, the rôle of "leading hotel" has fallen to the Park Avenue (\$3), which stands in the center of the village. Lesser hotels are the West View, Busch, and York (\$2 each); boarding-houses are numerous. Aiken is also reached from the north and west via the Southern Railway, and directly from the south and southwest via Augusta. Its resident population is 6,000.

Augusta (pop., 50,000; *Bon Air*, \$4; Arlington, \$3; Planters, \$2.50) stretches for three or four miles along the right bank of the Savannah, 250 miles above its mouth, and is the center of one of the most populous, prosperous, and attractive districts of the South. Its streets are very broad, straight, and well shaded; its business houses long established and well housed, and its residences costly and attractive. The principal thoroughfare is Broad Street, 165 feet wide and three miles long, paved with asphalt, ornamented by the Confederate Monument, and having the trunk-line of electric cars with ramifications to all parts of the city and suburbs. Greene Street, two squares south and parallel, is the principal residence street; it is 168 feet wide, has two paved roadways divided by a central line of parks, and magnificent shade trees along its whole length. The climate is dry, so that the

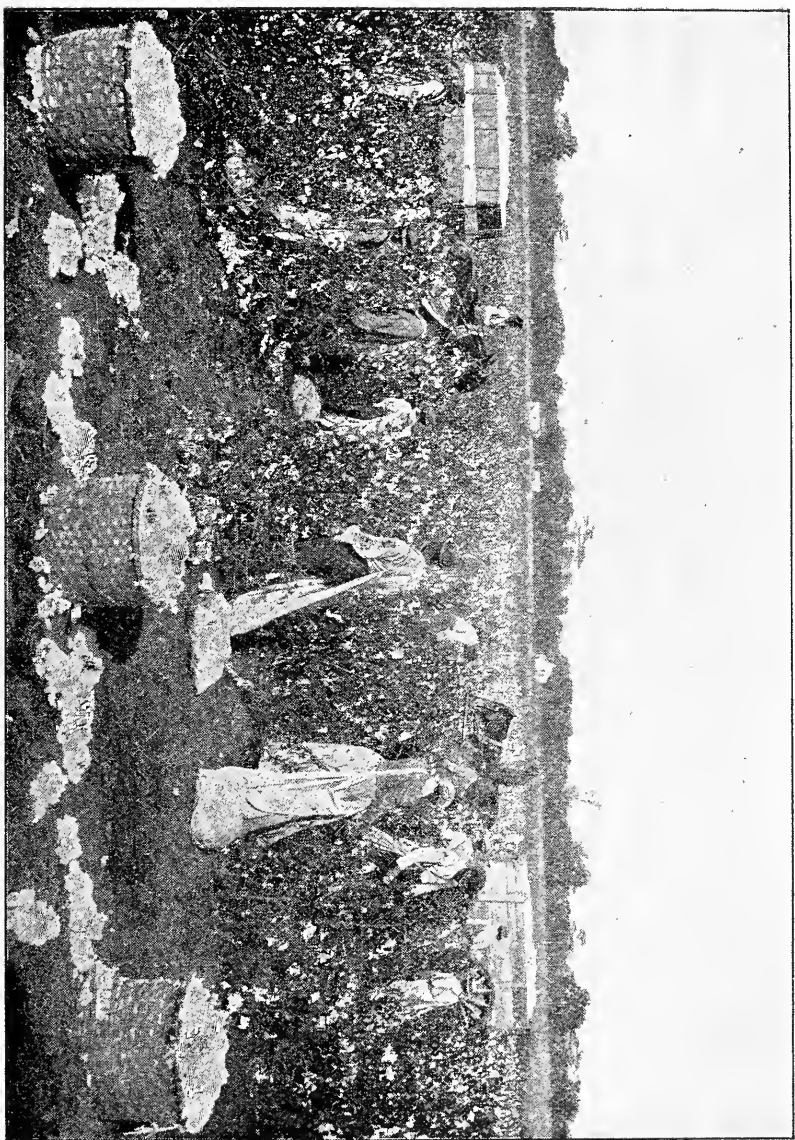
heat of summer is not so debilitating as on the coast, and in winter is sunny, with frequent frosts and occasional light snow—as healthful as possible. The pure and abundant water supply comes from the upper Savannah River.

Augusta was founded by Oglethorpe and is one of the oldest towns in the South. During the Revolution it was seized by the British, and in 1781 was held by Lieut.-Col. Brown, a very cruel Tory, whom the Patriots were anxious to capture. The garrison was invested (May 20) by Pickens, Lee, and Clarke, who next day captured Fort Galphin twelve miles below the city. Brown refused to surrender for a long time, and was besieged until at last, hearing that a great assault was to be made, he gave up the city. During the Civil War it was a depot of supplies, centering about the U. S. Arsenal (established there in 1831) and clothing factories, and when Sherman entered Georgia, in 1865, it was heavily garrisoned; but he avoided it (p. 109) and left it to fall by its own weight. Since the war it has grown as a trading center, has become an extensive cotton market, where the crop of thirty-five counties (200,000 bales) is received and baled in huge presses for export. The water-power of the Savannah is very great, and has been made available by a lately completed canal, built by the city at a cost of \$2,000,000; it is 7 miles long, 150 feet wide, and 14 deep, and pays well. This has promoted manufacturing in various directions, chiefly of cotton goods, thirteen or more cotton mills now producing more unbleached cotton goods than any other city in the country—about \$10,000,000 worth annually.

The suburbs afford delightful drives and pleasure resorts. Of these the principal is **Summerville Heights**, three miles west (electric cars), where a hilltop (alt., 750 ft.) among the pines was chosen long ago as a site for a U. S. Arsenal and small military post. Here dwell many citizens, and there are numerous hotels and boarding-houses resorted to, especially in winter, by a large company of healthseekers and pleasure travelers from both north and south. The principal house, *Hotel Bon Air*, is a very large, handsome, and well-appointed hotel, furnished and conducted in the best manner for the accommodation of this special and exacting class of clients. The water used is supplied from a great spring, and resembles the Poland water. The winter climate is that of Central California, without the piercing winds of the Pacific Coast. (Compare *Aiken*, p. 47.)

Railways radiate from Augusta as follows:

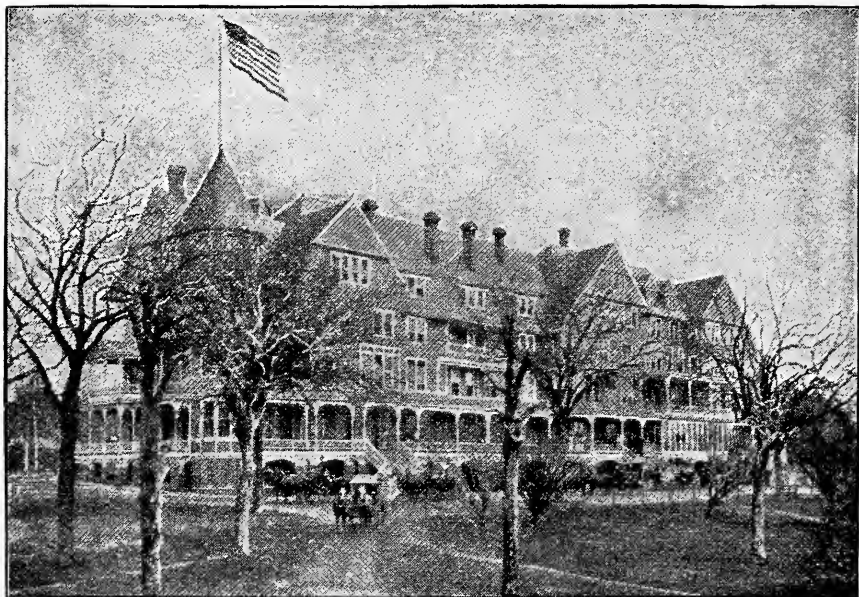
- (1) North to *Anderson*, *Greenville*, and *Seneca* (Route 14).
- (2) Northeast to *Columbia*. Sleeping-car to Charlotte and New York northward via Southern Railway (Route 14).
- (3) Eastward to *Florence*. Atlantic Coast Line (Route 13).
- (4) Southeastward to *Charleston* (p. 14).
- (5) Southeastward to *Beaufort* (Route 13c).
- (6) Southward to *Savannah* (p. 21).



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THE most favorably known Resort Hotel in the South, situated on the Sand Hills of Georgia, 550 feet above sea level. Particularly dry, balmy atmosphere and equable climate.

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EXCELLENT GOLF LINKS

in connection with the hotel, also good shooting and all outdoor sports. Easy of access from all points.

For full information, address

C. G. TRUSSELL, Manager.

(7) Southwestward to *Gibson, Wrightsville*, etc.

(8) **Westward to Macon and Atlanta.**—This is the continuation of the Coast Line route, with through sleeping-cars between New York and Atlanta and Macon. It runs west to *Camak*, where the line diverges to *Milledgeville* (formerly capital of Georgia, and once the seat of Jefferson Davis' government), and thence to **Macon** (p. 122). The route to Atlanta is via Madison, and passes along the old line of the Georgia Railroad, through an agricultural region, swept by Sherman's "March to the Sea," in November, 1864. The stations in the suburbs of Atlanta stand upon the ground over which most of the fighting was done in the capture of the city—the field of the "Battle of Atlanta" (p. 118). The distance from Washington to Atlanta by this route is 740 miles. Tickets are also sold by this route to New Orleans, over Routes 25 and 28 from Atlanta. The distance from Washington to Macon this way is 695 miles; to Atlanta, 741 miles.

Atlantic Coast Line (resumed).—Florence to Jacksonville and New Orleans.

Turning somewhat southward from Florence, the Coast Line passes through an agricultural region exhibiting many relics of the old-time plantation régime, 102 miles to **Charleston** (p. 10). On this journey Black River is crossed at Kingstree, and a few miles farther the railroad from Sumter to *Georgetown*, a seaport at the mouth of the Black. (Georgetown is also reached twice a week by steamboats from *Conway*, the terminus of a branch of the Coast Line from Chadburn, a station eleven miles west of Wilmington, on the road to Florence.) A little farther the train crosses the Santee River, and near Macbeth, thirty-five miles north of Charleston, spans the Santee Canal, which permits boat navigation from the upper Santee into Cooper River.

Charleston to Savannah is the next stage (115 m.), through a level coast-country, marshy, cut by many muddy rivers and inlets, and showing forests of moss-draped oak and cypress. At *Yemassee*, on the Salkehatchie River, the railroad from Augusta to Beaufort and Port Royal (25 m. south) is crossed.

Route 13c.—To Beaufort and Port Royal.

This southern end of the coast of South Carolina is deeply indented by two navigable inlets. The northernmost is St. Helena Sound, receiving the Edisto and other rivers, and, some distance southward,

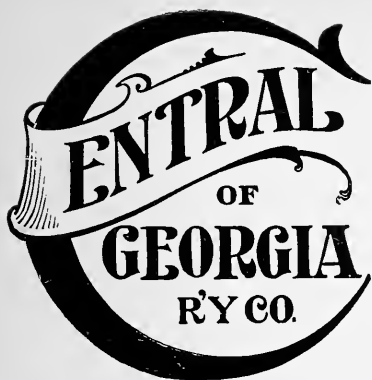
Port Royal Sound. Between the two is an archipelago of very fertile islands, producing cotton, rice, and sugar cane abundantly, and the site of the earliest civilization in the State. The outermost of these is Hilton Head Island, which became famous in the Civil War (see below), and before that was noted as the place where sea-island cotton was first grown as a successful crop (1790). Beaufort (pop., 4,000) is a quaint, old-fashioned, and delightful seaport, resorted to by a fashionable Southern company in summer, who find excellent accommodations in the *Sea Island Hotel* (\$3) and *Hotel Albemarle* (special rates).

The Spaniards had sailed up this coast as early as 1520 and left the name St. Helena, now given to the largest island. In 1562 the French explorer Ribault, coming north from Florida with a party of Huguenots, entered the sound, which they named Port Royal, where they built a fort called Charlesfort, about six miles away from what is now Beaufort. After many troubles, however, the colonists deserted the place and returned to France. Another colony (English), led by Colonel Sayles (1670), was started on Beaufort Island in Port Royal Sound, but they, too, left it and founded Charleston (p. 10). Still another British attempt was made in 1682, but the Spaniards accused the settlers of urging the Indians to war against them and caused the colony's removal. That the islands were eventually settled, however, appears from the fact that Major Gardiner, in 1779, tried to capture Port Royal Island for the British, but was repulsed by volunteers headed by General Moultrie.

In 1861 a fleet of fifty Federal vessels, commanded by DuPont, was sent to subdue Port Royal, which had been fortified by the Confederates. A frightful storm scattered the fleet, but it was reunited at the bar ten miles out from the entrance to Port Royal Sound. Two earthworks protected this entrance, Fort Walker on Hilton Head, south, and Fort Beauregard on St. Helena's Island, on the north, each garrisoned by South Carolina troops. A column of ten vessels revolved in a long ellipse past Hilton Head, delivering broadsides at Fort Walker, which answered bravely. Several gunboats and two frigates then went in closer and shelled the fort until the garrison fled across Hilton Head. Meanwhile Fort Beauregard had been evacuated by its garrison, and the four vessels, which had been attacking it, drove the slight Confederate flotilla, Tatnall's "mosquito fleet," into shallow water. The Federal troops took possession of and repaired the two forts, and formed a stronghold in South Carolina, from which they were not afterward ejected, forming an important naval base and point for frequent expeditions.

For **Savannah**, Ga., see p. 18.

From **Savannah to Waycross** the Coast Line Route (here a part of the Plant System) follows a route through sandy pine woods,



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Reaches all important points in
Alabama and Georgia
With direct connections
From and to Florida

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SLEEPING CAR
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VIA "DIXIE FLYER" ROUTE
between **ST. LOUIS and
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**THROUGH
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between **ATLANTA and
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"You want to know what I think of Thomasville as a pleasure resort. I think it is a most delightful winter home, for with your clear skies and bright sunshine, winter loses its terror for weak constitutions, situated as it is in a charming, rolling country, amid the great Pine Forests of South Georgia, in a dry and sandy soil. With the fine drives, beautiful flowers, and balmy air the attractions of an outdoor life are very enticing. I leave it with reluctancy and will be impatient to return."

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where the soil is poor and cultivation scanty, crossing, at *Jesup*, the line to Brunswick.

Waycross (pop., 5,500; Phoenix, \$2) is a mere railway town, whence lines lead eastward to Brunswick, southward into Florida, and westward into Alabama.

Route 13d.—Waycross to Jacksonville.

The railroad strikes due south, through level pine woods, and reaches **Jacksonville** (p. 133), 172 miles from Savannah and 1,014 miles from New York. For continuations in Florida see p. 139 *et seq.*

Route 13e.—Waycross to Montgomery, etc.

This is the line of the B. & W. Rd. proceeding due west across the pine region, devoted principally to lumbering industries, 112 miles to Albany, intersecting at Tifton (Route 23). *Albany* (pop., 6,500; Albany Inn, \$2.50; Mayo, \$2) is a flourishing market town, in the midst of cottonfields and peach orchards in the valley of Flint River, whence lines diverge westward and northward, via Americus and Columbus, and southward to Thomasville and Western Florida. Continuing westward, the route crosses the Chattahoochee River into Alabama at *Eufaula*, and proceeds directly to **Montgomery**, distant 315 miles from Waycross and 1,253 miles from New York. Thence connections are made for New Orleans, Jackson, and Vicksburg, Miss.

Waycross to New Orleans.—Resuming the course of the Coast Line (Plant System) route, the country west of Waycross is low, flat, covered with pines, Spanish bayonet (*yucca*), and palmetto scrub, and sparsely inhabited. At Dupont the lines of the Plant System diverge southward into Western Florida and to *Palatka*, and at Valdosta the Georgia Southern Rd. is crossed. The first important station is **Thomasville** (104 m.; pop., 6,000). This is one of the most celebrated and successful of the pine-woods winter resorts, situated on a dry, sandy ridge among the evergreen trees, and having a genial climate, especially beneficial to persons of weak lungs or throat, together with social privileges and opportunities for out-door sport, especially fox-hunting and shooting to an unusual degree. Therefore, in addition to the annual influx of winter guests, many families of wealth from distant parts of the country are making a permanent residence there. The altitude is 248 feet.

The two leading hotels are the *Piney Woods* and the *Mitchell House*. Each has rooms for 300 or more guests (\$4) and all the ap-

pointments and service of first-class hotels, including spacious "sun parlors." Smaller hotels and boarding-houses are numerous. The shooting is good in the neighborhood. Thomasville is also reached from the north by the Louisville & Nashville system, via Montgomery, and by the various lines concentrating at Macon (p. 122), and thence southward via Albany. The Plant System of railways connects it directly with Florida by way of Tifton, and the Alabama Midland Ry. forms a short line to Montgomery and a direct connection with the L. & N. system of railways to the northwest.

Continuing, the Coast Line passes Bainbridge Jc. (L. & N. Rd.), follows Flint River into Florida, crosses the Appalachicola River at Chattahoochee (where east-bound passengers change for Tallahassee and all parts of Florida), and follows the line of the Louisville & Nashville Rd. (Route 28) past *De Funiak Springs* (Hotel Chautauqua, \$3) to Pensacola, on the western side of Escambia Bay.

Pensacola (pop., 16,000; Hotel Escambia, \$3.50; Merchant's, \$2.50) is a remarkable seaport, with a remarkable history. It is the best harbor on the Gulf Coast, and has been fought over by four or five governments. The city itself has little to interest the traveler, but there is much in the bay and its neighborhood. It is as a seaport and coast-defense station that the town has grown and continues to grow, in spite of the unhealthiness of its situation and exposure, in particular, to yellow fever. Several navigable rivers enter here or near here, down which are floated rafts and barges of lumber, principally pitch pine of the very best quality, and ships come for it from all parts of the world, the exports amounting to 150,000,000 feet a year. Railroads bring coal from the mines in Northern Alabama, the shipments of which are now large and steadily increasing. Fish, fruit, cotton, and early vegetables also form important elements in the commerce of the port.

Pensacola Bay, its history, and sights are of great interest. Discovered by the Spaniards in 1516, visited by De Soto about 1536, and occupied by them in 1696, it became an object of attack by the French, who captured its fort (San Carlos) in 1719 and held it until 1722. The town was then built at the southern extremity of Santa Rosa Island, the long strip of sand beach which separates the three-pronged bay from the ocean. It came into Spanish hands again, but was abandoned in 1754. When the English took possession of Florida (by treaty) in 1763, they built a fort and stationed a garrison on the present site of the town, and held it until the country was returned to Spain (1781). In 1814 the United States and Britain were again at war, and Andrew Jackson was in command in the South. The Spanish allowed the

English to land in the town and garrison the forts at the entrance to the harbor. Jackson gathered an army as soon as he could, and by a brisk movement and sharp fight drove the English away and punished the Spaniards. Three years later Pensacola became a part of the United States, which immediately established a navy yard on the western shore, near the mouth of the bay, and rebuilt the old fortifications—Fort Pickens on the southern extremity of the Santa Rosa Island, Fort McRae on the opposite side of the inlet, and Battery Barancas, facing the entrance channel and protecting the navy yard. There were very few men in these forts when Florida seceded in 1861, and the navy yard was unprotected; but the same tactics were practiced as with Fort Sumter, and reinforcements held back until it was too late to save the navy yard from the local Confederates, or any forts, except Pickens, into which the Federal commander, Lieut. A. J. Slemmer, had retired with his small force, obstinately refusing all overtures toward its surrender. He held it until April 12th, when reinforcements were received. Meanwhile the Confederates had fortified the western shore, where Braxton Bragg (afterward prominent at Chattanooga) commanded 8,000 troops. Occasional bombardments followed, and on May 8, 1862, the Confederates abandoned their works and went to Mobile, doing their best to destroy the navy yard and other public works, but only partly succeeding. The fort remained in the hands of the Government, but the navy yard was not rebuilt, and probably will not be. It is tenanted by only a small number of officers and workmen, and only small garrisons are maintained at Forts Barancas and Pickens. The tour of this harbor, and a visit to these old forts, the navy yard, and the picturesque sea-shore villages and fishing places, is one of the pleasantest experiences of Southern travel, and may be made by steamboats daily.

From Pensacola to New Orleans the road makes its way north to Flomaton, and thence (L. & N. Rd., Route 28) to **Mobile** and along the Gulf Coast to the "Crescent City"—1,505 miles from New York by this route.

Route 14.—New Florida Short Line.

This is the route of the Southern Ry. and Fla. Cen. & Pen. Rd., via Everett. It has through sleeping-cars between New York and Tampa, Fla., via Jacksonville and St. Augustine, and a through coach between Washington and Jacksonville. Through tickets between Northeastern cities and all points in Florida. Distance, Washington to Jacksonville, 771 miles.

This route is from New York to *Washington*, via Pennsylvania Railroad. Leaving Washington (same station), the Southern Railway

(Route 15) is followed to *Charlotte*, S. C., and thence to *Columbia*, via Chester.

Columbia (pop., 15,000; Grand Central, \$2.50; Jerome, \$2.50; Columbia, \$3; Wright's, \$2.50) is the capital of South Carolina and pleasantly situated upon a hilltop. It was laid out, over one hundred years ago, in a quadrangle of streets of great breadth, finely shaded, many having an avenue of trees down the center. It has a healthful, agreeable climate, good water, adequate drainage, electric lights, and street cars, and is flourishing as a cotton market, trading center, and manufacturing town. The recent completion of a large water-power canal has given a great impetus to the manufacturing of cotton, which will be largely increased in the near future. There are also several railway and other machine shops of growing importance. Railroads lead east, via Florence; north to Greensboro and Spartanburg (Southern Ry.); northwest to Greenville and the mountains; west to Atlanta, via Seneca; southwest to Augusta (Southern Ry.); south to Savannah and Beaufort (Florida Short Line), and southeast to Orangeburg and Charleston.

Columbia, as the capital (since 1796), and a healthful, prosperous place, early attracted men of wealth, and many old families remain, occupying beautiful ancestral homes which escaped the conflagration of 1865. The State House is a marble renaissance building, founded in 1849, which thus far has cost \$4,000,000, but will not be finished or satisfactory, architecturally, until its present, low and plain roof is replaced by a dome or some sort of superstructure. The surrounding grounds are beautifully ornamented. At the right of the main entrance stands the unique *Palmetto Monument*—a bronze palmetto tree, erected in memory of the men of the local Palmetto Regiment, who fell in the Mexican War (1846); at the left, a monument to Washington; and in front, the tall shaft of the Confederate Soldiers' Monument. The State Insane Asylum and the Penitentiary are here; and among educational institutions are the South Carolina College, Presbyterian College and Theological School, two seminaries for women, and two for colored students. Arsenal Hill (alt., about 350 ft.) gives the best view.

Columbia has had a large share in the political history of the United States. Here, in 1832, the Nullification Ordinance was passed, and its logical successor, the Secession Ordinance (December 20, 1860), which began the overt movement toward disunion and precipitated the Civil War. The city was not seriously threatened in that war until after the fall of Savannah, when, in February, 1865, Sherman led the Federal army through the Carolinas to join Grant in Virginia. The Confederates, imagining that Augusta and Charleston would be attacked, withdrew their support to those cities, leaving but a slight garrison, under Wade Hampton, in Columbia, which was

surprised when Sherman suddenly appeared at its gates. This force fled at once (February 9th), the Nationals having successfully crossed Congarée and Saluda rivers, in spite of burned bridges. Hampton, before leaving Columbia, set fire to the cotton in the city, and the fire spread until, despite the efforts of the conquering army, the greater part of the city was burned to the ground. All the railroads near Charleston, several great foundries, an arsenal, and the place where Confederate paper money was made, were wholly destroyed.

South from Columbia the line proceeds through Denmark (p. 46) and Fairfax (P., R. & A. Rd.), crossing Savannah River at Garnett, to *Savannah* (p. 19). Southward from Savannah the train follows the "short line" (33 m.), via Everett, as close to the coast as is practicable, through a wooded region. At Burroughs, the Sav. & Fla. W. Rd. and the Ogeechee River are crossed. Darien Junction is the point of change for Sapelo Sound, Inverness Island, and *Darien* (p. 24). At Barrington the Altamaha River is crossed, and, just beyond, at **Everett**, the S. Ry. to *Brunswick* (20 m., p. 23). A little farther, the Bruns. & West. Rd. and Little Saltilia River are crossed; at Woodbine, the Saltilia River; and, soon after, Florida is entered by crossing the St. Mary's River, a short distance beyond which is *Yulee*, the junction with the railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys, sixteen miles south of which the train enters the Union Station in Jacksonville.

Route 15.—Piedmont Air Line (Southern Ry.).

This route is the direct line along the eastern (or southern) base of the Appalachian Mountains, and is a very interesting one. The scenery and quaint appearance of Southern rural life increases as the journey advances, so that the traveler will do well to leave Washington at night, so as to have the last half of the journey by daylight.

The train first crosses the *Long Bridge* to **Alexandria**, and thence to *Manassas*, the scene of the first great conflict of the Civil War, known in the North as the battle of Bull Run (July 21, 1861).

The Confederate army under Beauregard, having about 30,000 men, met the Federal forces, commanded by McDowell, of nearly equal strength, and disastrously defeated them, a large part of the Union army fleeing back to Washington in a disorganized rout. The Confederates did not pursue, however. On August 29th and 30th of the next year the armies of Lee (Conf.) and Pope (Union) fought a second battle, upon nearly the same ground, though each occupied the position of the other in the first fight. This second battle of Manassas was again a victory for the Confederate forces, but one by which they profited very little. The battlefield is some distance from the station,

and the vicinity of the station, which was almost constantly the scene of army operations from 1861 to '64, exhibits little to remind passengers of those times. The same is true of the immediate vicinity of *Culpeper Court House* (69 m.), although the neighborhood of that strategic point became famous in the War of the Revolution and was the locality of almost incessant fighting and maneuvering during the Civil War. It was especially prominent during the campaign of Meade against Lee in 1863, after the repulse of the Confederates at Gettysburg and their retreat into Virginia. The Rappahannock River is crossed some miles before reaching Culpeper, and twelve miles beyond that station the train crosses the Rapidan, or Rapid Ann, as it was originally and properly spelled. This is a deep, swift stream, running between hilly wooded banks; and it became, in a general way, a strong line of defense against the Northern army and remained so until the spring of 1864, when Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac and prepared to attack Lee's defenses. It was only a few miles below here that he crossed the river, early in May, and began that seven days of frightful *Battles of the Wilderness* which terminated with the bloody victory of Spottsylvania.

The next point of importance is **Charlottesville** (pop., 8,000; Albemarle, \$2; University, \$2), a flourishing agricultural town and junction with the C. & O. Ry. (p. 74), by which the Natural Bridge and The Grottoes (p. 73) may be reached within an hour or two. The surrounding country is highly productive and especially noted for fruit. The finest apples (Albemarle pippins) for the export trade are raised here, and great quantities of grapes, most of which are made into red wines of various grades. A new hotel, the Jefferson Park (\$2.50), was opened in 1897 as a summer resort at Fry Springs, a mile from town, with which it is connected by electric cars.

Albemarle County has played an important part in Virginia's history, and has been the home of many influential families, of which the most famous was that of Thomas Jefferson, whose estate, *Monticello*, is four miles west of the city. The farm is no longer in possession of the descendants of the family, but the stately mansion and many relics of Jefferson's time survive. The writer of the Declaration of Independence, and ex-President of the United States, is buried near his former home, in a small private cemetery, where his grave is marked by a granite obelisk, nearly ruined by eager relic-hunters. Monticello is visible from a long distance, and itself commands a remarkably beautiful and extensive landscape.

The **University of Virginia** is another object of great and universal interest at Charlottesville. It occupies varied and beautiful grounds at the edge of the village, and consists of an assemblage of buildings which for quaintness of architectural design are unequalled in this country, resembling more our idea of what might have been a Greek school than an American one. The stately dome-crowned

central building was designed by Jefferson to be an exact copy of the Athenian Parthenon. This institution was one of the principal universities of the land before the war, and since then has maintained its place as the leading educational institution of the South. It has graduated many distinguished men, and has upon its corps of professors the names of several of world-wide reputation in their specialties of learning. It is no more than a comfortable walk to the University from the railway station; and a stroll about the grounds, on shaded paths, between winding walls and hedges, and the magnificent views across the hills to be gained from them, will well repay the exertion. (The main building, burned in 1895, is rebuilding).

Continuing the journey from Charlottesville, the passenger is carried through a hilly, agricultural region, affording interesting views from the car windows, and with a constantly increasing approach to the mountains, until he arrives at the valley of James River and enters its principal town.

Lynchburg (pop., 20,000; *Hotel Carroll*, \$3) is a city a century old, on the southern bank of the James at the point where it breaks through the Blue Ridge. The passage of the river is between abrupt, steeply sloping cliffs, and the gorge furnishes a great amount of water-power. It is in consequence of this, chiefly, that a town has grown here which has now become a manufacturing point and railway center of importance.

Lynchburg was settled more than a century ago by Irish and Scotch people — among others by a Quaker family named Lynch. One of the sons set up a ferry, which by and by attracted so many people that, in 1786, a town was established, and the name changed from Lynch's Ferry to Lynchburg; it was Col. Charles Lynch, a brother of the founder, and an officer in the Continental army, who, by his summary punishment of marauders, gave us the term "Lynch law." In Revolutionary times, this old county (Campbell) was among the most important centers of civilization in Virginia, and an object of especial attack by Tarleton and other British captains. Beginning as a marketing and milling center, Lynchburg was soon connected with prominent points in all directions, and has been from an early day a wholesale supplying point for an exceedingly wide range of the mountain country. Its population is largely employed in the iron furnaces, foundries, machine shops, and nail mills, or in the many great tobacco factories and warehouses. In addition to these, however, factories exist for making woolen cloth, grinding sumac, shaping wood-work, and for many other purposes.

The power for these factories is largely obtained from a great dam controlling the river-water just above the city, which cost \$120,000, and feeds a great canal. The Judith dam, three miles higher, cost \$80,000, and there are many others of the most substantial character along this upper part of the James and its tributaries.

Lynchburg has long been the home of many families possessed of unusual wealth, and her residence streets, rising in terraces on the hillside, show an extraordinary number of fine houses. Many are in the most modern style, yet now and then one meets with a charming old-time mansion. From high points splendid pictures are visible. Go to the top of the hill on Madison Street, and look southwestward at the ever magnificent Peaks of Otter. Few scenes in America equal that !

Lynchburg is the center of many railways elsewhere described.

(1) Norfolk & Western east to *Norfolk* (p. 33) and west to *Roanoke* (p. 78), where it connects with Route 16.

(2) Chesapeake & Ohio, via the old R. & A. Rd. (p. 74), east to *Richmond*, along the James River, and west to *Natural Bridge*, *Lexington*, and the mountain resorts of West Virginia.

(3) Norfolk & Western, south to *Durham* and *Raleigh*, N. C..

Lynchburg to Danville (66 m.) forms the next stage of the Piedmont Air Line, across a sparsely populated region, with numerous streams coming down to the James from the hills. **Danville** (pop., 12,000; Burton, \$3) is devoted chiefly to the sale and manufacture of tobacco, to which the neighboring country is chiefly devoted. The river crossed here is the Dan, and this point is the head of its navigable part, to which fact the town owes its growth at this point. Danville has a delightful summer climate, and receives many visitors at that season. The *Buffalo Lithia Springs* (excellent hotel) are a few miles east, by the A. & D. Rd.; and are recommended for many ailments, especially biliary disorders.

A direct route from **Baltimore to Danville** should be mentioned here. Steamers of the York River Line (Baltimore, Chesapeake & Richmond Steamboat Co.) leave *Baltimore* (Pier 19, Light Street) daily, except Sunday, at 5.00 p. m. (calling on alternate days at Yorktown and Gloucester Point), and arrive at *West Point, Va.* (p. 35), next morning. Thence passengers proceed to *Richmond*, and over the old R. & D. Rd. (now Southern Ry.) to Danville, passing Amelia Court House, Burkeville, Keysville, etc., a level, wooded region identified with the closing scenes of the Civil War; Jefferson Davis' last attempt at a "government" was at Danville (March, 1865).

At Danville the Piedmont Air Line leaves Virginia and proceeds southwest through North Carolina. The first large station is

Greensboro (pop., 3,500; Benbow, \$2.50; McAdoo, \$2.50); it is a lively market town, and is growing into a favorite summer residence for families from the seacoast. Several railways diverge here.

(1) To Raleigh, Goldsboro, and New Berne (Routes 11, 12).

(2) To Sandford, Fayetteville, and Wilmington (Routes 12, 13).

(3) To Winston-Salem and Roanoke (Route 16).

(4) To Mt. Airy, a mining village at the foot of the Blue Ridge, about to be connected by a short railway with the Cripple Creek mining region (p. 69).

(5) To Wilkesboro. This branch follows up the Yadkin River nearly to its source in the Blue Ridge, and forms an approach to the Roan Mountain, Blowing Rock, and Roaring Gap districts, reached by stages from Wilkesboro. At Winston-Salem (Phenix, \$2) a road diverges (27 m.) to Mocksville, a local summer resort; and another continues northward to Roanoke. This is the region where the dark chewing-tobacco is grown. The center of the industry is at Winston, where there are forty factories of plug.

Salisbury (pop., 5,000; Mt. Vernon, \$2; Central Hotel, \$2) is the next notable point beyond Greensboro. It was the scene of some severe encounters with Tarleton's raiders in 1780, but obtained its principal notoriety as the site, during the Civil War, of one of the most dreadful of the prison-pens in which Federal soldiers were confined; this prison was wholly swept away by Stoneman's cavalry, in April, 1865. Salisbury is the point of departure for the pleasure resorts of the mountains in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee, forming

Route 15a.—Salisbury to Asheville and Morristown.

Western North Carolina is a region of the highest mountains east of the Rockies. Forty-three summits there exceed 6,000 feet in altitude, the highest, Mt. Mitchell, reaching 6,688 feet; nearly a hundred others approach or exceed 5,000 feet. All are wooded to, and over, their very crests, and in general they present rounded outlines, and offer no great difficulty of ascent beyond the thickness of the forests; but in some places the ledges descend in gigantic steps or break away into vertical precipices hundreds of feet high. It has long been called "the land of the sky." The geographical situation, altitude, coniferous balsamic forests, and rapid drainage, unite to make the region not only exceedingly healthful, but extraordinarily pleasant as a place of residence. Its altitude renders it comparatively cool in summer and attracts the people of the coasts and lowlands of the Southern States, who flock thither in summer, and have built up several flourishing communities; while the southerly situation, tem-

pering the cold, and the altitude and prevailing westerly winds, form conditions very grateful to Northerners seeking a milder climate in winter. Western North Carolina, favored all the year round, has therefore grown into great prosperity, especially in the valleys of the Swannanoa and French Broad rivers, which open a pathway for travel across the ranges and make Asheville and the most populous resorts easily accessible from both east and west. The principal approach to Asheville from the east is (1) by the Western North Carolina division of the Southern Railway from Salisbury, which passes on down the French Broad to Morristown, Tenn. (p. 82), making (2) the approach from the west. Another approach (3) is by the branch of the Southern Railway from Spartanburg, and a fourth is from the South by the way of Murphy.

(1) **Salisbury to Asheville.**—The first hour's ride from Salisbury west is through a rolling, farming country. The first station of note is Statesville, county seat of Iredell and intersection of a branch which runs straight south to Charlotte (p. 66) and north to Taylorsville. The *Strohecker Barium Springs* are five miles distant. A few miles beyond Statesville the train crosses the beautiful Catawba River, which sweeps placidly between high and wooded banks. This river, named after the Indian tribe that lived in its upper valley, and which, in turn, gives its name to a native grape, rises in the Blue Ridge and flows nearly 300 miles southeasterly into South Carolina, where it changes its name to the Wateree and joins with the Congaree to form the Santee. The next station of account is **Hickory**, at the intersection of the Chester & Lenoir Railroad. It is an old-time village (pop., 3,000) among the first foothills of the Blue Ridge, which here begin to grow plainly into view ahead. Near the station stands the new *Hickory Inn* (\$2.50), a modern brick building, lighted by gas and electricity, and well furnished for 150 guests. The *Catawba Springs Hotel* (\$2), six miles distant, can accommodate 400 guests; several good boarding-houses can be found in or near Hickory, where the railway station is 1,175 feet above the sea.

In past days, when travel was by stages, the old Hickory Tavern was one of the landmarks of Western North Carolina, since it was a relay station at the forking of mountain roads. The new hotels are not only the center of a region which is very charming for summer rambling, but in the autumn are a favorite resort of sportsmen, since the shooting there, especially for quails, is excellent. Gold is washed from the bars all along this part of the Catawba Valley.

Lenoir is a small county town fifteen miles north of Hickory, at the terminus of the C. & L. Rd., and the point of departure by hack (22 m.) up the Yadkin Valley to *Blowing Rock Springs*, a popular mountain resort on the northern slope of Grandfather Mountain, taking its name from a precipice giving a superb view. Here are several rural hotels, of which the largest are the Skyland, Wautauga, Blowing Rock, Fairview, and Green Park, each \$1.50 to \$2 a day. The surroundings are characteristic of the lofty and primitive mountain country, and the fishing is excellent. Within a few miles are Roan Mountain (p. 80), Cranberry, Linville (Esceola Inn, \$2.50), Piedmont Springs, Elkville, and the summering places reached from Wilkesboro.

The first station west of Hickory is Connelly Springs (\$2); and then comes *Morganton*, the county seat of Burke, containing the State Hospital for the Insane and Wilberforce College (Episcopal). All of these larger towns are prosperous country markets, especially for orchard-fruits and leaf-tobacco.

Glen Alpine Springs, fifteen miles southward by hack, is a hotel (150 guests, \$2) on South Mountain, beside springs of saline chalybeate water. Piedmont Springs is twenty miles northward, and various summer boarding-houses exist in the neighborhood.

The road now begins to ascend the mountains and becomes steep and circuitous, seeking a practicable grade up the valley of the Swannanoa, one of the sources of the Catawba. Marion and Old Fort have small summer hotels. At the latter, where Mount Mitchell is grandly in view northward, among a host of brother summits of the Blue Ridge, the road begins to slant steeply up the sides of the hills, first on one side and then on the other of the Swannanoa, curving its way around the heads of the side-ravines, and once or twice turning backward in great loops.

This is one of the most interesting pieces of railway engineering and one of the wildest and most attractive bits of mountain scenery in the United States. The builders were Northern engineers, who qualified themselves, by this experience, for some very serious railway mountaineering, a few years later, in the Far West; the labor they employed was almost entirely convict, whose prison-pens were at the head of one of the valleys, where the remains of them are still visible. It was hard work and hard fare, but it seemed to the present writer, who witnessed the construction he is now describing, a far happier condition than to be shut in between stone walls and to labor daily in crowded rooms, or, worse yet, to idle in a loathsome cell. The evils of the system of farming out convict-labor are not felt by the individual felon so much as by society in general. A tunnel, 1,800 feet long, carries the train through the summit ridge of Swannanoa Gap (alt., 2,500 ft.), whence the rivulets flow westward

into the French Broad. Every station here has a small or large summer hotel. A few moments later the train reaches the populous center of the mountain region at Asheville.

Asheville (pop., 13,000). Hotels: *Battery Park*, \$4; *Kenilworth Inn* (Biltmore), \$5; *Swannanoa*, \$2.50 to \$3; Hotel Berkeley, \$2 to \$3; Winyah, \$3; Oaks, Glen Rock, and others, \$2; also many boarding-houses, \$6 to \$10 per week.

Asheville is a town of long standing, and the capital of that Buncombe County to which the representative made a famous speech from the floor of Congress, the irrelevancy of which he excused by the plea that he was "talking to Buncombe." It has been a summer resort for Southern people for half a century, but was never heard of, beyond a few coast families, until "Christian Reid" of Salisbury wrote her novel, "The Land of the Sky," which dealt with the experiences of a summer party here. After the Civil War Northern people began to learn of its value as a winter residence for persons with weak lungs, and its fame increased when the Western North Carolina Railroad rendered the place easily accessible; but in 1880 its population was only 2,000, and there were none but small local hotels. The city occupies a hilly site, having a general elevation of about 2,600 feet and affording wide and beautiful outlooks in all directions, but especially toward the south and west, where the Blue Ridge and the Smoky mountains form parallel ranges of shapely turquoise-colored peaks. The central part of the city is one and one-half miles from the railway station, but hacks (25 cents) and electric street-cars (5 cents) connect them, and the latter reach all the hotels. Lines of electric cars run from Court House Square to all parts of the city, and far among the surrounding hills. The Doubleday, Camp Patton, and Mountford Avenue lines are particularly recommended to casual visitors, as giving not only an excellent idea of this pretty mountain city, but disclosing the wonderful beauty of the surrounding scenery. Many very interesting places are within walking distance, and roads or paths ascend all of the peaks in the region, including Mitchell, Pisgah, Craggy, Cæsar's Head, etc. Gouche's Peak (3 m.) and Elk Mountain (5 m.) are among the nearest. Good roads for driving lead to and through "Biltmore" (p. 63), down the Swannanoa and to *Hickory Nut Gap* (11 m. southeast), where the falls and *Chimney Rock* are among the special features of the picturesque gorge by which the French Broad cuts through the Blue Ridge.

The highest point in town is an elevation called *Battery Porter*, where earthworks were built and guns planted during the Civil War;

when desultory warfare was constantly in progress among these mountains, where the North had nearly as many sympathizers as the South, and guerrilla raids were common. This is the site of the *Battery Park Hotel*.

Another very fine hotel is *Kenilworth Inn*, at Biltmore Station, between Asheville and "Biltmore," the princely property of George Vanderbilt, and described below. The Winyah Sanitarium, Oaks, and Oakland Heights are good hotels in the city; the *Swannanoa*, the business man's stopping-place, is the oldest hotel in town, is near the public square, and is the only one that has no bar. The Glen Rock is at the railway station. Many boarding-houses exist at cheaper rates than the hotels. The city is well supplied with stores; the markets are varied and good; police, fire, water, and telephone service are well maintained; educational facilities are extensive; ministers of the gospel and physicians are numerous, and there is every provision for making the residence of a tourist or invalid pleasant and profitable at any season of the year.

The climate is probably the principal attraction to this region in the eyes of most visitors. "Here," says an advocate, "we have the pinewood region, the dry altitude, the freedom from fog, and the perfectly pure air which, together, make the ideal climate for the debilitated. One of the great virtues of this place is that fog seldom, if ever, appears—though frequently seen on the surrounding mountain tops—and dampness is but temporarily known. The mountains seem to serve to intercept most of the moisture and to cause its deposit on the summits and outer slopes. In consequence of this and of the fact that the soil of the valley is sandy and the effect of the rain immediately disappears, the climate is very dry, and thus differs materially from the majority of valleys surrounded by mountains where dampness and fogs commonly exist."

Biltmore is the name chosen by George W. Vanderbilt, the youngest son of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt of New York, for the magnificent property which he has acquired just southeast of Asheville, upon an eminence overlooking the valley of the French Broad. This estate embraces 180 square miles, and includes some thirty-five miles of scientifically-made roads. A recent description says:

"He may hunt in his game preserve of 20,000 acres, through which hundreds of deer will roam, or may fish in well-stocked streams, which are his, from the tiny spring on the mountain-top until they merge into the French Broad. His private nurseries, from which several million choice trees, plants, and shrubs are transplanted each year, are the largest in the world, and a railroad has been built from Asheville to his chateau (3 m.). . . . It is estimated that it will cost about \$6,000,000 to develop fully his plans. The residence is 300 by 192 feet, with long-walled courts and stables in addition, yet a part of the general structure. It is built of stone. . . . Sunken gardens and greenhouses, on which fortunes have been spent; a tennis-court,

whose huge retaining-wall, 16 feet thick and 40 feet high, is one of the finest pieces of masonry in this country; a bowling-green, 200 feet wide and 700 feet long, entirely surrounded by a hand-carved granite balustrade, and innumerable other features, form a *tout ensemble* which surpasses anything ever dreamed of heretofore in America. . . . The young millionaire is not at all exclusive or selfish with his belongings, but permits visitors to drive through his grounds and inspect his residence, under reasonable conditions."

(2) **From the South to Asheville, via Spartanburg.**—Travel to Western North Carolina, from the Southern coast, Charleston, Savannah, and Florida, finds its direct course through Augusta, Ga., or Columbia, S. C., to *Spartanburg* (p. 69), whence a railroad runs directly north to Asheville.

Tryon, N. C., is the first station north of Spartanburg of interest to tourists. Here, at the foot of South Mountain, is Oak Hall Hotel (75 guests, \$2); and this is the station for Hotel Lynn (80 guests, \$2), two miles distant; the Chevalier House, in Columbus, five miles distant, and Skyuka Inn (\$3), which stands out prominently, on an elevation 3,000 feet above the sea level, overlooking Pacolet Valley on the south and Green River Valley to the north. The house is a new one, equipped with all modern conveniences.

Tryon stands in the midst of notable scenery and is inhabited principally by health-seekers from every part of the Union. Abrupt mountains curve about it to the north, while the landscape southward lies open to the sun and warm winds. Snow is rare, although the altitude is 1,500 feet; frosts are of short continuance. Quail-shooting and trout-fishing attract the sportsman, and horseback-riding is enjoyed by everybody. *Saluda* and *Flat Rock* (Flat Rock Inn, \$2), a few miles beyond Tryon, are similar resorts, each having many hotels and boarding-houses; and then comes *Hendersonville* (pop., 1,200), in the midst of the Blue Ridge (alt., 2,600 feet), long noted as an agreeable residence either in winter or in summer. The village is the capital of Henderson County, has a complete sewerage and public-water system, street railways, an academy, bank, newspaper, and opera house, and a large number of comfortable hotels and boarding-houses. The principal hotel is *Dun Craggan Inn*, a large modern structure with every comfort. A long drive will carry one to The Pinnacle, a summit (alt., 3,832 ft.) commanding a remarkably extensive view; or to Cæsar's Head (26 m.; alt. of hotel at the summit, 3,118 ft.). Nearer are Hickory Nut Gap, *Chimney Rock*, Bald Knob (the scene of Mrs. Burnett's "Esmeralda;" alt., 3,863 ft.), and other interesting places. These are also reached by the Seaboard Air Line from Rutherfordton.

(3) **From the West to Asheville** (via Morristown, p. 65).

(4) **From Atlanta to Asheville, via Murphy.**—This is a route without through cars or close connections, but passing through the

exceedingly picturesque valley between the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains. The A., K. & N. Rd. (p. 84) is followed from Atlanta as far as Blue Ridge Junction, where a branch is taken (26 m.) to **Murphy**, N. C. (Drummer's House, \$2), a rural village where the passenger changes to a train of the S. Ry.

This branch line, 120 miles long, between Murphy and Asheville, is a daring piece of railway engineering, making its way up the wild gorges of the Nantahala and other headwaters of the Little Tennessee, over the highest railway divide east of the Rockies, 2,645 feet, and down through a maze of ravines to the level of the French Broad. The scenery is romantically wild, and the mountains and streams form an almost uninjured field for the hunter and angler. Bears, deer, and wild turkeys remain numerous in the forests, and trout in the streams, whose sands also yield gold and gems, which, however, are perhaps the least valuable of the mineral resources of the district. Every hamlet opens boarding-houses during the summer, and at several places large hotels are sustained, as at Andrews, *Bryson City*, Dillsboro (Springs Hotel), and Waynesville. *Waynesville* is on the divide, at the base of Balsam Mountain, and in a region of rare loveliness. It is the capital of Cherokee County, profits by a fine water-power (Hiawassee River), and is surrounded by tobacco and vegetable farms of unusual fertility. Half a mile from this station, and well up upon the mountain slope, are the *Haywood White Sulphur Springs*. See Torrey's "Among the Green Hills."

Asheville to Knoxville.—The railway along the French Broad, connecting Asheville with the Tennessee railways at Morristown, was the pioneer into this region. It is only lately, however, that it has become an avenue of through traffic, as under present arrangements. Continuous trains now run this way between Washington and Chattanooga, via Salisbury, as heretofore explained, in addition to the local service; also through sleeping-cars from Cincinnati and Louisville. From the station at Asheville the train bound west proceeds at once to the valley of the French Broad, a wide, rapid stream winding between lofty banks, wooded for the most part, and here and there breaking into rocky bluffs, while charming views of the distant mountains are constantly presented. Forty miles of this brings the traveler to **Hot Springs**, just before the river-valley narrows into the gorge by which it passes through the Smoky range. Here is situated the immense *Mountain Park Hotel* (500 guests; \$3 to \$5), one of the most fashionable resorts in the region; and three lesser hotels, Rutland Cottage, Loretta Hall, and Stone House, charging \$2 a day. All are close by the station.

These hot springs have been famous for a century for their efficacy

in relieving rheumatism and gout. In the admirably-equipped bath-house there are sixteen separate pools, lined and floored with polished marble. Into each of them the pure hot water pours directly from the rocks beneath. Every bath has its own dressing and resting room. The waters possess the same qualities as the baths at Ems and Wiesbaden, Germany, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas. There are also in the hotel large marble bathing-pools and porcelain tubs, into which the water is pumped directly from the springs. "Patients may be assured of as systematic and scientific treatment by the attendant physicians as can be had in any of the large cities, under whose direction the various Roman, sulphur, hot, and electric baths and massage are ably administered. There are dozens of beautiful drives to points of interest, any one of which can be made in comfort in one of the buck-boards with which the hotel livery is well supplied; or on horseback, if one prefers." A good local road map may be obtained at the hotels.

Paint Rock, six miles beyond Hot Springs, is a hamlet adjacent to a bold and lofty precipice, upon which the pioneers found figures painted by the Indians. Beyond this point the mountains diminish, the river meadows grow narrower, and the current becomes quiet. A farming and grazing region takes the place of the rough and forested heights, which now present the serene beauty imparted to the mountains by distance, and the traveler perceives and enjoys that placid loveliness in river and landscape which has long made the valley of the French I road regarded as one of the gems of American scenery. Near *Newport* the river is crossed and seen for the last time and, a few miles farther on, the train reaches *Morristown*, whence it proceeds to Knoxville over the Southern Railway. (See Route 16, p. 82.)

Route 15 (resumed).—Salisbury to Atlanta.

Resuming the Southern Railway from Salisbury, fifty miles farther, through a beautiful country, brings the traveler to **Charlotte** (pop., 19,000; Central, \$3; *Buford*, \$3), an interesting and beautiful town with a large trade, and extensive interests in manufactures and the varied mines of the neighboring mountains, where gold is obtained, among baser metals, in considerable quantities. The Government had a branch mint and coined gold money here before the discovery of gold in California, and it also had a large and valuable arsenal, which was seized by the Confederates, who formed Charlotte into an important depot of supplies, destroyed by Stoneman in 1865. Charlotte is growing rapidly and bids fair to be one of the leading manufacturing cities of the South. It now has, besides

several lesser works, five cotton mills with improved machinery, two cloth mills, oil mills, phosphate works, and a flourishing mercantile business.

An early and highly creditable historical incident is the passage here, by a local convention (June, 1775), of the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," whereby independence from British rule over the North American colonies was declared, and an arrangement for a free local government was provided. This antedated by some thirteen months the general "Declaration" promulgated at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, and was the first public expression of the kind.

Railways diverge here as follows:

(1) North to *Statesville* and Western North Carolina (p. 60).

(2) Southeast to *Wilmington*. (See Route 12.)

(3) West to the foot of the Blue Ridge, reaching Lincolnton (Lithia Springs, \$2), Shelby and Cleveland Sulphur Springs (\$2), *Rutherfordton* (Iso-Thermal, \$2), and Marion on the Western North Carolina Railroad.

(4) *To Columbia, S. C.* (See Route 14.)

The next stage, **Charlotte to Spartanburg, S. C.** (76 m.), is of the same interesting character, in point of scenery, as before—fertile valleys, clear streams, quaint farms and villages, and a nearer approach to the mountains. Gastonia, where the railroad from Chester to Lenoir (p. 61) is crossed, and Blacksburg (pop., 1,500; Cherokee Inn, \$2.50) on Broad River, at the State line, are summering points; from the latter a line goes north to Shelby and its neighboring springs. Two small stations near by recall brilliant exploits in Revolutionary history—*King's Mountain* (summer hotels) and *Cowpens*.

Lord Cornwallis, the British commander in the South, who had been ravaging North Carolina, intended to march with his main force through Charlotte, Salisbury, and Hillsboro, and crush out the Whigs there, who were treating the numerous Tories with great severity. Tarleton was sent up the Catawba River, and Major Ferguson went off westward along the foot of the mountains, crossing the Broad River with a ruffianly command of some 1,500 men, consisting largely of Tories. Grover is the station for the battlefield of King's Mountain, five miles southeast of the town. Here the hastily collected patriot militia fell upon his encampment among the gravel hills, killed Ferguson, captured many prisoners and arms, and utterly dissipated the remainder. In 1815 a rude headstone of dark slate rock was erected here, and still remains, as a monument to the memory of four patriots from Lincoln County, North Carolina, who, as an inscription states, fell there on the 7th of October, 1780, "fighting in defense of America." Another inscription on the stones states that Colonel Ferguson was defeated and killed at this place; but as a matter of fact, he was killed 150 yards from that

spot and buried 300 yards north of the monument at the head of a deep ravine. On the hundredth anniversary of the battle, a monument was placed at the other end of the battle ground, having a cubical base eighteen feet square, crowned by a small pyramid with a truncated top, two and one-half feet square. Several inscriptions are cut into marble slabs on the different faces of the monument, one stating that here the British forces, commanded by Col. Patrick Ferguson, were met and totally defeated by the American officers and their heroic followers from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee. Another side gives the names of those who were killed on the ground in the defense of civil liberty, in the order of their rank. A third inscription declares that "Here the tide of battle turned in favor of the American colonies." On the western face is inscribed, "In memory of the patriotic Americans who participated in the battle of King's Mountain, this monument is erected by their grateful descendants." Cornwallis reached Salisbury, where the Whigs were hostile, but, hearing of this disaster to this chief supporter, turned back to South Carolina (Oct. 27, 1780), through a country in which patriots were continually organizing to resist any oppression. At the King's Mountain battle, ten of the murdering Tories who had raided the Carolinas were captured and hanged, and when Cornwallis complained to Greene and threatened to retaliate, that General returned a list of fifty patriots who had been hanged by Cornwallis and officers high in his command.

From his camp, eastward of the Pedee, Greene sent General Morgan across the Broad River to operate on the British left and rear. Observing this, says Lossing, Cornwallis left his camp at Winnsboro and pushed northward between the Broad and Catawba rivers for the purpose of interposing his force between Greene and Morgan. Against the latter he had detached General Tarleton with about 1,000 troops. Morgan was aware of this, and, after one retreat, took his stand at "The Cowpens," thirty miles west of King's Mountain, choosing rather to pick out a battle ground than to be overtaken in flight. Of his men, 400 were placed in battle array on a rising ground, the same number of sharpshooters defended the approaches to the camp, and cavalry was hidden in the woods. A furious battle ensued. In a skillful movement, in the form of a feigned retreat, Morgan turned so suddenly upon his pursuers, who believed the victory was secured to them, that they wavered. Seeing this the cavalry charged upon them, and the hidden reserve broke cover and made a successful charge upon Tarleton's horsemen. The British were completely routed, and were pursued about twenty miles.

After this battle, Morgan was joined by General Greene after he had crossed the Catawba, and the two led their troops across country into Virginia, Cornwallis following them as fast as he could, but being constantly delayed by the streams which intersected his route, and which were constantly flooding immediately after the passage of the Americans; at last the British general gave up the chase and returned to camp at Hillsboro. On March 1, 1781, Greene returned

cautiously into North Carolina with 5,000 troops, and two weeks later encountered Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, five miles from the present Greensboro, where a terrible battle was fought. Greene disposed his troops in three lines, some distance behind each other; supported by heavy cannonading, the British right, under Leslie, scattered the first and second lines, and, with the assistance of Colonel Webster and the left, so demolished the third line of the Americans that Greene ordered a retreat and retired, but left Cornwallis' troops in so badly shattered a condition that he could not pursue the patriots. It was this battle that induced Lord Fox to move in the English Parliament that the ministers conclude the American War.

Spartanburg (pop., 6,000; Spartan Inn, \$2 to \$3) is largely engaged in iron and gold mining, and is growing as a summer resort; Cherokee Springs (\$2) is seven miles distant, and *Glenn Springs* (\$2) ten miles southeast by railway, via Becca Junction. Here crosses the railroad from Columbia to Hendersonville (p. 64) and Asheville, and another road leads to Greenwood and Augusta, Ga. *Greenville* (37 m. west, pop., 9,000; Southern; Mansion House, \$2) is the terminus of two roads southward to Columbia and Augusta. *Paris Mountain* (Altamont, \$2.50) is an elevated resort, seven miles distant, and Cæsar's Head (p. 64) is fourteen miles from Marietta, the terminus of a short railroad north. The next station of note is *Seneca*, on the sources of the Savannah River, which we cross into Georgia at Madison. North of Seneca, at the end of a short railroad, is *Walhalla* (Bieman, \$2; Walhalla, \$2), among the foothills of the Chattooga Mountains, where many families make their summer home. Small mountain villages follow, and fine distant views are obtained from the heights now tortuously traversed. At Toccoa are several small summer hotels, and every opportunity for open-air enjoyment among the wild hills. **Toccoa Falls** (2 m.) is a bold cataract, 185 feet high, in the midst of romantic surroundings. Next comes *Mount Airy*, the highest point (1,590 feet) between Charlotte and Atlanta, and one of the favorite summer residences of Northern Georgia (Mount Airy Inn, \$2; Wilcox Cottage, \$2). A railroad extends from the next station, *Cornelia*, twenty-one miles northeast along a romantic valley to **Tallulah Falls** (Cliff, \$2.50; Marion, \$2, and others), becoming noted as a summering place. The falls are in the deep gorge of the Tallulah, a tributary of the Savannah, descending from Standing Indian, a peak of the Blue Ridge (Nantahala Mountains), from whose western slopes the Hiawassee and Little Tennessee rivers take their rise. The water falls in a series of beautiful cascades an almost vertical distance of 400 feet. Other cañons, cascades, and mountains in this region,

added to its fine climate and picturesque population, combine to make this district one of the most beautiful and interesting in the United States. From Lula a branch goes south to Athens (p. 42). A few miles farther brings us into the highly cultivated valley of the Chattahoochee River, of which the central town is *Gainesville* (pop., 5,000; Hunt, \$2.50; Arlington, \$2), for many years after the war the home of General Longstreet. It is a growing summer resort. In the mountains north is a gold-bearing region, around *Dahlonega* (22 m.), where once a United States Mint existed, and where profitable hydraulic operations are still carried on. Mineral springs abound. From Gainesville the road follows the Chattahoochee southward, past many prosperous villages, to **Atlanta**, 648 miles from Washington via Charlotte, and 873 miles via Asheville and Chattanooga. (For the continuation of this route to Florida, see Route 22.)

Route 16.—The Shenandoah Valley Route.

This route is not excelled for beauty of scenery by any between the North and South, since it follows the "Great Valley," between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, from Central Pennsylvania, through Southwest Virginia and Eastern Tennessee, to Chattanooga. It properly begins (1) at Hagerstown, Md. (N. & W. Rd.), but through cars from New York (via B. & O. Rd.) enter upon it at Shenandoah Junction; distance from New York to Chattanooga, 900 miles; to New Orleans, 1,396 miles; also (2) it may begin at Norfolk (Route 16a, p. 77). These two approaches join at Roanoke, Va.

Hagerstown to Roanoke.

Hagerstown (pop., 12,000; Hamilton, \$2.50; Baldwin, \$2.50) is a factory and market town, connected with the North by the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and with Baltimore by the Western Maryland Railroad. The neighborhood is interesting in its early history, and full of reminders of the Civil War, the great battles Antietam, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg having occurred within a few miles, and innumerable skirmishes. From Hagerstown the line stretches southward, through Antietam, crosses the Potomac, and enters West Virginia at Shepherdstown, where Lee crossed into Pennsylvania, July, 1863. A few miles south is *Shenandoah Junction*, at the intersection of the trunk line of the B. & O. Rd. Here the through cars from New York and Philadelphia, via Baltimore, Washington, and Harper's Ferry, enter upon the Shenandoah Route, which now proceeds south-

ward along the base of South Mountain (the Blue Ridge), of which Loudoun Heights is the most prominent summit. *Charlestown*, W. Va., is the first important station.

Here crosses the B. & O. Rd.'s Harper's Ferry & Valley branch from Harper's Ferry, which traverses the valley to Winchester, and then proceeds southward up the Shenandoah River to Strasburg and Staunton (p. 74), passing (near to) in succession the well-known watering places Rock-Enon and Capon Springs, Shenandoah Alum and Orkney Springs, and Rawley Springs. This was the only valley line before the Civil War, and witnessed the hardest battles of the campaigns of 1862 and 1864.

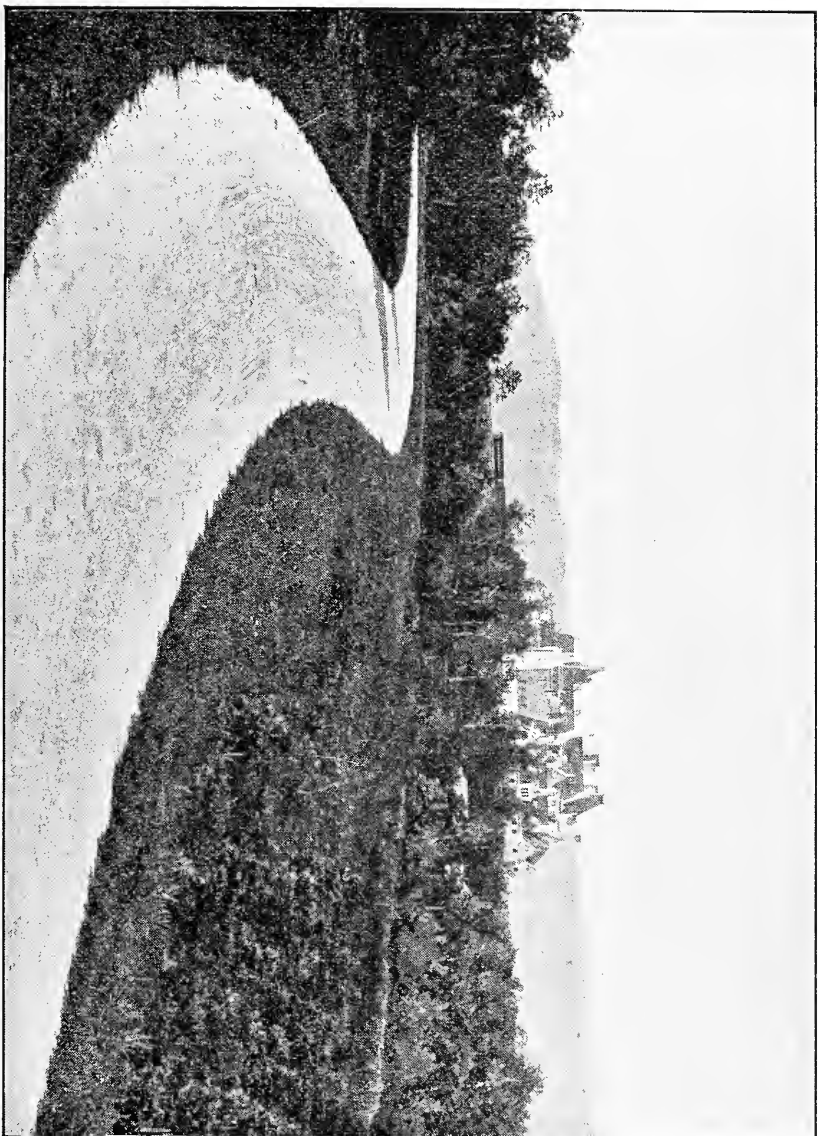
This part of the country is rich in historical associations. Near Shenandoah Junction lived Horatio Gates, Charles Lee, and Adam Stephen—Continental general officers. Charlestown has had its share of the principal episodes in local history. Hither came Braddock's boastful army, and hence it crept back to safety. Here John Brown "of Ossawatimie" was tried and hanged, after the fight at Harper's Ferry. This way (1862) came the first Union troops that entered the Valley of Virginia, and every road here was the scene of often-renewed fighting, beginning with the "demonstration" made by "Stonewall" Jackson (Conf.) immediately after the battle of Winchester (September 19, 1864). Later, Sheridan (Fed.) and Jubal Early (Conf.) sparred at each other over this ground, Early having great success at first, but finally driven back. Within a few miles is Harewood House, the home of George Washington's elder brother Samuel. It was built under the superintendence of Washington himself, and still stands unchanged—a valuable example of the architecture of its time. President James Madison was married in it; and there Louis Phillipe and his two ducal brothers, Montpensier and Beaujelaix, were entertained as became princes. The face of the country waxes hilly as we proceed close to the foot of the Blue Ridge. *Berryville*, upon the ancient turnpike through Snicker's Gap to Winchester, is an interesting center to the student of history. Banks (Fed.) took possession of the place as early in the Civil War as 1861, following the road from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. In 1864, when Early was retreating from his Maryland campaign, loaded with plunder, here occurred a sharp fight; subsequently, Sheridan made this point a center of extensive operations, and, on September 3, 1864, by a mutual surprise, a battle was precipitated in the afternoon between a large Confederate force and the Federal Eighth Corps, which ceased only when it was too dark to see. The region is full of colonial mementos also, some of which are visible from the cars. A mile or two beyond Boyce, for instance, we observe, off at the right, a stone house of old-fashioned style, which has been known for a century as "Saratoga," because built by Hessian prisoners captured with Burgoyne. Then comes White Post, a station in the center of that vast estate where Lord Fairfax built himself a country house, of no great size or elegance, called "Greenway Court," and, with the open, lavish hospitality characteristic of rich frontiersmen, he made it the scene of revelry and

rough, hilarious sports, such as were enjoyed by the carousing, fox-hunting generation in which he lived. Here he dwelt when his former protégé, Washington, had successfully prosecuted the War for Independence, and the deliverance of the colonies had been achieved.

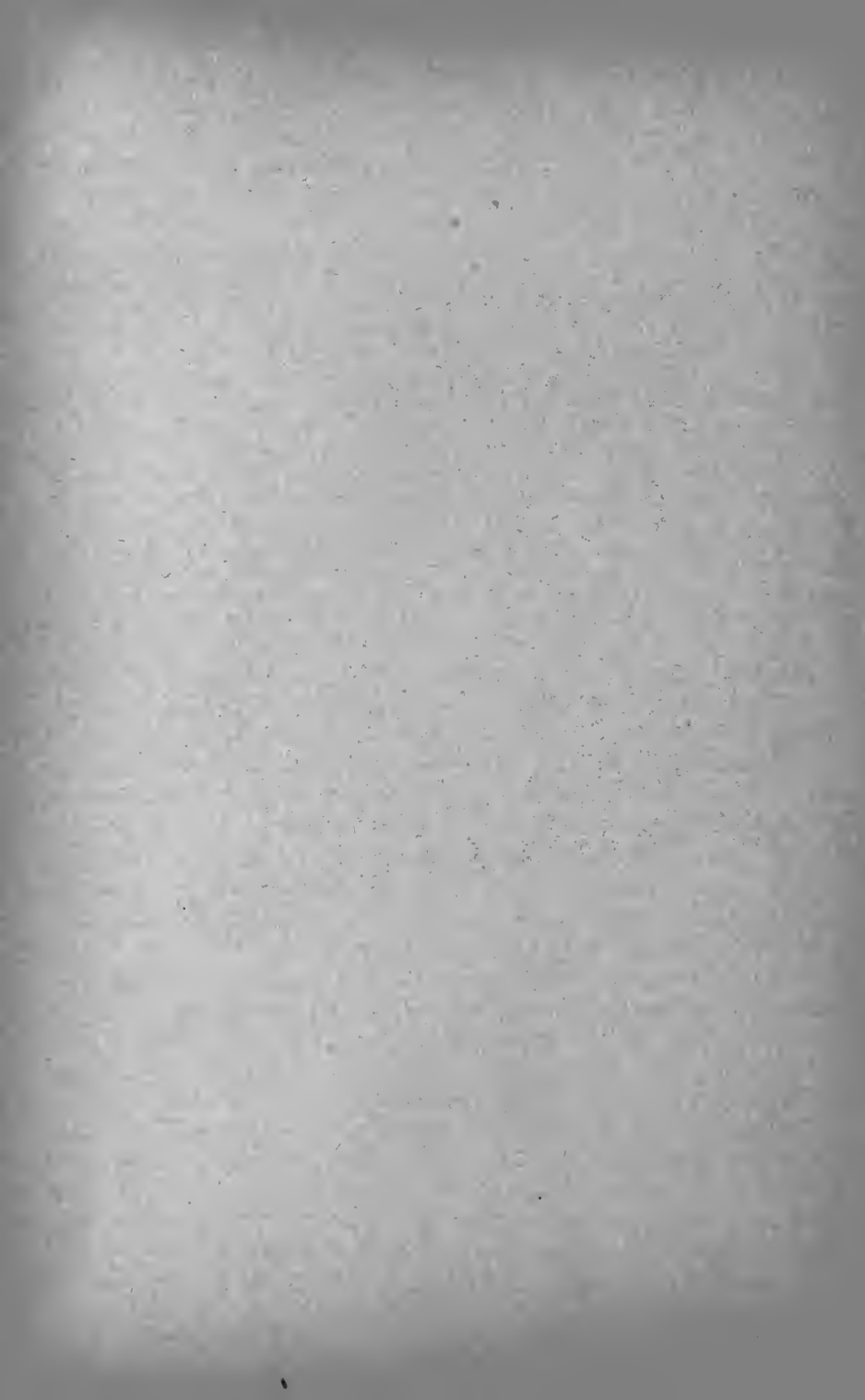
Near Riverton, where the old "Manassas Branch of the Virginia Midland Railway" crosses, the *Shenandoah River* is first seen—a stream as attractive as the suggestions of its name lead us to anticipate. The long, lofty mountain, isolated and fine in outline, which stands in the center of the valley ahead on the right, is *Massanutten Mountain*, and it is divided lengthwise by an interior trough-like depression filled with a curious people and redolent of quaint stories. The proper Shenandoah River and Valley lie beyond (west of) that mountain, but this railway passes east of it through Page Valley. The village of Front Royal, two miles from the station, is 150 years old, and was formerly celebrated as the principal place of making the old-fashioned strong "Virginia wagons" used for heavy freighting over the mountains, and by emigrants going to the new West.

Here occurred some exceedingly interesting incidents during the Civil War, in one of which a mere handful of Confederate cavalry, under a boyish commander, dashed into the village, captured the provost-guard, and made off with it successfully, though two whole regiments of bewildered Federals were at hand to protect the place. The guerrilla Ashby (whose home was up in the Blue Ridge, not far away) was hovering about here much of the time, while Jackson enacted his series of victories in this district; and, on May 22, 1864, here took place one of the most disgraceful routs Union soldiers ever were ashamed of, four companies of Fournoy's Virginians attacking a thousand or so of Bank's army, entrenched on Guard Hill, with such impetuosity as to scare them in utter confusion from their works, with great loss of life, stores, and artillery. These disasters were requited later in the same year, however, when Sheridan, driving back Early, fought so stubbornly along this very limestone ridge which the railway track follows, and ended the campaign by the victory at Cedar Creek, five miles west of Front Royal, which has been made the theme of the famous poem and painting, "Sheridan's Ride."

Luray and the Grottoes.—Luray (pop., 2,000; *Mansion Inn*, \$2; *Laurance*, \$2; both near railroad depot) is a rustic village in the midst of beautiful scenery and a charming summer climate. Its principal attraction is the series of *Caverns of Luray*, one and one-half miles from the station, which rank among the most extensive and interesting caves, fitted for public view, in the world. Admission, during the day, \$1; after 6.00 p. m., \$1.50; for parties of less than six persons an extra charge of \$2 (for the party) is made for turning on the electric lights. The cave is easily entered by a short tunnel in the hillside; is dry, so that no protection to the clothing is needed; is traversed by board-walks, stairways, and bridges; is



BILTMORE, THE VANDERBILT ESTATE — At Asheville, N. C.



lighted throughout by electricity, and visitors are furnished with intelligent guides who have given names to every feature. Everyone is strongly recommended to visit these caves, since the experience is instructive as well as highly enjoyable.

Many accounts of the caves have been written, one of which, very complete and based upon explorations and illustrations made by *The Century Magazine* in 1882, forms a chapter in Ernest Ingersoll's "Country Cousins" (Harper & Bros., New York, 1884, \$2.25). The caves consist of a labyrinth of subterranean chambers, passages, ravines, and stream-beds, filled with column-like stalagmites, curious excrescences of lime-formed rock upon the floor and walls, and with hanging stalactites, largely of a thin, flat form resembling curtains or heavy cloths hung corner-wise, and slender and strangely twisted and distorted pendants, translucent and often richly colored. The stoppage between the morning and evening trains is sufficient to allow a good view of these caverns, though the vicinity of the village invites one to many pleasant excursions. Among other trips, one may go (9 m.) to the top of *Stony Man Mountain* (alt., 4,031 ft.), where a "camp" of log-houses offers a place of rude but comfortable entertainment, with unlimited scenery, and shooting and fishing in their season. Luray boasts the largest tannery in Virginia.

From Luray southward the train runs up the Page Valley, past Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, through which came the first white explorers of these western valleys, and where were some of the liveliest cavalry operations of the Civil War. *Elkton* is the station for Elk, Bear Lithia, and Rockingham springs, and has the new Elkton Hotel (150 guests, \$2.50), on a far-viewing slope of the Blue Ridge. *Port Republic* was the scene of the frightful battle of June 10, 1862, in which Jackson defeated the Union army, under Shields, and began to recover the whole valley for the Confederates. *Cross Keys*, another battle-point, is near by, and the peak at this northern extremity of Massanutten Mountain was an important Confederate signal-station throughout all the valley campaigns. Along this part of the line great quantities of iron ore are produced, and extensive blast-furnaces are seen. The region also yields manganese, marble, copper, kaolin, ochre, fire-clay, and other valuable minerals.

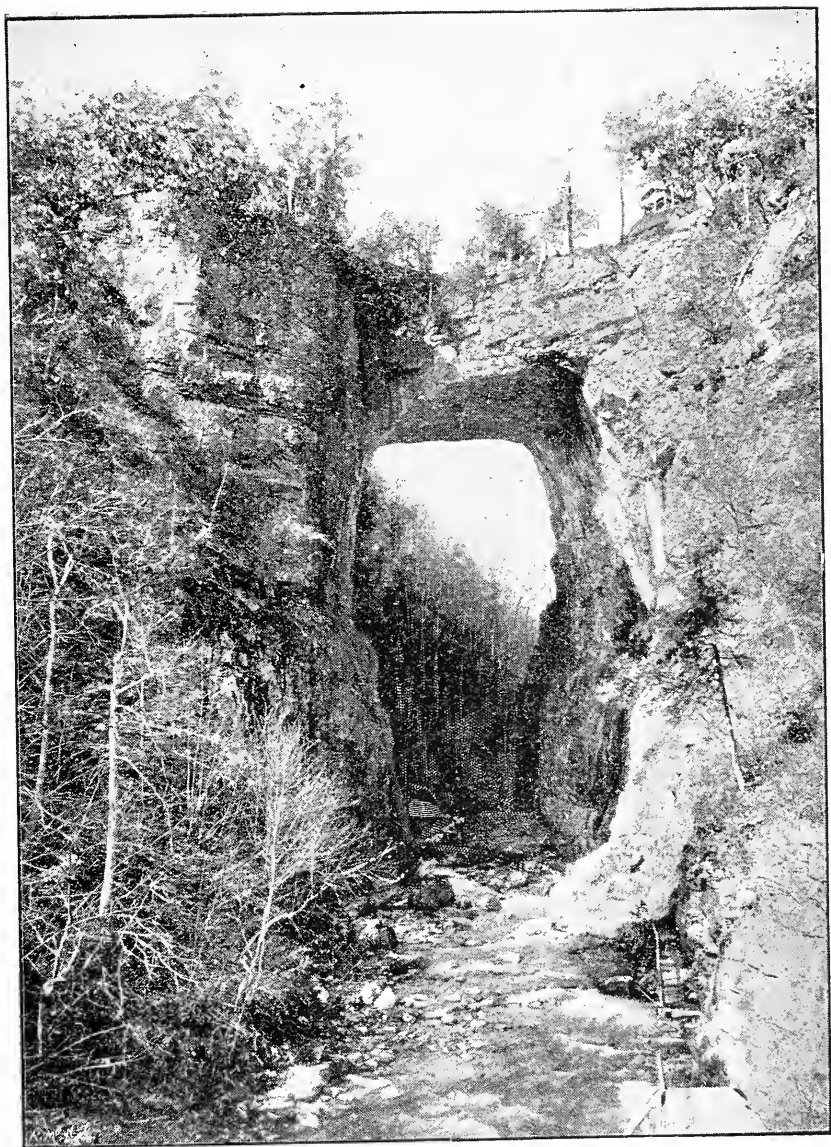
Grottoes (*Grottoes*, \$3) is the station for *Weyer's Caves*, half a mile to the westward. These are a series of caverns very similar to those of Luray in general features, but having individual interest sufficient to make a visit to them well worth while. They are prepared with walks, a service of electric lights, guides, etc., for comfortable inspection, and are now officially known as the "Grottoes of the Shenandoah." Admission, same as at Luray.

The chambers are larger than those at Luray, giving a more satisfactory perspective view of their contents, and other special peculiarities are noticeable. These caves have been known for more than a century, and were enthusiastically described, in his "Notes on Virginia," by Thomas Jefferson, and by "Porte Crayon," in *Harper's Magazine* for 1854. It may be added that many lesser caverns are known throughout this limestone region, and that their peculiarly interesting drapery-like characteristics are duplicated in the celebrated caves of Hungary, and in those near Manitou Springs, Colo., at the base of Pike's Peak.

Basic City (Hotel Brandon, \$3), just below Grottoes, is at the intersection of the C. & O. Ry., and was formerly called Waynesboro Junction. A small town has recently grown up here around some great iron-works making steel by the basic process. The favorable situation, with reference to transportation, coal, coke, iron ore, and the materials for mixing with it in smelting, is likely to cause this part of the valley to grow steadily as an iron smelting and general manufacturing district. The Basic Lithia Spring is near by.

The **Chesapeake & Ohio Railway** extends from Washington and Newport News (p. 32) to Cincinnati and Louisville. Its Washington line passes through the center of Virginia, over many of the battle-fields of the Civil War, to Gordonsville, where it is joined by the line from the ocean terminal, via Richmond, and then turns west, through Charlottesville and the Blue Ridge, to the crossing of the Shenandoah Valley at Waynesboro, one mile west of Basic City. *Waynesboro* (pop., 1,000; Hotel Brunswick, \$2.50) is the seat of a military college, and the scene of a notable defeat of Early's Confederate army by Union troops under Custer in March, 1865. *Staunton* is a more important town, twelve miles west, noted for its wealth and large seminaries for girls. It is near the southern terminus (at Lexington) of the B. & O. Rd. from Harper's Ferry (p. 71). West from Staunton, the main line of the C. & O. Ry. continues over the Alleghanies by a route which is not only exceedingly picturesque, but passes through the "Virginia Springs" region. The principal watering-places along its line, or adjacent to it, are the far-famed *Hot Springs*; Warm Springs; Healing Springs; *Greenbrier*; *White Sulphur Springs*, with Red Sulphur, Salt Sulphur, *Old Sweet*, and Sweet Chalybeate near by. The line then descends the Kanawha Valley, through the coal regions, to *Charleston*, W. Va.; reaches the Ohio River at Ashland, Ky., and passes thence to *Cincinnati* along the south bank of the Ohio. Another line extends from Ashland, through Lexington and Frankfort, Ky., to *Louisville*. This road also operates the former Richmond & Alleghany Railroad, an exceedingly picturesque route between Richmond and Clifton Forge, which follows the James River to its source, and passes through Lynchburg, Balcony Falls, Natural Bridge, and Lexington.

Lexington is a town which Southern people are fond of calling



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the "Athens of Virginia," because of its intellectual society and regard for books. This arises from the fact that since its foundation it has been a school town, and has the celebrated Military Institute, where "Stonewall" Jackson was a teacher and many Confederate officers were educated. Older than this is the *Washington and Lee College*, established previous to the Revolutionary War. It was fostered by Washington. Lexington was occupied by Federal troops during the war, but after its close both institutions were revived. In 1865 General R. E. Lee became President of the college, and remained there until his death (October, 1870). He is buried in a mausoleum at the rear of the college chapel, beneath a remarkably beautiful recumbent monument, and Jackson's grave is in the neighboring cemetery. Several other persons of wide reputation live or have lived in Lexington. It is the southern terminus of the B. & O. Rd. from Harper's Ferry (p. 71).

Crab-Tree Falls and the Natural Bridge.

Though the vicinity of Waynesboro is a well-cultivated farming and grazing region, the face of the country southward soon becomes too rough for farming, and the scene from the car windows is an ever-varying panorama of rugged hills and deep ravines.

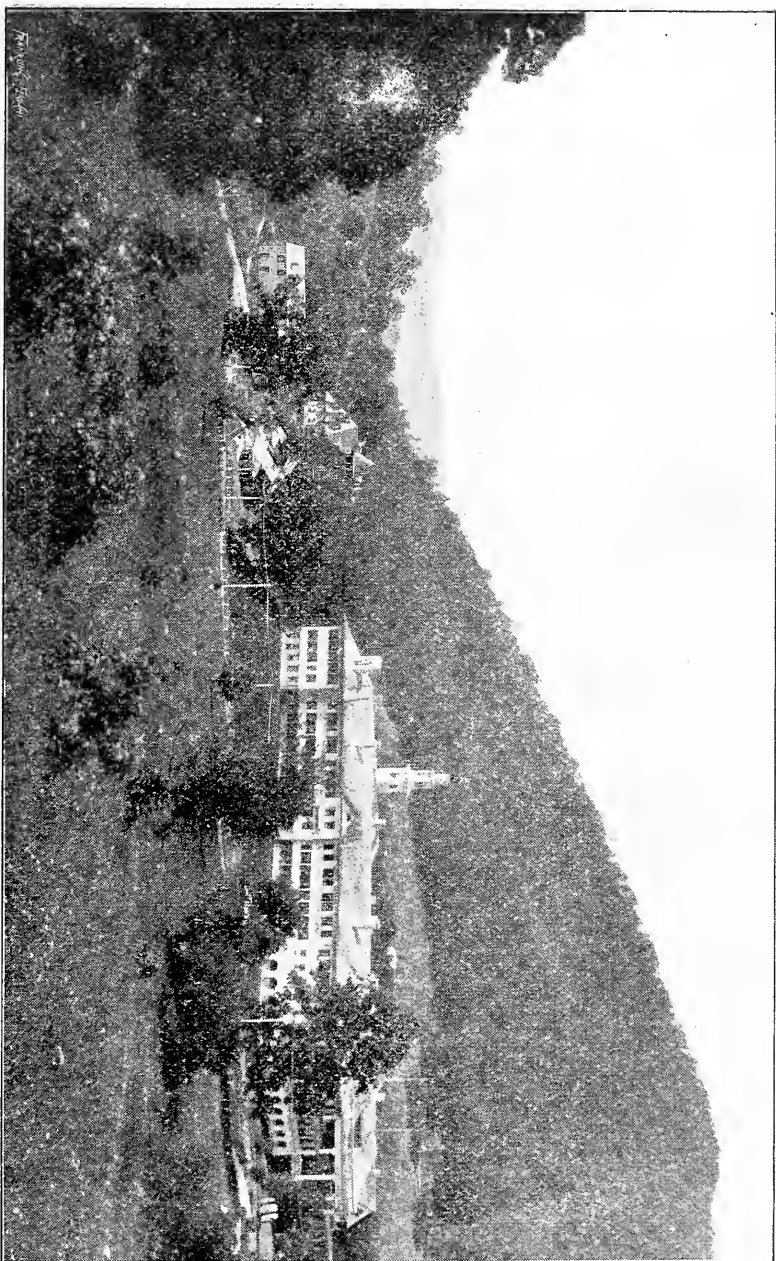
Almost the only signs of human occupation are small log cabins, whose occupants earn a scanty living by chopping logs, gathering tan-bark and sumac leaves, and in hunting, fishing, and feeble farming. The hills we are passing across—a tangled series of folds belonging to the Blue Ridge—are called the Big Levees, and are dominated eastwardly by the Humpback Mountains. Their drainage forms the uppermost source of the Shenandoah. The streams which go to make it up are countless, prattling down every green hollow. Now and then a pretty cascade is seen, like the Cypress Falls opposite *Riverside*, leaping fierce and white out of the wooded precipice into a deep and quiet pool. The greatest of all cataracts in the Virginia mountains, however, is the **Crab-Tree Falls**, reached by the old turnpike from *Vesuvius* to Montebello and the Tye River Valley east of the Blue Ridge. Sheridan once passed a large part of his army across the mountains by this road. At the very summit, from among the topmost crags of Pinnacle Peak, one of the highest in Virginia, comes the Crab-Tree to descend 3,000 feet in a horizontal distance of 2,000 feet, forming "a series of cascades athwart the face of the rock, over which the water shimmers in waves of beauty, like veils of lace trailed over glistening steel." It is possible to reach the foot of these falls and climb to their top, for any one who wishes an adventurous undertaking, with camp life and sport with the rod as a part of the reward.

Through the gaps of the hills wonderful landscapes open out from the car windows—far views southward and westward into the richly blue folds of the mountains; but chiefly our eyes are held by

green dells, the romantic river, and the captivating bits of ruined canal. This is a region in which the mining and manufacture of iron has been pursued for a century, and recently an industrial town has been founded at *Buena Vista* (*Buena Vista Hotel*, \$2.50), forty-two miles south of Basic City, with mines, iron furnaces, steel works (by the basic process), paper mills, and other factories. At *Loch Laird*, just beyond, the C. & O. Ry. (p. 74) is crossed, and then comes the station for the *Natural Bridge*, which is two and one-half miles northwest by hack (round trip, \$1), along an elevated road, giving fine views of the James River and many mountains. The Appledore and Pavilion hotels (\$3.50) and their cottages occupy a "park" near the Bridge, which is a natural arch of limestone spanning a stream gorge and connecting two of the many lofty hills. The height of the arch is 150 feet, of the whole bridge 215 feet; width, 100 feet; span, 90 feet. As to its origin, it appears to be simply the remaining part of the roof of a former water tunnel, the remainder of which has caved in and been washed away. This simple explanation, however, while disposing of some foolish rhapsody, does not detract from the beauty or grandeur of the scene of which it is the central part, and there is probably no more thoroughly satisfactory "natural curiosity" in the country. In addition the neighborhood affords excellent opportunities for riding, fishing, mountain climbing, and other outdoor amusements in a healthful climate.

The lawns are cleared around the head of a shallow ravine, the extreme upper point of which is occupied by an enormous mineral spring and fish basin. Down the ravine from the spring goes a well-graded pathway, which quickly disappears in the woods standing along the tumbling cascades of a brook that traverses the estate until it has descended into a lovely glen. A step forward and the bridge is before us!

The first impression is the lasting one—its majesty! It stands alone. There is nothing to distract the eye. The first point of view is at sufficient distance, and somewhat above the level of the foundation. Solid walls of rock and curtaining foliage guide the vision straight to the narrows where the arch springs colossal from side to side. Whatever question may arise as to its origin, there is nothing hidden or mysterious in its appearance. The material of the walls is the material of the bridge. Its piers are braced against the mountains, its enormous keystone bears down with a weight which holds all the rest immovable, yet which does not *look* ponderous. Every part is exposed to our view at a glance, and all parts are so proportionate to one another and to their surroundings—so simple and comparable to the human structures with which we are familiar, that the

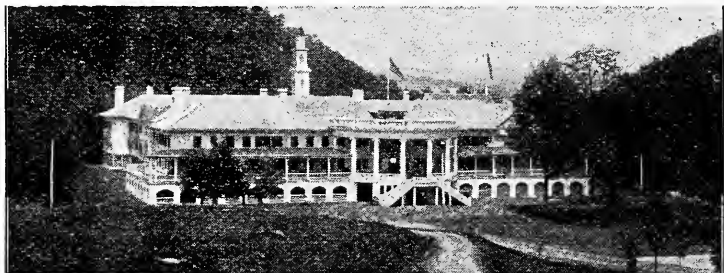


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FRED STERRY, Manager, Hot Springs, Bath Co., Va.

effect upon our minds is not to stun, but to satisfy completely our sense of the beauty of curve and upright, grace and strength, drawn upon a magnificent scale. Crossing the torrent upon a foot bridge, we wander up the creek a mile or more, past Hemlock Island; past the cave where saltpetre was procured for making powder, in 1812, and again during the Confederate struggle, and even penetrate the low portal within which a "lost" river murmurs and echoes to our ears its unseen history, as it plunges through the dark recesses of its subterranean course; and the farther we go the more rugged, thickly wooded, and charmingly untamed is the gulch.

The glen above the bridge extends for a mile to Lace Water Falls, where Cedar Creek leaps 100 feet from the upper level. This glen was probably once an immense cave. The path follows the stream or is cut into the rocks that form its bank. The bridge seen from this (the upper) side is imposing, and its magnitude is perhaps more striking; but on the whole it is not so effective, regarded as an object by itself, as when studied from below.*

Southward from Natural Bridge the line follows the windings of the James past *Buchanan* (the C. & O. Ry. is seen on the other side of the river), crosses a wild mountain ridge, and descends rapidly to a junction with the Norfolk & Western's line from Norfolk at Roanoke.

Route 16a.— Norfolk to Roanoke.

This is the old main line (257 m.) of the Norfolk & Western Railroad, an historic road crossing Southern Virginia over ground which witnessed the bloodiest closing scenes of the Civil War. *Suffolk* (23 m. from Norfolk; pop., 5,000; Commercial \$2) is a village on the western edge of the **Great Dismal Swamp**, where arrangements can be made for a trip by boat to Lake Drummond, in the center of the swamp—the scene of Thomas Moore's pathetic poem. An absolutely straight piece of track, laid through a dead level of sandy pine and oak scrub, takes the train to **Petersburg** (p. 43), where connection is made for Richmond, and south by the Atlantic Coast Line. West of Petersburg the land improves and becomes replete with military associations. *Burkeville*, the first station of consequence, and in the midst of a fertile region, is the junction of the Richmond & Danville Railroad, and has Lithia springs.

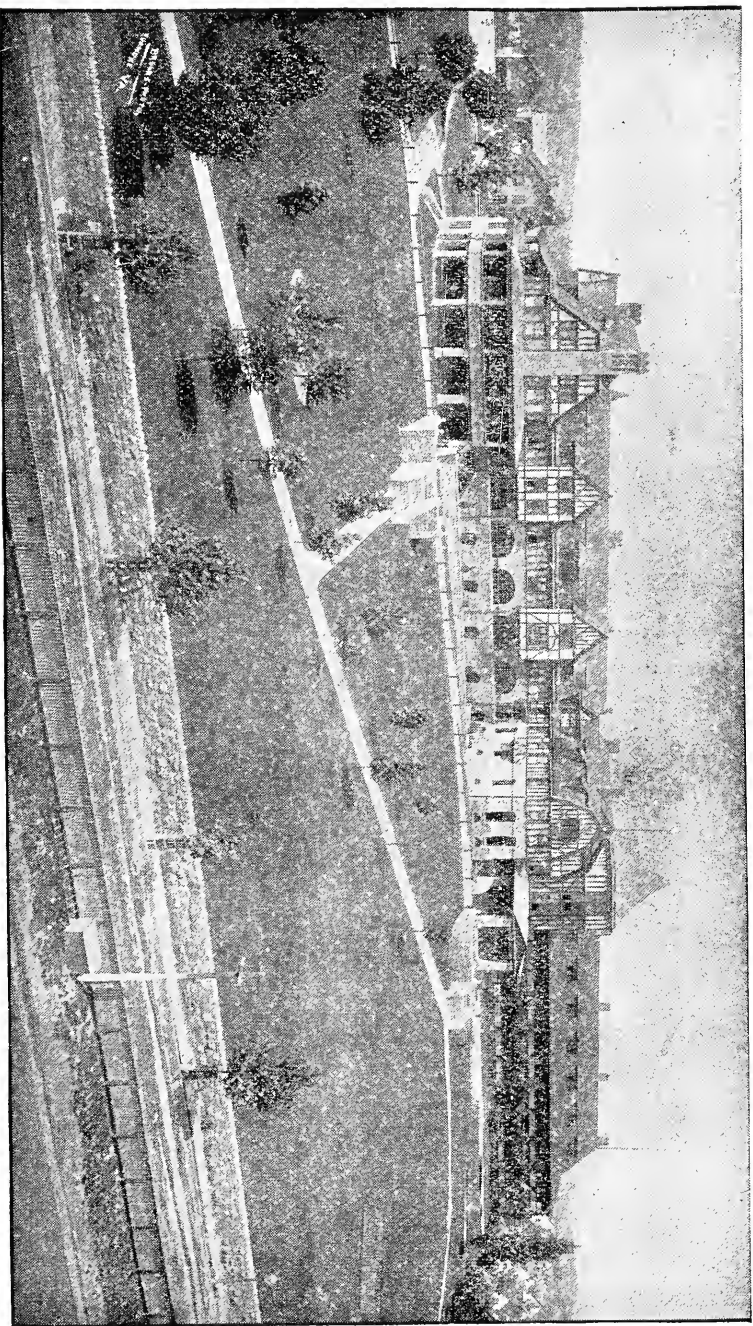
Every station and roadway along this part of the line has some heroic war story to tell—*Sailor's Creek*, *Fort Gregg*, *Five Forks*, where the Confederacy made its final fight, and *Cumberland Church*, where, in a sharp skirmish, the Federal forces suffered their last repulse. Just beyond Cumberland Church is the High Bridge (1 m. long), spanning a depression rich in corn and tobacco.

*Condensed from *Shenandoah and Beyond*, by Ernest Ingersoll. Published by the Norfolk & Western Ry., 1884.

The latter crop is the staple production of the region. Here a serenely beautiful landscape is spread before and beneath the eye, its horizon formed by the varied outlines of the distant and always admirable Blue Ridge. In this vale, now so sunny and peaceful, happened one of the most impulsive cavalry fights of the war, where horses dashed breast to breast, and saber clashed against saber, in the fury of hand-to-hand conflict—an unnecessary battle, for Lee surrendered within a few hours.

Near *Farmville*, the center of this fine agricultural region, stand Hampden Sidney College and the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary, besides a popular watering place called the Farmville Lithia Springs. Pamplin's Depot is noted for its factories of red clay pipes, and not far beyond is **Appomattox** station, near that world-renowned court house where (April 9, 1865) Lee's rebellious army of "tattered uniforms but bright muskets" surrendered its flags to the unbroken Union. A little farther the train emerges from the hills upon the banks of James River, and follows its picturesque bendings into **Lynchburg** (p. 57), where connection is made with the Piedmont Air Line. Beyond Lynchburg the train passes westward through beautiful hills at the base of the Blue Ridge. Forest Depot is the station for *Bedford Alum Springs*, (4 m., hotel accommodates 400), and 25 miles from Lynchburg is old Liberty, now *Bedford*, a new and commodious summer resort. Here the *Peaks of Otter*, the highest points of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, are conspicuous and beautiful at the right. The hotel close to the top of the sharpest of their twin summits can be seen. The excursion (6 m. by private conveyance) is one of great enjoyment, and views of wonderful beauty are obtained from the road and from the peaks, of which the southwest one has an altitude of 3,875 feet, and the other (Flattop) of 4,001 feet. *Blue Ridge Springs* and *Coyner's Springs*, lively summer resorts with mineral waters, are passed, and the train reaches *Roanoke*.

Roanoke (pop., 20,000; *Roanoke*, \$3 to \$5; Ponce de Leon, \$2.50; St. James, \$2) is an enterprising industrial city which has grown up here since the completion, in 1882, of the Shen. Valley Ry., and its junction with the N. & W. Rd., by reason of the manufactures which the proximity of iron and coal, other minerals and valuable earths, timber, tan bark, fruit (the canning industry is important throughout all this part of the State), and the central position of the place as to railroads, have made a profitable investment to their promoters. A large business in supplying goods at wholesale to the surrounding country followed, and the healthful and beautiful situation attracted and kept a population. Three iron furnaces, a rolling mill, a bridge-building shop, and the railway machine shops, are the largest concerns, but many lesser factories employ many men. An important local railway, the *Roanoke Southern*, now a part of the



HOTEL ROANOKE, Roanoke, Va.



Shenandoah Valley Route

BETWEEN

THE NORTH

AND SOUTH

APPLY FOR ALL INFORMATION
AT THE OFFICES OF THE

Norfolk & Western Railway



N. & W. Ry., extends south, 122 miles, to **Winston Salem** (pop., 15,000), an important tobacco-manufacturing city of recent growth and much enterprise, the seat of Slater College for colored people.

Roanoke to Bristol, Tenn.

The journey from Roanoke to Bristol (151 m.) is all the way through stately and beautiful mountains, and past a series of small towns, many of which have an industrial importance, or are of old repute as summer resorts. **Salem** (pop., 2,000; Hotel Duval, Salem House, each \$2.50) has Roanoke College, an iron furnace, brick yards, and other factories; *Roanoke Red Sulphur Springs* (\$2.50) is ten miles distant by stage. Shawsville is the station for *Alleghany Springs* (\$2.50), three and one-half miles by stage, and Crockett Arsenic-Lithia Springs (\$2.50), seven miles by stage. *Christiansburg* (pop., 1,500; Judkins House, \$1.50) has near it *Montgomery White Sulphur Springs* (\$3), *Yellow Sulphur Springs* (\$2.50), three and one-half miles by stage, and Blacksburg (3 m.; Blackburg Inn, \$2), the site of the Virginia Agricultural College. At *Radford* (Radford Inn, \$2.50) a manufacturing and railway town is rising at the crossing of New River (the upper course of the Great Kanawha). Westward, down New River, goes a line to the Pocahontas "Flat-top" coal and coke regions, where it divides, one line passing northward through West Virginia and Kentucky to Columbus, Ohio, and the other down the Clinch River Valley to Cumberland Gap, and thence connecting through to Knoxville and Louisville. Fifteen miles west of Radford is Eggleston's Sulphur Springs (\$2), whence a rough road goes back to the untutored heights (4,400 feet) about *Mountain Lake* (or Salt Pond), near the summit of the Alleghanies, a wild, beautiful, Alpine region (also reached from Blacksburg), with a fair hotel. Pulaski (*Maple Shade Inn*, \$3; Hotel Pulaski, \$2) is another energetic manufacturing center, developing out of an old market town, in a beautiful situation. A branch railroad leads southward into the *Cripple Creek* mining district, where various ores of iron, zinc, lead, and other valuable products of mine and forest are obtained, and many furnaces and other factories of raw material are springing up. Pulaski Alum Springs are eight miles distant by hack. Max Meadows (Inn, special rates) is a village at the center of large cattle-grazing interests. **Wytheville** (pop., 3,000; Boyd's, \$2; Fourth Avenue Hotel, \$2; boarding-houses). The village, one-half mile from the station, has long been a famous summer resort, and is coming to be a winter refuge on account of the mild and healthful climate. It is a pleasant

old town, where some noted people have dwelt, and is steadily improving. Near by are many mineral springs, and *Sharon Alum Springs* are only eighteen miles distant. Marion is a market town, with woolen factories and the State Insane Asylum; and at Glade Springs are extensive horse-breeding farms and the medicinal Seven Springs. Eight miles north (by a branch) are the gypsum beds and saline wells of *Saltville*, which yield 10,000,000 tons of salt annually.

Saltville was an important objective point for the Federal cavalry attack upon this region, in the early spring of 1864, with the special purpose of destroying the railroad and certain sources of Confederate army supplies. It began with a march up New River by Crook (one of whose commanders was Rutherford B. Hayes), and a frightful battle on the slope of Cloyd's Mountain, near Christiansburg. The Confederates were driven from their entrenchments, and the railway, bridges, and military stores at and near Newbern were destroyed. While Crook was operating along New River in this destructive manner, another cavalry force, under Averill, was sent to work all the ruin it could along this more western part of the line, and especially to destroy the works at Saltville, which were almost the only reliance of the Confederacy for this commodity. Averill struggled over the mountains, but learned that the defenses of Saltville (still crowning her hills) were too strong for him, since he had no artillery, and therefore turned southward against the bullet-making lead works at Wytheville. But the Confederate general, John Morgan, moved his troops and guns at once from Saltville to Wytheville and fought Averill so well that the latter retreated eastward and contented himself with wrecking the railway and shops near Christiansburg.

Passing Emory, with its college for boys, and Abingdon, noted for its girls' schools, this stage of the line terminates at **Bristol** (pop., 6,000; Fairmont, special rates; Hamilton, \$2; Woods, \$2.50; St. Lawrence, special rates), the terminus of the N. & W. Rd. and the beginning of the E. T., Va. & Ga. division of the Southern Ry. The boundary between Virginia and Tennessee divides the town along its principal street into two municipalities, Bristol, Va., and Bristol, Tenn., and sometimes occasions amusing legal (or illegal) complications. A branch line runs north to *Cumberland Gap*, historically interesting and the scene of recent iron works and Northern colonization enterprises.

Bristol to Chattanooga.

The route now enters upon the territory of the S. Ry. The first point of interest is *Johnson City* (25 m.), an important and progressive little city, and the junction for

Roan Mountain or "**Cloudland**."—The Roan Mountain Summit

is the loftiest part of the Appalachian range, and the Cloudland Hotel is the highest inhabited point east of Colorado. From Johnson City a narrow-gauge railroad runs twenty-six miles up the valley of Doe River. Immediately at Elizabethtown (10 m.) begins a series of wild gorges, walled in by cliffs and promontories several hundred feet in height, rugged, precipitous, and pinnacled with spires of rock, but everywhere richly draped in the foliage of trees, vines, and flowering shrubs. The rocks slant at a steep angle, are of various colors, and frown upon the stream which plunges down the cañon in a series of white cascades, leaving hardly room for the track. It is doubtful if there is a wilder and more beautiful gorge than this, traversed by a railway, anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, and it would be well worth the tourist's while only to make the trip up and down it, sleeping over night at the hotel at the railway terminus. Near the farther end of the line are the Cranberry iron mines and furnaces, where a fine quality of magnetic iron ore is smelted. The terminus of the railroad is at *Roan Station*, where there is a comfortable hotel (\$3). From this point a daily stage runs to the summit of Roan Mountain (12 m., fare \$2, baggage extra), and to

Cloudland, a large, substantially-built hotel (\$2.50) and collection of cottages. The altitude is 6,394 feet, and the summer temperature varies only from minimum 56° F. to maximum 74° F., according to the records of the United States Meteoric station maintained there. The locality is said to be absolutely curative of hay fever. The hotel is supplied with spring water and heated by steam and open wood fires. Music for dancing, billiard-rooms, a bowling-alley, and broad piazzas give opportunities for in-door amusements, while tennis courts, walking, riding, fishing, and camping trips invite the guests out of doors. Horses can be hired at \$2 a day.

View from Roan Mountain.—"Standing on the summit of Roan and on the boundary line between Tennessee and North Carolina, we are in the presence of a dozen mountains that were old before the Alps were born, and not one of them has a rival in height between the Great Continental Divide and the Atlantic Ocean. To the northeast towers Grandfather, the loftiest peak in the whole line of the Blue Ridge, while directly opposite, and dimly outlined against the sky, is Clingman's Dome, the culminating of the Big Smokies, and second in altitude to Mitchell's Peak alone. To the south, and near by, looms the Black Mountain, so called from the somber firs which sweep in unbroken forests over its crest; and beyond it are the others of this giant cluster—Mitchell among them, the supreme point, more than 6,700 feet high, of the Appalachian system—while of

peaks 4,000 feet high or more, a hundred are in sight. The Roan itself, which commands this view 150 miles in every direction, is 200 feet higher than Mount Washington. It does not culminate, however, as does the New Hampshire mountain, in a mass of naked granite with scanty vegetation in the chinks of crumbling rocks at its base, but its summit expands into a rolling meadow, richly green with pasture grasses."—*New York Tribune*, Nov. 20, 1885.

The surrounding region is very interesting to the mineralogist, geologist, or botanist. The rocks are of the Laurentian period, the oldest recognized by science, and abounding in minerals. Within a few miles magnetic iron ore is mined, gold and gems are washed from the beds of the streams, and great numbers of pre-historic mica mines may be found. The botany of these mountains has always been regarded as peculiarly rich and interesting, the altitude causing many almost Alpine plants to flourish near the summit, while sub-tropical species may be plucked at the base. Game is scarce, but excellent fishing for trout and other species can be had in all the mountain valleys.

Johnson City to Knoxville.—East Tennessee presents many points of interest. At *Jonesboro* was the first settlement in the State—Scotch-Irish immigrants from North Carolina. Wonderful views of the mighty mountains of the Roan and Smoky ranges, along the Carolina border, are caught as the train rolls across a rich and thickly occupied region toward *Greenville* (pop., 2,000; Mason, \$2; Grand Central, special rates), the most important town in East Tennessee. This was the home of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, 1865-'68, a monument to whom is conspicuous on a hilltop east of the village. *Rogersville Junction* is connected by a branch line with *Rogersville* (15 m. north), where are extensive quarries of the celebrated mottled Tennessee marble. *Hale Springs* (\$2) is a summer resort eleven miles north of *Rogersville*. *Morristown* (pop., 3,000; Virginia, \$2), near where the confluence of the French Broad and Nolichucky rivers forms the Tennessee River, is the next station. Here comes in the Piedmont Route (Southern Ry.) from Salisbury and Asheville, and this way come tourists from the West and Northwest to the mountain resorts of Western North Carolina (p. 65). Another railway runs north to Clinch River and Cumberland Gap, ten miles north, on which road is *Tate Springs*, an elevated watering-place, which has been resorted to for a great many years by Southerners. One large hotel (\$3) and two or three lesser ones form the center of a small summer village.

The country below *Morristown* is the rich "Newmarket Valley";

and the Holston River is crossed at Strawberry Plains, a few miles below which this river enters the Tennessee near the city of

Knoxville (pop., 30,000; Imperial, \$3; Knox, \$3; New Schubert, \$3; Flanders, \$2.50; Lamar, \$2; Hotel Vendome, \$3). This is the largest and most important city in East Tennessee, and one of the foremost in the South. It occupies a somewhat hilly site, upon the bank of the Tennessee, and has steamboat navigation during the season of high water. The city is not only the market town of a wide agricultural and grazing region, but has a remarkably large and valuable wholesale and jobbing trade. Gay Street, the main thoroughfare (electric cars from the station to the hotels and all parts of the city), is a solidly-built avenue, at the river end of which is the court house, from whose cupola may be gained a *view* hardly to be equaled in the United States for pastoral beauty, with distant mountains. The older eastern part of town is uninteresting, except for the home of Parson Brownlow, the famous abolitionist. Westward the city stretches for a mile along prettily-shaded streets, and contains the homes of many wealthy men, which now extend far down the bluffs overlooking the river. The loop-line of electric cars in this direction affords a pleasant excursion. The new *Episcopal church* is a notable piece of architecture. One hilltop is occupied by the building and spacious grounds of the *University of Tennessee*. On another, in this direction, are the remains (rapidly being swept away) of Fort Sanders. Extensive camps of troops existed here in 1898.

Battle of Knoxville.—In 1863 Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside commanded the Federal forces in this region, where there was a large Union sentiment among the people, and where, by his occupation, he prevented a junction of Bragg's Western Confederate army with Lee's army in Virginia. After the battle of Chickamauga (p. 107), Longstreet, with 20,000 men, was sent against him, whereupon Burnside withdrew into Knoxville and greatly strengthened its fortifications, of which Fort Sanders was the citadel. The first attack was repulsed, but the Federals were soon confined to their works, which were completely invested, cutting the Union army off from supplies and all communications with the North, which felt extreme anxiety as to its fate, knowing that starvation would soon compel surrender. Late in November, Longstreet prepared for an assault. He secured a point for his batteries commanding Fort Sanders, and was completing preparations, when he received word of Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga (p. 108) and decided that he must capture Knoxville at once, if at all, since Grant was now free to send large forces to its relief. On the night of November 28th, he assaulted Fort Sanders, and next day there was fought an almost hand-to-hand conflict of

several hours' duration, which was one of the most determined and bloody battles of the war. "The Nationals had formed a network of wire from stump to stump in front of the fort, and in this the storming party became fearfully entangled, while the guns of the fort, doubly shotted, made havoc in their ranks. The assailants finally gained the ditch and attempted to scale the parapet, and one officer reached the summit and planted a Mississippi flag there, but instantly his dead body and the flag fell into the ditch. Very soon 300 of the assailants in the ditch surrendered and the assault ceased." Heavy columns of National troops under Sherman (p. 85) were now approaching Longstreet's rear, and, perceiving his peril, Longstreet raised the siege and retreated toward Virginia.

Knoxville has very large and valuable manufacturing interests in the way of iron furnaces, rolling mills, car factories, machine shops, woolen and cotton mills, and small industries. These and the other business enterprises are due largely to the city's favorable situation with reference to coal, iron, limestone, and other minerals and raw materials, and to being a natural center for transportation lines. A steam packet makes double weekly trips between Knoxville and Dandridge, Tenn., giving a charming voyage on the Tennessee and French Broad rivers. Besides the main Southern Railway line along the valley, three other railroads center here:

(1) To *Middlesboro*, Ky., *Cumberland Gap*, and West Virginia (Knox., Cumb. Gap & Louisville Rd.).

(2) To *Cincinnati* and *Louisville*, via Jellico. (Route 17.)

(3) To *Atlanta*, via Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Rd. This new line extends southward along the western base of the Chilhowee Mountains to the gap made by the Hiawassee River. At Tellico Junction, south of Knoxville, it crosses a short line from Athens, Tenn., to Tellico Plains. In this neighborhood are mineral springs and resorts of local importance, such as the Red Mountains and *White Cliff Springs* (alt., 3,000 ft.), where small hotels exist. At Blue Ridge Junction, near Morgantown, Ga., (taken to pieces in 1863, by Sherman, to build a bridge over the Little Tennessee) a branch leads west to *Murphy* (p. 65). Returning from Knoxville, in the middle of December, 1863, all of Sherman's army was halted along the Hiawassee and Little Tennessee, occupying for rest and recuperation these fertile valleys and well-supplied villages, while the cavalry entered the mountains at Murphy in pursuit of wagon trains and to collect horses and recruits. Ellijay, Jasper, Canton, and Marietta (p. 114) are successive stations to Atlanta. The dis-

tance. is 205 miles, through a rural region and with a wholly local service.

(4) To *Maryville*, fifteen miles south.

From Knoxville Southward (Southern Ry.) is an interesting journey through the populous valley of the Tennessee. The country opens, though the heights of the Unaka, or Great Smoky Range, still tower blue and very mountain-like in the east over the tops of the near Chilhowee Hills, while the Cumberland Mountains form the western horizon. At *Loudon* the river is crossed upon a bridge 1,800 feet long, giving a lovely view. A short distance above the bridge the Little Tennessee enters from the east, and quantities of grain are brought down both rivers for shipment at this point. Large steamers make regular trips from the lower river as far up as *Kings-ton*, an old and important town on the Tennessee, a few miles below Loudon, and small steamers ascend to Knoxville and beyond. Loudon and Kingston are connected by a daily line of packets. Sweet-water, *Athens* (branch eastward to the Red Mountain summering resorts), and Riceville are small market towns, and between Calhoun and Cleveland the beautiful Hiawassee River is crossed. *Cleveland* (pop., 4,000; Hotel Ocoee, \$2, station eating-house) is a pretty and active town which is growing into favor as a summer residence. Here a branch diverges southward to Cohutta, forming a cut-off to Atlanta, and certain through cars go that way. (See Route 22.) Below Cleveland the train rounds the Oak Mountains, turns westward and enters Chattanooga along the base of Missionary Ridge.

All this region was swept by Sherman, early in December, 1863, on his rapid march from Chattanooga to relieve Burnside, besieged at Knoxville. The Confederates had burned all the bridges, but they were repaired. The cavalry came up at Athens, and the whole column hurried on to Loudon, which was abandoned, after much destruction, by the Confederates under Vaughn. The loss of the bridge here diverted the army south to Morgantown, where the Little Tennessee was crossed, and a new concentration was made at Marysville, whence Knoxville was within reach. Later all of this railroad, and that from Cleveland to Dalton, Ga., was torn up.

III.

WESTERN RAILROAD ROUTES.

Through Routes From Chicago and St. Louis to Florida and New Orleans.

1. By the **Evansville Route** (Chicago & Eastern Illinois and Louisville & Nashville Railroads), through trains, Chicago to New Orleans, and sleepers, Chicago to Nashville and Chicago to Jacksonville.

2. By the **Illinois Central Railroad**, through trains, with sleepers, to New Orleans, and through sleepers from St. Louis to Memphis, and from Kansas City to New Orleans, via Memphis.

3. By the **Louisville & Nashville Railroad** and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, through sleepers, St. Louis to Atlanta, St. Louis to Jacksonville, and Nashville to Jacksonville.

A Sketch of the Civil War in the West.

In order that the traveler—who can hardly escape battlefields and mementos of the great Civil War between 1861 and 1865 wherever he may journey in the South—may have a general comprehension of the operations in the West, and their connection with later events near the seacoast, and so associate, in their true relations, the more particular accounts of the great battles about Corinth, Chattanooga, Atlanta, etc., elsewhere described, a brief sketch of the war west of the Alleghanies ought here to be given.

1862.—The very first aggressive movements by Union authorities against attempted secession were made in Missouri; but those, and subsequent operations on that side of the Mississippi, bore little relation to the conduct of the war in Tennessee and southward. Kentucky was saved from formal secession by the activity of its Union citizens. It declared itself neutral—an impossible position, which neither side respected long, but which had the immediate effect of

preventing the Secessionists from occupying its territory. Tennessee, however, though the majority of its voters were opposed, was carried into secession by its governor and his cabinet, and the Southern authorities immediately formed their advanced line of defense along its northern boundary. By the opening of 1862, Union troops, under Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, were dispersing outposts, and gained one decided success at Mill Springs, on Cumberland River. Meanwhile, Gen. H. W. Halleck, the Union commander, had committed the river-district to Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant, who began operations by capturing Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, and, later, Fort Donelson (February 13, 1862), twelve miles distant, on the Cumberland, whereupon the whole Confederate line retired.

By this time large and well-organized Union armies were arrayed in the West. One, moving south, gradually cleared Missouri of Confederate soldiers. Another, assisted by gunboats, drove them from Island No. 10 (April 6, 1862), and seized the Mississippi as far as Memphis. In concert with this movement, and while the "Army of the Ohio," under Buell and Thomas, held Nashville, Grant led a large army up the Tennessee Valley to the southern boundary of West Tennessee. An equally large Southern force was entrenched at Corinth, Miss., and the two mighty opponents met (April 6th) at Shiloh and Corinth (p. 87), to the ultimate discomfiture of the latter. During this spring, Farragut had captured New Orleans and the lower Mississippi River, and tried to take Vicksburg from below, but failed. Otherwise, command of the whole river was maintained by the Federal gunboats, which occasionally ran the Vicksburg and Port Hudson batteries, and the Confederates destroyed their own flotilla, penned up in the Yazoo (June 26th). There were also minor operations in Arkansas and Missouri; late in August a Union expedition freed the Yazoo of Confederate defenses; many of the Atlantic and Gulf seaports had been taken possession of by National troops during the year, and more or less fighting had occurred along the seacoast.

In Southwestern Tennessee, the summer was spent in cavalry operations along the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad (Route 20), including severe fighting at Bolivar, Tenn., in raiding and resistances throughout Northwestern Tennessee, and in preparations on both sides for a fall campaign. Westerly, there was fighting in West Virginia, and notably in Kentucky, where, in July, Morgan's guerrillas raided through the western-central part of the State.

Preceded by a widespread and dashing cavalry-advance, under Forrest and Kirby Smith, Braxton Bragg started north to Kentucky and Ohio, through East Tennessee, early in September, simultaneously with Lee's invasion of Maryland. Both expected to arouse large sympathy and assistance among the citizens of these border States, who, they thought, would flock to their standards; but they had totally miscalculated the sentiment of the common people, comparatively few of whom welcomed or aided them. Bragg penetrated unresisted into the blue-grass region, destroyed millions of dollars' worth of railroads and other property, and frightened the Legislature into adjourning from Frankfort to Louisville. Then he set up a new (Secession) State government, which endured only as long as he remained to support it, and devoted his time to collecting from all sides vast quantities of horses, cattle, provisions, and portable property. Buell was slow to oppose him with a Union army, but finally flanked and defeated him (October 8th), at Perryville (p. 93), and turned him back.

While this went on, two large Confederate forces-occupied Northern Mississippi, under Price and Van Dorn, and made two attempts to move north to join and support Bragg, both of which were defeated, at Iuka, Miss., and Corinth (p. 98), scattering their armies. This was early in October. Buell was then slowly pursuing Bragg (who was endeavoring to take all his cattle and plunder south with him), but was so dilatory about it that he was superseded by Rosecrans (September 29th), whose command was thenceforth known as the "Army of the Cumberland"; he pushed Bragg more vigorously, drove him away from Nashville, and cleared the State of partisan cavalry. This was at the end of November. Lee had already been repulsed from Maryland, and now Bragg had been forced back, with perhaps more loss than gain from his expedition. This so astonished and troubled the Southern people that the Confederate government ordered Bragg to advance again, which he did in December, taking a strong position at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he was again dislodged by the dreadful battle of Stone River (p. 94). Meanwhile, Grant had been given a sort of roving commission to fight his way southward, and concerted with Sherman and Admiral Porter a plan for descending the Mississippi and assaulting Vicksburg. Grant's inland part of the plan was upset, in December, by the Confederates Van Dorn and Forrest, who captured a garrison and burned supplies at

Holly Springs, Miss., and he retired to Memphis. Sherman and Porter sailed down the river, however, seized the Yazoo, and attacked the Vicksburg batteries, but could do little without Grant's coöperation, and went back to Memphis, leaving the Confederates to greatly strengthen and reinforce Vicksburg and Port Hudson, 100 miles below it, where Banks had a Union army in front of the garrison.

1863.—The winter was an active one along the coast, where the national blockade was strengthened and a few good points gained. During January and February, Forrest's, Wheeler's, and other tireless cavalry were raiding in Western and Middle Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, and attempts by the Confederates to recapture Fort Donelson failed. In January, an expedition ascended the Arkansas and did great damage to Confederate interests in that quarter, clearing the way for the contemplated movement on Vicksburg, Miss., which began in February, and lasted until that city was environed, besieged, and surrendered four months later. Grierson's (Union) cavalry raid in April, tearing up railroads, burning bridges, factories, etc., through Northern Mississippi, was an incident of this time; and the destruction of Jackson, Miss., was another.

While Grant's army was approaching Vicksburg, Rosecrans was watching Bragg, who was ensconced in the Cumberland Mountains, northwest of Chattanooga, lest he should go against Grant. He was also busy in resisting cavalry raids, and making expeditions of his own, one of which, in March, had a severe fight at Franklin, Tenn., while another (Streight's raid) swept south to Gadsden and Rome, in Georgia. Rosecrans finally pushed Bragg out of the Cumberland Mountains and back to Chattanooga, and menaced him there by such masterly strategy that he not only prevented his doing anything to relieve Vicksburg, but forced him out of Chattanooga. He followed, and was met by Bragg's sudden turning back (September 19th) to fight the battle of Chickamauga (p. 107). Rosecrans was partly defeated, returned to Chattanooga, and established himself there in a fortified camp, leaving Burnside to hold East Tennessee, at Knoxville, as best he might. Meanwhile, Grant had returned with most of his troops from Vicksburg, had been made supreme commander in the West, organized a better protection against cavalry-raiding in Tennessee and Kentucky, removed Rosecrans and put Thomas in his place, and during October and November concentrated the body of his forces at Chattanooga, where, on November 25th, were fought the battles of

Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge (p. 109). This, with the defeat of Longstreet at Knoxville (p. 83), freed Tennessee of Confederate armies, and military operations in the West were closed for the year 1863.

1864.—The Confederacy was virtually beaten by its great reverses in 1863, and from a military point of view the war ought to have stopped; but, as political considerations and machinations had brought it on, so politics and sentiment kept it up to the last gasp. The United States Government prepared for a more unified prosecution of the war than ever before. Grant was given supreme command of all the armies, and called East to take personal charge of the movement against Lee. Sherman was lifted to general charge in the West, where, except for the bold dashes of Forrest's cavalry, the theater of operations was soon altogether south of Tennessee. Early in February, Sherman began a destructive expedition against Jackson and Meridian, Miss., returning to Vicksburg two months later; but a cavalry campaign against Forrest, made by Gen. Sooy Smith from Memphis, in February, was bungled and beaten, and the expedition sent into Arkansas under Banks (but against his judgment) failed. These things done, Sherman concentrated about 100,000 men at Chattanooga and set out to fight his way to Atlanta (p. 115 to 119), which he reached and captured in August. The Confederate army, now commanded by J. B. Hood (who had replaced J. E. Johnston), retired, fighting, into Northern Alabama, followed part of the way by Sherman, who presently gave up the chase, which seemed intended to lure him out of Georgia, and went back to Atlanta with his whole army. Thence he sent reinforcements to Thomas, who had been operating meanwhile against Forrest's raiders in West Tennessee and protecting the railroad-communications, and left him to take care of Hood as best he could. Hood pushed north into Tennessee in November, fighting his way through Pulaski and Columbia to Franklin, Tenn., where a great battle took place on the last day of November. It resulted in a Union victory, with terrible loss on both sides; but the position was untenable, and the Union army retired into the fortresses of Nashville. Hood followed to the attack, and, two weeks later, came the battle of Nashville (p. 225), which resulted in the complete rout of the Confederates, who retreated as far as Lexington, Ala., where the pursuit of the disintegrated enemy was abandoned.

Sherman, meanwhile, had left Atlanta and started on his inde-

pendent "March to the Sea" (p. 124), the close of the year finding him at Savannah (p. 18). The last two months had also witnessed Union successes beyond the Mississippi, at Mobile and in Florida, where, as a rule, the Confederates had proved the better fighters, in Florida.

1865.—The fourth year of the war opened in the East with the tremendous struggle between Grant and Lee about Richmond and Petersburg, and Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley (p. 71), ending in April at Appomattox. By that time Sherman had marched through the Carolinas, by way of Columbia (p. 54), Fayetteville, and Bentonville; Wilmington and Goldsboro had fallen, and Johnston was on the point of surrender at Durham (p. 43). While these greater operations went on, minor successes were taking place in the Southwest, the most important of which was Wilson's raid through Northern Alabama to Selma (p. 131), Montevallo, and Montgomery, Ala., Columbus, and Macon, Ga., and the capture of Mobile (p. 231) in April. This left nothing but scattered bands of Confederates east of the Mississippi, which melted away by desertion, or were arrested here and there by Union cavalry, including a small party escorting Jefferson Davis to a place of safety, and Kirby Smith's army in Northern Louisiana, which surrendered on May 26th—the last organized force of what had styled itself the Confederate States of America.

Route 17.—Jellico Route.

This is the Louisville & Nashville Railroad route between Louisville or Cincinnati and Knoxville, via Jellico, with sleeping-cars to Knoxville.

(1) From **Cincinnati** the line is that of the former Kentucky Central Ry. Straight south through the blue-grass region, via Paris, Winchester, and Richmond. All of these were the scenes of severe battles with guerrillas, and during Bragg's invasion of the State in 1862. Just below Richmond is *Berea*, famous for its college for the coeducation of white and colored students of both sexes. The wild mountain country soon begins, and exceedingly picturesque views are shown as the train makes its way by many curves and skillful engineering across the Cumberland Mountains. This and the glimpse caught of the primitive life of the rustic inhabitants, who are not far advanced from the style of Daniel Boone, whose favorite

hunting-ground this was, make this a very interesting journey for the traveler interested in something besides speed and big cities.

(2) From **Louisville** the line runs southwest via Bardstown, Lebanon, Stanford (Crab Orchard Springs, sulphur and chalybeate), and Mount Vernon to *Livingston*, in Rockcastle County, where it joins the line from Cincinnati.

This is an extremely picturesque region, and has many mineral springs, one of which, *Rockcastle Springs*, eighteen miles southwest of London, near the Cumberland River, and 1,800 feet above the sea, has long been of high repute as a pleasure and health resort. At *Corbin*, a line leads east to Barbourville and Cumberland Gap, connecting with the N. & W. Ry. for the East. The Cumberland is crossed at Williamsburgh, where the Cumberland bituminous coal-field is entered, the commercial center of which is *Jellico*, on the boundary of Kentucky and Tennessee. The next station is *Clinton*, Tenn., whence the C. & N. O. Rd. runs to Harriman's (p. 93) and Chattanooga. Crossing Clinch River at Clinton, a few miles more brings the train to the Union station of **Knoxville** (p. 83).

“

Route 18.—Queen & Crescent Line to Chattanooga.

The “Queen & Crescent Route” is a line of connected railways, primarily operating through trains between Cincinnati, the “Queen City,” and New Orleans, the “Crescent City.” It also sends through sleeping-cars between New York and New Orleans, Cincinnati and Jacksonville, Fla., and Chattanooga and Shreveport, La. Its lines are as follows:

(1) **New York to New Orleans** (sleeping-car only). Baltimore & Ohio Rd. to Washington, Southern Ry. (Route 15 and 15b.) to Chattanooga, and Q. & C. Route (2) to New Orleans.

(2) **Main Line, Cincinnati to New Orleans.** The road leads due south from Cincinnati, through the rich blue-grass agricultural and grazing region, to **Lexington**, the center of the Kentucky racing-stud farms. The country now becomes hilly and picturesque, and the crossing of the Kentucky River upon a very lofty bridge is a remarkable bit of scenery. The road keeps straight south, through a populous, prosperous, and beautiful region, past Danville (intersection of the Louisville & Nashville Rd.) and Somerset, just south of which the Cumberland River is crossed, after which the line ascends its South Fork to its source in the Cumberland Mountains.

Near Danville, Ky., on this line, occurred one of the hottest battles of the Civil War. Bragg's and Kirby Smith's invading Confederate armies (p. 88) had joined, and were headed toward Cincinnati, when the Union commander, Buell, who had been racing with them to the westward, turned upon the invaders (October 1, 1862) at Frankfort. They withdrew, skirmishing, to some miles below Harrodsburg, where, at a hamlet called Perryville, close to Danville, the two armies became engaged on the 9th. The Confederates were everywhere successful at first, crushing line after line of raw troops until they came to a division commanded by Sheridan, who withstood the charge and enabled the Union army to recover. Then, as so often happened, the superior staying-power of the Northern soldiers asserted itself, and the Southern men, exhausted by their impetuous charges, were turned back and defeated, retreating steadily afterward until driven out of the State, but carrying a large amount of provisions and property with them. About 5,000 men were lost on each side in this battle, which destroyed all hope on the part of the South of an invasion of the Northwest.

At Harriman's, Tenn., the line of the "Jellico Route" (No. 17), and of roads to Cumberland Gap and Kingston, come in; and a flourishing manufacturing and trading town is growing up under arrangements designed to make it a model community. *A sleeping-car from Cincinnati to Asheville*, via Knoxville, diverges here. The road here bends southwest, and follows the western side of the valley of the Tennessee River, along the base of Waldron's Ridge, past a group of local summering-places about Spring City, and through the enterprising town of Dayton (pop., 3,500; small hotels, \$1 to \$2) to the Central Station in **Chattanooga**, 338 miles from Cincinnati.

A through sleeping-car is run over this line from Cincinnati to Jacksonville, Fla. (1), via Cincinnati Southern Ry., and (2) via Southern Ry. to Atlanta and Everett, and Florida Short Line (p. 53) to Jacksonville. *Through trains*, carrying sleepers from New York, via S. Ry. (Routes 15 and 15b), from Chattanooga, run from Cincinnati to New Orleans, via Birmingham and Meridian; also a sleeper from Chattanooga to Shreveport, La. (For details see Route 27, p. 220.)

Route 19.—Lookout Mountain Route.

This is a name for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, which approaches Chattanooga from the northwest. Its connections concentrate traffic from St. Louis and Cairo, and from Evansville and Louisville at Nashville (p. 225). It runs through cars, via Chattanooga from St. Louis (L. & N. Rd.) to Atlanta; Nashville

to Jacksonville (Ga. Sou. Ry. and Plant System); Nashville to Knoxville; and Nashville to New York via Chattanooga and Washington.

This line from Nashville south existed before the war, and was the principal dependence of the Union armies, by whom it was operated almost exclusively for military purposes from 1862 to 1865. Its first important station, thirty-two miles south of Nashville, is Murfreesboro, the scene of one of the greatest conflicts of the Civil War.

Battle of Murfreesboro or Stone River.—After the Confederate invasion of Kentucky (p. 93) had failed, Bragg was ordered to make a new advance from his stronghold in the Cumberland Mountains toward Nashville, and on December 30, 1862, was confronted by the Federal army under Rosecrans on the opposite side of Stone River at Murfreesboro, where Jefferson Davis was visiting him. Bragg was strongly entrenched, but took advantage of a fog on the early morning (December 30th) to sally out and make an unexpected attack in great force. The surprised Federal right wing was crushed, but the center, under Thomas, resisted and stood firm until Rosecrans could form a new line, and dispatch cavalry to annoy the enemy's flank. "The day ended with Rosecrans immovable in his position, but he had been driven from half the ground that he held in the morning, and had lost twenty-eight guns and many men, while the enemy's cavalry was upon his communications. Finding that he had ammunition enough for another battle, he determined to remain where he was and sustain another assault. This came on the second day of the new year [1863] when there was some desultory fighting, and Rosecrans advanced a division across the stream to strike at Bragg's communications. Breckenridge's command was sent to attack this division, and drove it back to the river, when Breckenridge suddenly found himself subjected to a terrible artillery fire, and lost 2,000 men in twenty minutes. Following this, a charge by National infantry drove him back with a loss of four guns and many prisoners." This ended a battle which had cost each army some 12,000 men. A monument now marks the spot where Hazen's small brigade of Union troops checked the Southern onset, and turned the tide of battle. Bragg immediately retired to new defenses on Duck River, twenty-five miles southward, and remained there for several months, while Rosecrans went into winter quarters along Stone River.

About thirty miles south of Murfreesboro the hills begin, and mineral springs and mountain resorts become numerous. The first populous center is **Tullahoma**, sixty-nine miles from Nashville (pop., 2,500; alt., 1,070 ft.; Hurricane Hall, \$2), from which several springs resorts are accessible. Hurricane Springs, five miles west by hack, whose "amber-green and golden waters" were formerly celebrated, has lately been swept by fire. *Cascade or Pylant Springs*, eight miles by stage, has an alkaline, sulphurous water in high repute for

its curative properties. Along the branch railroad extending north-east (69 m.), to the coal fields of White County, at Bon Air, are several other places of local resort, among them McMinnville, county seat of Warren, and Nicholson Springs, near by, which yield chalybeate, freestone, and red sulphur waters. Just below Tullahoma, on the main line, is *Estill Springs*, an old favorite, near which is a new neighbor, East Brook Springs, which is supplied with Hurricane waters and has a new hotel. Near here branch lines diverge west to Columbia, Tenn. (p. 226), and Huntsville, Ala. (p. 99). At Cowan a short line extends north into the mountains as far as Tracy City. Near the junction is *Sewanee* (alt., 1,867 ft.), the site of the Episcopal University of the South, where there is a hotel and pleasant village. Six miles brings you to *Monteagle*, on the top of the Cumberland Plateau (alt., 1,931 ft.), the seat of Fairmount College, and of a summer school on the Chautauqua plan, called "Monteagle Assembly." The village is in the midst of highly attractive scenery, has chalybeate and freestone springs, and pure water pumped up from a great spring, and piped to the village and Assembly grounds, and filling a great stone swimming-pool. The Assembly (founded 1883) provides for lectures, classes, Bible study, entertainments, and an instructive and pleasant season lasting during the whole summer. Abundant accommodations, \$20 to \$45 a month. Tracy City, the terminus of this branch, and Beersheba Springs, eighteen miles beyond, are also mountain health resorts.

The lower part of this railway line was never free from soldiers and fighting from end to end of the Civil War. It was always the dependence of one army or the other, and every mile of it, almost, was repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt by the soldiers, engineers, and workmen who alternately possessed it. Rosecrans left Bragg undisturbed along Duck River (see above and also page 94) until midsummer (1863). The Confederate line then stretched in heavily fortified camps from Shelbyville, through the rugged hills about Wartrace Station, and down the railroad to a central fortress at Tullahoma. On June 23d Rosecrans began strategic maneuvers, while Burnside approached Bragg's rear from East Tennessee. Menaced and outflanked he abandoned this strong position without serious fighting, and following the railroad and destroying the bridge at Bridgeport, retreated to Chattanooga, whither he was slowly followed by Rosecrans' army through the mountain passes.

Having reached the southern slope of the Cumberland Mountains at *Stevenson, Ala.* (pop., 900; Stevenson, \$2), whence it is used by the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, the road turns sharply north-east along the Tennessee River, crosses at Bridgeport, and enters Chattanooga along the western base of Lookout Mountain.

Route 20.—Memphis to Chattanooga.

Memphis (pop., 65,000; Peabody, \$3.50; Gayoso, \$3; Clarendon, \$2.50) is, next to Nashville, the most populous city in Tennessee, the only river port of consequence, and the most important one between St. Louis and New Orleans. Here converge, on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi River, railroads from St. Louis and Cairo, Kansas City and the West, and Little Rock and the Southwest, crossing upon the bridge built in 1892; and, on the eastern side, into the city itself, come no less than seven railways, making ten in all. The city is thus connected directly with every trade center in the West and South, and is upon the great river highway besides. It therefore enjoys strong advantages for trade, and is prospering and growing steadily by this means, as well as somewhat by the development of manufactures. Of cotton alone about 800,000 bales are handled annually, largely upon the levee, which presents one of the liveliest and most entertaining commercial pictures in the United States. Here are the huge compresses and cotton-seed-oil mills, an inspection of which is recommended to the visitor. Memphis is a handsome city, and contains creditable public buildings, principally grouped about *Court Square*, which contains a fine monumental bust of Andrew Jackson; the large company of tame squirrels that animate this park form a widely noted feature of the city. Electric cars interchange traffic all over the city, and extend their lines far into the suburbs, to *Raleigh* (8 m.), a pleasure resort with a large hotel; to the National Cemetery (5 m.), where 13,918 Union soldiers are buried, including 8,818 unknown, and to the fine race course. In addition to the many regular Mississippi and Ohio River packet lines, steamers ply to interior points up the rivers and bayous of Arkansas and Northern Mississippi, affording interesting trips, especially to sportsmen. Memphis is connected with Chattanooga by the Memphis & Charleston Railroad.

Leaving Memphis, the M. & C. train moves directly east, through Grand Junction at the intersection of the Illinois Central Railroad.

(Route 30), and through Middleton, junction of the Gulf & Chicago Rd., and then swerves southward into Mississippi at *Corinth*, a village at the crossing of the Mobile & Ohio Rd. (Route 29), which was a point of great strategic importance in the early part of the Civil War, on account of its railway and river connections, and was twice fiercely contested for.

Grant's successful army, early in 1862, was concentrating for an attack upon the Confederates, who had retired within strong fortifications at this little village of Corinth, where a National Cemetery, with 5,719 interments and a cannon monument, remains as a sad memento of the sequel. Grant's advance had reached the northern bank of the Tennessee at and near Pittsburg Landing, about twenty miles northeast of Corinth, but the roads were extremely soft, and large portions of the army were delayed. Taking advantage of this, the Confederate commander, Albert Sydney Johnston, moved out in force and attacked the Union army with great determination. The first assault was at Shiloh Church, and, as frequently happened in that part of the war, victory the first day was with the Southern troops, who forced the Union lines back to the Tennessee River, where the onset was checked, after a day's battle unexampled in the West at that time for the numbers engaged, the losses, and the fury of the fighting. Sherman and McPherson here had their first opportunity to show the North their qualities as commanders, and Grant established firmly the reputation he had won at Fort Donelson. The Southern general, Johnston, was killed, and Beauregard succeeded to the Confederate command. The next morning Grant, reinforced and encouraged, steadily pressed Beauregard back with great losses, recovered all the lost ground, and compelled his enemy to retreat to their entrenchments around Corinth. The total losses (killed, wounded, and prisoners) on both sides exceeded 20,000 men.

The battle-ground is called Shiloh by the Confederates and Pittsburg Landing by the Federals. The United States Government has recently established a National Park at this place, and a railroad, eighteen miles long, is now under construction from Corinth, northeast, to the battle-ground and park.

After the battle of Shiloh, General Halleck took command and besieged Corinth. The armies were now increased until Halleck had about 120,000 men and Beauregard about 50,000. In this and all other statements of strength of armies in the Civil War, it must be remembered that the Confederate method of counting excluded all commissioned officers, musicians, hospital attendants, etc., counting only muskets; while the Union method included every man expected to go into action. Halleck gradually closed in on the works, until May 29th, when Beauregard evacuated the place and retreated along the M. & C. Rd. toward Chattanooga. This campaign is regarded

by some historians as the disastrous turning point of the war for the Confederates; and, in the death of Albert Sydney Johnston, the South lost, perhaps, its ablest commander.

This, however, was by no means the end of Corinth's experience of war, nor even the worst of it. During the succeeding summer (1862), the Confederates made a studied attempt to regain Tennessee and Kentucky. Bragg (Conf.) moved north into Kentucky, opposed by Buell, (Un.) while Sterling Price (Conf.) moved north from Mississippi to support him in West Tennessee. He was met and checked by Rosecrans at Iuka (9 miles east), September 19th, and withdrew to the southeast. Rosecrans was then posted at Corinth, which he fortified as well as he could by several redoubts, the remains of two of which, Fort Williams and Battery Robinet, are still visible, northwest of the railway station. Price and Van Dorn (Conf.) then united their forces into an army of about 22,000, and moved upon Corinth, hoping to overcome it and open a way to the Ohio River. After preliminary fighting, the main attack was delivered from the northwest, on October 3 (1862), and resulted in driving all Rosecrans' forces (about 16,000) inside his inmost fortifications, close around the village. Confident of victory, the Confederates renewed the attack next morning, assaulting the lines and the batteries with the most splendid courage; but Rosecrans handled his troops so well, and they resisted, often in hand-to-hand encounters, so resolutely, that before night the enemy was utterly routed. He fled south and was followed for many miles, and Rosecrans declared that had he not been recalled, in spite of his protest, that whole Confederate army might have been dissipated and Vicksburg captured with little difficulty; but Grant tells us that, had he done so, instead of taking Vicksburg he would have been overtaken and captured or destroyed by superior forces concentrated upon him.

The names of many stations along this part of the line will recall incidents of the war, and these rolling woods, fertile cotton-plantations and corn-fields, will yield "relics" of the strife for years to come. Iuka is also known by its iron and sulphur waters, which are not only used at the pretty springs here, but widely distributed. Alabama is now entered, with the crossing of Bear River, and the Tuscumbia Valley is followed through Courtland, where, at the bridge over Nance Creek, a fight occurred on July 25, 1862; and through Cherokee (scene of two battles) to *Tuscumbia*.

This is a pretty village (pop., 3,000; Parshall, \$2), noted for an immense spring yielding 17,000 cubic feet of pure water each minute. It was the scene of a brisk fight November 13, 1862, and on April 1, 1863, when Gen. G. M. Dodge swept the railroad to this point and captured here a large quantity of rolling stock; it was here (1863) that Streight's dare-devil raiders started on their tour of devastation to Rome, Ga.; and it lay in the path of Hood's advance (who encamped

here three weeks in November), and of his subsequent retreat and Thomas' pursuit during the winter of 1864 and 1865. (See Route 28.)

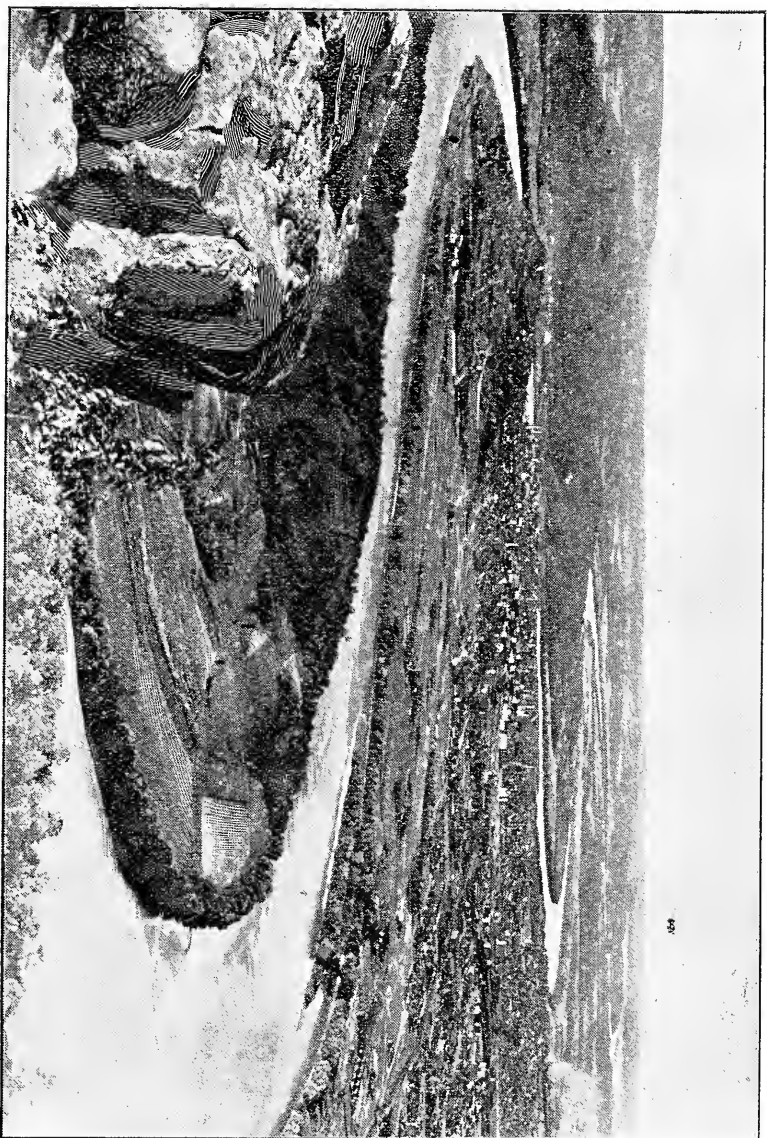
The Birmingham, Sheffield & Tennessee River Railroad comes in two miles east of Tuscumbia from Birmingham, by way of Jasper and Russellville, and passes on to *Sheffield* (pop., 2,000; New Sheffield, \$2), a wide-awake town of recent growth, on the bank of the river, having five iron furnaces and ten manufactories. A mile farther up the river, and three miles north of Tuscumbia, with which it and Sheffield are connected by rail, is South Florence, at the southern end of the bridge across the Tennessee into *Florence* (pop., 6,000; Commercial, \$2), the county seat of the old settled and rich county, Lauderdale, and a town that has sprung into importance as a manufacturing and cotton-spinning place within the last decade. It has great enterprise, many industrial and commercial advantages, a pleasant, healthful situation, two or three collegiate institutions, and bids fair to become one of the most prosperous cities in this richly endowed region. A steamer of the St. Louis & Tennessee Packet Company ascends the river to this point from its mouth, leaving Paducah, Ky., every Saturday, and returning from Florence once a week, as circumstances permit. *Bailey Springs* is a well-known resort seven miles north. Florence was Hood's point of departure for his "invasion of Tennessee," in November, 1864. (See Route 28.)

From Tuscumbia the Memphis & Charleston Railway strikes straight east (43 m.) to *Decatur* (pop., 7,500; Hotel Harrison, American, each \$2), at the intersection of the L. & N. Rd. Between this point and Florence the Tennessee is interrupted by islands and shallows, the worst of which were the Muscleshell Shoals, a short distance above Florence. These stopped navigation, except at very high water; but a canal has now been completed around them, permitting large steamers to ascend even to Chattanooga at any stage of water. A steamer plies tri-weekly between Decatur and Guntersville (Wyeth City, p. 222), connecting there with steamers for Chattanooga and way landings. The descent of the river by boat is a pleasant experience. **Huntsville** (pop., 12,000; Huntsville, \$3; McGee's, \$2) is a market and manufacturing town of growing importance. Three of the largest cotton mills in the South are located here; and the situation of the city, at the southern extremity of the Cumberland Mountains, in a beautiful and healthful situation, which has made it a social and educational center. Monte Sano, the lofty hill, three miles eastward, has been a summer resort. The line

now winds through green defiles, which thirty years ago were crackling daily with the sound of raiders' rifles, and bends northward up the beautiful Tennessee Valley to *Stevenson*, where it enters upon the line of the N. C. & St. L. Rd. Route 19 joins it, crosses the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, and reaches Chattanooga through Lookout Valley. A through sleeping-car runs between New York and Memphis over this line and Route 15.

Chattanooga, Chickamauga, and Lookout Mountain.

Chattanooga (pop., with suburbs, 45,000; Read, \$3.50; New Southern, \$2.50; Stanton, \$2) occupies a tract of low, level ground (an ancient flood-plain) along the eastern bank of the Tennessee River, just above its great Moccasin Bend. The river comes nearly straight southeast down to this point, where it breaks through the Cumberland Mountains. North of the city, across the river, is Walden's Ridge, with the lower Stringer's Ridge in front; south of the city and river-bend, Lookout Mountain, apparently (but not really) continuous, save for the river-break, with Walden's Ridge; eastward is a long and much lower ridge, parallel with the Walden and Lookout ranges, called Missionary Ridge; on the farther side of it flows the Chickamauga; between it and Lookout Mountain, south of the city, is the valley of Chattanooga Creek, and west of Lookout Mountain, between it and the Sand or Raccoon Mountains, which continue Walden's Ridge southward into Alabama, is Lookout Valley. Having fixed these points of topography in mind, and remembering that all the ridges and valleys extend in a northeast-southwest direction, the visitor will have no difficulty in comprehending the landscape and the geographical relations of the stirring events it has witnessed. The altitude of the city is about 700 feet, the climate equable and rather dry and bracing, exceedingly hot in summer, with infrequent snowfalls in winter, and killing frosts rare before October or after March. The valley is healthful, and a change of climate, when needed, is obtainable in the adjacent mountains at little cost of time or money. The flatness of the ground prevents any great picturesqueness in the town itself, which has some pleasant residence streets, fine churches, and good schoolhouses, including Grant University, with 400 students; but little otherwise to reward the sightseer, unless he is interested in war history. For him, the National Park Commission (p. 111) has done much. "The lines of the old fortifications have been carefully traced, and their various salients and angles defined.



CHATTANOOGA, FROM POINT LOOKOUT.

Cameron's Hill is seen at the left of the city, Hill City and Stringer's Ridge beyond, and Walden Ridge in the distance; the river flows toward the point of view and disappears to the left around Moccasin Bend, in the foreground.

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. . . The headquarters of the corps, division, and brigade commanders of both armies have been sought out, and the military prison, the hospital where the wounded from the battle of Chickamauga were cared for, and the officers' hospital used during the siege, have also been designated by descriptive tablets." Of these the most important are the following:

Fort Cameron, on Cameron Hill, a lofty knoll on the river-side of the town, whence a comprehensive view is obtained; this fort was a battery of 100-pounder Parrott guns, 200 yards south of the point. Also on this hill were *Fort Mihalotzy*, now 221 Prospect Street; *Battery Coledge*, west of the latter; *Redoubt Carpenter and Lookout Battery*, on the site of the old water-works, and *Redoubt Crutchfield* (or *Fort Sheridan*) on the south extension of the hill, 137 E. Terrace Street. *Fort Sherman* included the interior line of fortifications, from *Redoubt Putnam*, E. 5th and Walnut streets, and around Brabson Hill to Battery Bushnell, at the northwest corner Payne and Lindsay streets. Brabson Hill was a signal station, protected by *Lunette O'Meara*, East 5th and Lindsay streets. *Fort Creighton* (or *Wood*), East 5th Street, facing East End Avenue. *Fort Lytle* (the "Star Fort"), College Street, south end of College Hill. *Fort Negley* (or *Phelps*), south of Montgomery Avenue, west of Rossville Road. *Fort Erwin*, northwest corner Gilmer and C streets. *Battery McAloon*, knoll near the mouth of Citico Creek. *Redoubt Jones*, on an elevation called Stone Fort, the present site of the new marble post office, 10th and Market streets. Of the *Headquarters* marked, these may be mentioned: Grant, 316 Walnut Street and 110 1st Street; Sherman, 110 1st Street; Sheridan, southwest corner E. Terrace and Gillespie; Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans, Thomas, and others), 316 Walnut Street; Bragg (Conf. Army), Dr. B. Loveman's residence, E. 5th Street, east of Georgia Avenue. The Presbyterian Church, then standing on Market Street, was occupied by Gen. J. B. Steadman and the Adjutant-General's staff; the military prison was at police headquarters, Market and 4th streets; the schoolhouse on Gillespie Street was a hospital, and the officers' hospital was at Poplar and West 5th streets.

The industrial aspect at Chattanooga is the foremost feature of the modern town, and will reward study on the part of investors as well as sightseers. Market Street is the principal business thoroughfare, on which are the Central and Union railway stations, and electric tramways by which cars are sent from between 5th and 9th streets to all parts of town and far into the suburbs. The furnaces, mills, and factories are upon the river front and in the southern suburbs.

Chattanooga, at the eastern base of the Cumberland Mountains, lies on the border of the great Alleghanian field of bituminous and

coking coals. These mountains also yield iron, copper, zinc, lead, manganese, aluminum, and various other minerals and useful earths; a variety of fine building stones; clays for pottery, drain-tiles, fire-brick and house brick, and a great amount of timber and forest products. Statistics of the Board of Trade (1894) show 1,125,000 tons of coal mined annually, 375,000 tons of coke made, and 172,250 tons of pig iron cast within the Chattanooga district. The sawmills receive annually over 25,000,000 feet of rafted logs (chiefly yellow poplar), which are here converted into lumber. There is, besides, a large export of raw materials. The capital employed in actual industries within the town, according to the U. S. Census Report of 1890, was \$6,675,000, and there are stated to be now in Chattanooga 114 industrial corporations, with a combined capital exceeding \$30,000,000. The farm products, reported by the Board of Trade, within an area of seventy-five miles around the city, are roundly as follows: Corn, 30,000,000 bushels; wheat, 3,250,000 bushels; oats, 4,000,000 bushels; cotton, 150,000 bales; tobacco, 450,000 pounds; small fruits, berries, and vegetables to the value of \$175,000; much live stock is raised for export. Among the principal manufactories are twenty-three iron furnaces, rolling mills, and steel works, eight cotton mills, and a great number of diversified factories.

This development has taken place almost entirely since the late war, which revealed the local advantages to the Northern men who have since furnished the greater part of the capital invested in its mines, manufactures, and railroads, and is due principally to the natural excellence of the situation on the river, at a gap in the mountains, and at the junction of radiating valleys which descend to it from several directions. It is the natural gateway between the North and South, west of the Alleghany Mountains. In this matter of transportation the Tennessee River has now become of the greatest significance. For more than 500 miles above Chattanooga this river and its tributaries are navigable for rafts and light-draught boats, while the completion of the government canal around the Muscleshell Shoals (p. 99) opens the river to navigation from this city to the Mississippi. This fact has tended to greatly reduce and keep down railway freight charges, and to cheapen correspondingly the cost of manufactures and the shipments of raw materials and manufactured products back and forth. There is every reason to suppose that the growth and prosperity of the place will steadily continue.

Excursions of great interest may be made in various directions, by railroad or steamboat, to springs, mountain resorts, battlefields, etc., described elsewhere. A trip by steamboat on the Tennessee would be a novel experience to many. The steamers of the Tennessee River Transportation Company leave Chattanooga on Mondays and Fridays, at 10.00 a. m., for Shellmound and South Pittsburg, Tenn., Bridgeport, Guntersville, Decatur, Ala., and way-landings;

returning, will leave Guntersville every Tuesday and Saturday, at 6.00 a. m. They leave for Kingston and way-landings and Hiawassee River points, on Wednesdays, 10.00 a. m., and Saturdays, 6.00 p. m. Good fishing and shooting are to be had in their season within a reasonable distance. A pretty picnic trip is down the river to Shell Mound and the big Nickajack Cave, at the base of Signal Mountain, the southernmost height of Walden's Ridge, long occupied as a signal station by the Union troops. The electric cars over the bridge (2,700 feet long) to the northern suburb, Hill City, take one to the summit of Stringer's Ridge, Forts Wilder and Hill, and a very fine view. It was along this road, at the base of Stringer's Ridge, through the front of Hill City, that Sherman marched his troops from Brown's Ferry, at the western side or foot of Mocassin Bend, up to the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, where he crossed on his pontoon bridge, to attack Bragg's right wing, on the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. The first and foremost excursion, however, should be to

Lookout Mountain.—This is the easternmost lofty ridge of the Cumberland Mountains, begins here in a bold bluff 1,343 feet high (2,126 feet above the sea*), and extends southwestward, with occasional breaks, some sixty miles.

It consists of stratified rocks (carboniferous), limestones near the base, fossiliferous and penetrated by many seams and caverns, some of great depth, above which are coarse sandstones capped with conglomerates. It was originally heavily timbered, and is still, for the most part, covered with second-growth woods, but the surface is so rugged and the soil so light that little farming has ever been attempted, except upon the lower slopes. The usefulness of the mountain has therefore been, and is likely to remain, chiefly as a pleasant suburban residence for the citizens of Chattanooga and neighboring lowland cities, and as a summer pleasure and winter health resort, for which it is naturally well situated and has been admirably prepared.

Lookout Mountain is reached by four routes: (1) *The Old Carriage Road.*—Driving out of Chattanooga by Whiteside Street, the iron bridge over Chattanooga Creek is crossed, and the gradual ascent of the mountain soon begins with constantly widening views. The

* These, and all other exact altitudes in this book, are those given in Henry Gannett's "Dictionary of Altitudes," published by the United States Geological Survey as Bulletin 26 (second edition, 1890). The altitude of the Union Railway Station in Chattanooga is given as 783 feet.

height that overlooks Cascade Glen is worth a moment's pause. A short distance farther, through a pretty depression, brings the carriage to the main mountain-road which steadily ascends through St. Elmo and up its southern and least precipitous side to the summit, offering a constant succession of fine prospects. This ascent requires two or more hours.

(2) *Electric Cars and Incline No. 1.*—An electric car leaves Broad and Seventh streets, Chattanooga, every ten minutes for St. Elmo (see below) and the foot of the mountain. Here an inclined road, up which cars are drawn by a stationary cable, carries passengers half-hourly to the *Point Hotel*, a large family hotel immediately under Pulpit Rock on Lookout Point; thence a narrow-gauge railway winds around the crest to Sunset Park and Natural Bridge Hotel (situated in a picturesque region having a fine outlook to the west), and ends near Lookout Inn.

(3) *Electric Cars and Incline No. 2.*—The same street cars as before carry passengers on to the foot of a new inclined railway, opened in 1897, and known as "No. 2." This goes straight up the mountain side, rising 1,580 feet in 4,800 feet of distance, to the brow of the summit nearly in front of Lookout Inn. It is operated by the persons who owned the hotel and the park property covering Lookout Point.

There is little choice between these rival lines in the matter of the views obtained. The fare of both is 50 cents for the round trip, and since the Chickamauga Park Commission has acquired Point Lookout, free access is given by both to the Point.

(4) *By Steam Cars.*—The Chattanooga & Lookout Mountain Railroad runs trains at intervals of about two hours, in summer, between both the Central and Union depots and Lookout Inn. The road makes a long detour in Chattanooga Valley, passing Forest Hill Cemetery and ascends the southern slope of the mountain above the village of *St. Elmo* (said to be named from the novel by Augusta Evans, written here), which is the oldest and among the pleasantest of the city's suburbs. Rising steadily, the road curves about the northern end of the mountain, passing the Craven House and over the battlefield "above the clouds," and on the northern side, overlooking the city and the valleys of the Tennessee and Lookout Creek, turns by a switch-back and commences a new ascent, which carries it under the rocks upon which is perched the Point Hotel, beneath the Incline, and then back around the southern side of the crest, far above St. Elmo and its early course, until it can turn a third time

and climb up to the station at Lookout Inn. This is a very interesting spiral ascent of about fifteen miles, affording grand views at every stage of progress. The time is something over an hour. Round trip, 50 cents. At certain times, through sleeping cars are hauled up to Lookout Inn, for the convenience of their passengers.

Lookout Inn stands about a quarter mile south of the bluff-point of the mountain and facing the east. In front are handsomely cleared and ornamented grounds opening an unlimited view and the morning sun to the piazzas, but to the south and west the natural groves of oak and pine are standing penetrated by roads and paths. No building is in sight except the interesting Museum of War Relics, which does not obtrude itself upon one's notice. The hotel is a handsome, substantial structure, the first story of which is of stone, 365 feet in length and four stories high, surmounted by towers, whence a wonderful prospect, embracing the whole circle of the horizon may be obtained. The interior as well as the exterior is attractive. Its grand hall is exquisitely decorated and furnished, and the dining rooms and parlors opening into it are excellent examples of modern taste and elegance as applied to such apartments. There are accommodations for 500 guests, and the rooms are spacious and airy, with fine outlooks for all. The water used is pumped from copious springs, the sanitary arrangements appear to be good, lighting is by gas and electricity, the fare excellent, and nothing seems to have been neglected in provision for the health, comfort, and amusement.

The company owning the hotel also own all the northern part of the mountain, and many families have summer cottages there or permanent homes. The hotel will no longer remain open during the winter, as experience has not justified the expectation that many invalids with weak lungs would resort to the mountain at that season, and that it would thrive as a stopping-place for tourists en route back and forth between the North and Florida.

Point Lookout.—Many places of interest are to be visited near the hotel. Immediately in front is a jutting rock overlooking Chattanooga Valley, and south of it the Confederate "signal rock," whence they telegraphed by flags to the soldiers on Missionary Ridge over the heads of the Union army. Ten minutes' walking takes one to *Point Lookout*, the brow of the bluff facing the city, where the valley of the Tennessee is spread beneath the eye as if it were a map, and the whole battlefields of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge are in view. Here every little rock and point has its name and story. The reconstructed Craven's House is just below, and the place where Hooker's men fought their way to the base of the cliffs, and then scrambled up and planted their flag on the point, is just at your feet. Remains of the battery from which Bragg shelled the city can be

traced; but the best preserved work is Fort Stanley, a large earth-fort in the woods just south of the inn. The landscape needs no explanation in view of what has already been said, further than a reference to the accompanying map; and a moment's glance at the shape of the peninsula inclosed by the Tennessee will make plain why the name Moccasin Bend was given to this loop-like curve. Wauhatchie (p. 220), and the whole "line of supplies" opened by Grant for the beleaguered army, can be plainly surveyed down the river on the left. Point Lookout is now a public reservation and free to everybody.

Standing on this commanding point, or on the piazza of the Point Hotel, just beneath it, where every part of the contested field is under the eye, one can read to best advantage the story of

The Chattanooga Campaign of 1863.

The Tennessee Valley and this river-gap constitute a natural highway between the Southwest and the North. The Indians so regarded it, and made this valley a meeting-place, where the earliest traders set up their frontier-posts and called it Ross' Landing. Peaceful relations were early established with the Indians (Creeks and Cherokees). As early as 1817, a religious mission-station was planted on high ground six miles east of the landing, whence the name Missionary Ridge. A little town gradually grew up, which was made a military post in 1836, and in 1838 a town was laid out and the present name given it, and, five years later, it nearly secured the position of State capital, but was beaten by Nashville. When the Civil War opened, it was a flat, muddy, trading town of some 3,000 people, and at once became a center of Confederate military operations and a depot of supplies. Here Bragg started on his expedition into Kentucky in 1862 (p. 93), and hither he returned, to reorganize and again advance on his way into West Tennessee (p. 94). A second time, after the battle of Murfreesboro, his hosts returned, defeated, to this valley, and for the first time Rosecrans' Union army followed him and entered the town of Chattanooga, while Bragg, outflanked, led his army south into Georgia. Rosecrans started in pursuit, and both armies maneuvered for strategic positions, bringing on a sharp fight on the 13th, below Rossville. Rosecrans, however, was avoiding any battle, and trying his best to concentrate his scattered columns, one of which was west of Lookout Mountain. Bragg, unaccountably, interfered very little with this purpose, and not until the 15th did he decide to take the offensive and start northward. He then made an effort to

reach his enemy on the 18th, but failed, and Rosecrans gained a day of time of the utmost importance to him. On the morning of the 19th, the armies faced one another along the Chickamauga, twenty miles south of Chattanooga, Rosecrans' right at Crawfish Springs, and his left at the McDonald house. Rosecrans had about 55,000 men all told, and Bragg not less than 70,000, for besides thousands of prisoners who (upon a technical excuse, which has never been adjudicated) violated the parole they had given at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and hastened to join his ranks, Longstreet's whole corps had come from Virginia, arriving on the 18th, a fact of which Rosecrans was unaware.

"By 10.00 a. m." (of October 9, 1863), says a succinct account written by Mr. Geo. C. Connor of Chattanooga, of this dreadful *Battle of Chickamauga*, "the engagement was general; now the Confederates were routed, only to rally and hurl back, with sickening slaughter, the hosts of the Union. Until late in the afternoon the conflict raged, when suddenly an ominous lull fell upon the dead, the dying, and the weary. Not a gun was heard for over an hour. Rosecrans was deceived into the belief that his enemy had been sufficiently punished for one day, and began the execution of strategic movements; but scarcely had the hour closed when a furious charge by the Confederates threw the Federal lines into confusion, and had it not been for the twenty guns of Hazen, on the Rossville road, the battle would have closed with a most telling victory for the Confederates. The galling enfilading fire of this artillery compelled the Confederates to fall back as the sun went down beyond distant Lookout. When darkness enveloped the bloody scene, arrangements were made for burying the dead and caring for the wounded by both sides. Bragg re-formed his lines and placed them in direct command of Polk and Longstreet. Polk was ordered to strike at dawn of the 20th, but the dense fog which enshrouded the field prevented his executing the order until nearly 9.00 o'clock, a serious delay, which cost Polk his command. When he did begin the assault, the entire line was quickly involved. Back went the Confederate right, but almost instantly rallied. Charge after charge attested the heroism of the combatants. The onslaught on the Federal left ceased when the irresistible charges of the Confederates broke their center. Then, it is said, Rosecrans made some fatal mistakes. Certain is it that he telegraphed to Washington his army was defeated. Thomas maintained his ground, though forsaken by his demoralized comrades, and gallantly withstood the charges of the Confederates, now flushed with victory. On the knoll, above the Snodgrass farm, he ordered the artillery to be massed, and there he determined to make his last stand. Strong lines of infantry skirted this elevated spot, which resisted with almost unparalleled gallantry the assaults on their front and flanks. As the sun began to go down behind the tall pines on that Sabbath afternoon, the

storm burst anew around that Snodgrass knoll. Charge after charge was repelled with terrible slaughter to both sides. The dead lay in heaps along the green slopes, and the groans of the wounded rent the air as darkness enveloped the enraged combatants, and Thomas sorrowfully began his retreat to Rossville, leaving the field in possession of the victorious Confederates."

Bragg had won the battle, but the prize of it, Chattanooga, had escaped him. This he hoped to obtain by a siege, and to that end took possession of Lookout Point, Missionary Ridge, the railroads and rivers through the gap, and every approach except one long and difficult wagon road over the Cumberland Mountains. His intention was to starve the Union army into surrendering, since he dared not assault their numerous and splendidly armed fortifications, and he might have succeeded had he not been compelled, after a few days, to reckon with Ulysses S. Grant instead of the discredited Rosecrans, who was sent to Missouri, while Thomas was assigned to the command of his corps. "Fighting Joe" Hooker was sent with two army corps from Virginia to swell the western forces. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and other leaders have all written extensively of the events which followed, but one of the best condensed accounts of the successive *Battles upon Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge* is that by Rossiter Johnson, in "The Story of a Great Conflict," which is as follows:

Grant arrived at Chattanooga on the 23d of October [1863], and found affairs in a deplorable condition. It was impossible to supply the troops properly by the one wagon-road, and they had been on short rations for some time, while large numbers of the mules and horses were dead. Grant's first care was to open a new and better line of supply. Steamers could come up the river as far as Bridgeport, and he ordered the immediate construction of a road and bridge to reach that point by way of Brown's Ferry, which was done within five days, the "cracker line," as the soldiers called it, was opened, and thenceforth they had full rations and abundance of everything. The enemy attempted to interrupt the work on the road; but Hooker met them at Wauhatchie, west of Lookout Mountain, and after a three-hours' action drove them off. Chattanooga was now no longer in a state of siege, but it was still seriously menaced by Bragg's army, which held a most singular position. Its flanks were on the northern ends of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, the crests of which were occupied for some distance, and its center stretched across Chattanooga Valley. This line was twelve miles long, and most of it was well intrenched. Grant ordered Sherman to join him with one corps, and Sherman promptly obeyed, but as he did considerable railroad repairing on the way, he did not reach Chattanooga till the 15th of November. Meanwhile, Longstreet with 20,000 troops had

been detached from Bragg's army and sent against Burnside at Knoxville (p. 83). After Sherman's arrival, Grant had about 80,000 men. He placed Sherman on his left, on the north side of the Tennessee, opposite the head of Mission Ridge; Thomas in the center, across Chattanooga valley; and Hooker on his right around the base of Lookout Mountain. He purposed to have Sherman advance against Bragg's right and capture the heights of Mission Ridge, while Thomas and Hooker should press the center and left just enough to prevent any reinforcements from being sent against Sherman. If this were successful, Bragg's key-point being taken, his whole army would be obliged to retreat. Sherman laid two bridges in the night of November 23d, and next day crossed the river and advanced upon the enemy's works; but he met with unexpected difficulties in the nature of the ground, and was only partially successful. Hooker, who had more genius for fighting than for strictly obeying orders, moved around the base of Lookout Mountain, and impregnable heights. His men climbed the steep in the rain, clearing away abatis as they went, disappeared in a zone of mist or cloud that hung around the mountain, and made their way to its very summit, where they routed the enemy, taking many guns and prisoners. This action is famous as Hooker's "battle above the clouds." That night battalions were seen crossing the disk of the rising moon.

The next day, the 25th, Hooker was to pass down the eastern slope of the Lookout Mountain, cross Chattanooga Valley, and strike the left of Bragg's position as now held on the crest and western slope of Mission Ridge. But the destruction of a bridge by the retreating enemy delayed him four hours, and Grant saw that Bragg was weakening his center to mass troops against Sherman. So without waiting longer for Hooker, he ordered an advance of the center held by Thomas. Under the immediate leadership of Generals Sheridan and Wood, Thomas' men crossed the valley, ran right into the line of Confederate works at the base of Mission Ridge, followed the retreating enemy to a second line half-way up the slope, took this, and still keeping at the very heels of the Confederates, who thus shielded them from the batteries at the top, reached the summit and swept everything before them. Bragg's army was completely defeated, and its captured guns were turned upon it as it fled. He himself, after vainly trying to rally the fugitives by riding among them and shouting, "Here's your commander!" being answered derisively, "Here's your mule!" was obliged to join in the flight.

In these battles the National loss was nearly 6,000 men. The Confederate loss was about 10,000, of whom 6,000 were prisoners, and forty-two guns. Bragg established the remainder of his army in a fortified camp at Dalton, Ga., and was soon superseded in command by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Granger and Sherman were sent to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville, and Longstreet withdrew to Virginia.

The Chattanooga campaign was perhaps the most picturesque of any in the war, and was full of romantic incidents.

Minor Features of Lookout Mountain.— Good roads lead along the crest and slopes of the mountain to certain curious and interesting places, of which the most interesting are along the eastern brow, from three to five miles south of Lookout Inn. Good carriages can be hired at the inn stable, and the roads are fair. Three miles brings you to the head of Cascade Glen, above St. Elmo, and a fine prospect eastward. Here are the few remains of the immense wooden buildings erected by Thomas for a hospital and soldiers' sanitarium, in 1864-5, at a cost of \$285,000. After the war these buildings were purchased by Mr. Charles F. Roberts of New York, who attempted to found a school there, but, legal difficulties arising, the project was abandoned and the Roberts American College in Constantinople was endowed instead. Ascending the ridge and passing "the chapel," you reach a collection of strangely water-worn rocks called Rock Village. Here is Payne's Spring (excellent water), and a wide outlook may be obtained by a little climbing. A few rods farther brings you to a second collection of quaintly worn and broken rocks, with arches, narrow passages, and other semblances to a ruined town — a favorite resort for picnic parties. Here were the first camps of the Confederates, and later of Federal soldiers, four regiments of regulars holding this position until the end of the war. A mile beyond Rock City is Chickamauga Bluff, which gives a full view of the Chickamauga battlefield and park, and much more that is beautiful besides. Farther in this direction, but reached by different roads, are Eagle Cliff, High Point, Georgia Springs, Lulah Lake and Falls, etc. The interesting region about Sunset Rock and Natural Bridge, reached by the Narrow-gauge Railroad, has already been spoken of.

Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga Park.

The visit to Missionary Ridge is of great historical interest. The National Park Commission has bought Sherman's battlefield (page 109), at the north end of the ridge, beyond the suburb Sherman Heights and the Southern Railway tunnel. His earthworks have been preserved. It has also bought and erected an observation tower upon De Long's Point, and built another tower on the crest of the ridge at the end of Montgomery Avenue, where Bragg's headquarters were on the days of the assault. Electric cars run to this crest of the ridge, where the heaviest Confederate entrenchments are shown, and where Sheridan's famous charge took place. Along the top of the whole length of the ridge runs a perfectly constructed road, the

Government Boulevard, leading, at its southern end, into the road to Chickamauga Park.

The electric cars pass several places of interest on the way to or from Missionary Ridge, including the *National Soldiers' Cemetery* (13,000 burials, 4,963 unknown) and *Orchard Knob*, a wooded knoll, now reserved as a Federal park — where Grant, Thomas, and their staffs stood and watched the battle on the afternoon of November 23d.

The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park, dedicated with impressive ceremonies on September 18 to 20, 1895, originated in a suggestion at the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Chattanooga, in 1889, when the Chickamauga Memorial Association was formed, with a board of directors composed of both Federal and Confederate officers. The proposal was to purchase the field of Chickamauga, make it a national park, mark the positions of all the troops on both sides, and place suitable marks and monuments all over the Chattanooga battlefields. Congress made liberal appropriations, and all the States promised to cooperate. A commission was appointed, and the result is an admirable and enduring monument to the men who fought in these valleys. The first step was the purchase of the battlefield, an area of about ten square miles. The battlefields of Lookout Mountain and Orchard Knob have been added since.

“In this tract, which covers the ground over which the principal movements of both armies were made on September 19 and 20, 1863, the Park Commission has accomplished much in the way of restoration. Aside from transforming the rough country roads into smooth boulevards, no modern park improvements have been permitted, the aim of the commission being to restore, as nearly as possible, the natural face of the tract, so that it shall preserve the appearance of the actual battlefield. To this end the disused roads of 1863 have been reopened, the lines of breastworks have been replaced, and the movements of the troops by brigades have been indicated by large iron tablets, giving the organization of brigades and divisions, and a brief history of their evolutions on the field. In addition to the tablets, the commission has erected eight monuments to the general officers—four on each side—who fell in the engagement. These monuments are triangular pyramids of eight-inch shells, and they stand each on the spot where the officer in question fell.

“On Snodgrass Hill, at a point near Hall's Ford, and on the hill west of Jay's Mill, iron observation towers have been built, from which a comprehensive view of the entire field may be had. These are especially helpful in the study of a field which, like that of Chickamauga, is comparatively level, and so thickly wooded that no general idea of its configuration may be obtained from any point of view on its surface.” Wilder's brigade has built a stone tower, eighty feet high.

Besides the historical tablets, 600 guideposts have been erected along the park roads, pointing out the exact localities of the famous houses in the field—Brotherton's, the Widow Glenn's, the Kelly house and field, Viniard's, McDonald's, the Dyer house and field, and others. At the points occupied by the various batteries an equal number of guns of like caliber and construction have been placed, and these, in themselves, are monuments of no mean rank. In Chickamauga Park, thirty-two Union batteries mounting 105, and thirty Confederate batteries mounting ninety guns, are erected. In the field of Chattanooga and vicinity, four Union batteries mounting thirteen guns, and six Confederate batteries mounting seventeen guns, are erected. The commission has also commemorated the part borne in the battle by the regular troops, infantry, and artillery, by erecting nine suitable monuments at the various points where these organizations fought, and this extends to marking houses in Chattanooga with bronze tablets, wherever worthy of a historical note.

Here the work of the commission on the field of Chickamauga pauses, and that of the States begins. Costly monuments, many of them works of art, mark the positions of the various organizations, and no expense has been spared by the committees on location in the effort to define the original lines of battle and the positions occupied by the troops. So far as one may see, this work has been very successful. Not only have the committees been able to locate the principal positions occupied during the two-days' battle by a given brigade or regiment, but they have, in many instances, traced the movements of the organization from point to point on the field, and by the use of small monuments, or 'markers,' they have given a complete history of such movements, showing the time in hours.

Missouri has three monuments and eighteen markers (she had troops on both sides). Michigan has twelve monuments and twelve markers. Wisconsin has nine monuments and five markers, and one \$8,000 monument for Orchard Knob. Kansas has three monuments and two markers; Massachusetts one monument, and Minnesota five monuments. Illinois has thirty-seven monuments at Chickamauga; eleven on Missionary Ridge (one costing \$20,000), and six at Lookout Mountain, with one that cost \$10,000 on Orchard Knob; also nineteen markers along the Missionary Ridge line of assault, and thirty-one marking positions of troops in the Chickamauga battle. Ohio has fifty-five monuments and fifty-three markers on Chickamauga field alone, and is treating the Chattanooga field with equal detail. Indiana has thirty-nine monuments and seventy-eight markers for Chickamauga battlefield, one \$20,000 monument at Bragg Hill, and one \$10,000 monument at Orchard Knob. Pennsylvania has seven monuments at Chickamauga, and eight monuments at Chattanooga; Tennessee, four monuments (three Confederate and one Union), and forty markers; Georgia, one \$20,000 monument and sixty markers; Connecticut, a \$4,000 monument at Orchard Knob; and New York, one \$12,000 monument at Orchard Knob.

IV.

RAILROADS SOUTHWARD FROM CHATTANOOGA.

(1) *Alabama Great Southern Rd.* Continuation of Queen & Crescent Line (Route 18) to Birmingham and New Orleans. (Route 27.)

(2) *Chattanooga Southern Rd.* This line runs along the eastern base of Lookout Mountain to Gadsden, Ala., where it connects with lines to Anniston, Calera, and southward.

(3) *Chattanooga, Rome & Southern Rd.* South through Ross-ville and McFarlane's Gap to Chickamauga Valley, across the battle-field (Lytle Station), and south through La Fayette and Summerville to Rome, Ga. (p. 126), after which it is of local importance only.

(4) *Southern Railway.* (Route 22, p. 125.)

(5) *Western & Atlantic Rd.* This is the old war-time railroad to Atlanta, more recently known as "the Battlefields Line," and next to be described.

Route 21. Chattanooga to Atlanta and Savannah.

This is the through route over the Western & Atlantic Railroad to Atlanta, and the Central Rd. of Georgia, Atlanta to Savannah; it is, therefore, a continuation of the through sleeping-car Route 19.

The trains of this road leave Chattanooga from the old W. & A., or "Union," station on 9th Street, move east to the *National Cemetery*, and then turn north through *Sherman Heights* and around the northern end of Missionary Ridge (p. 109). It then ascends the valley of the East Chickamauga to *Ringgold*, in the gap of Taylor's Ridge. Here Hooker's troops were roughly handled and turned back in an attack on Bragg's flank, in November, 1863.

A short distance east are *Catoosa Springs*, a well-known watering place, and Cherokee Springs are near by. Through the tunnel, under Tunnel Hill, the road enters the gorge of Mill Creek, called Buzzard's Roost, with the Rocky Face cliffs on the right, and reaches *Dalton* (pop., 3,000; Dalton, \$2), a mountain town (alt., 775 ft.), the stronghold of Johnston (Confederate) at the opening of the Atlanta campaign (see below). Dalton is also reached by the Southern Ry. (Route 15b) from Cleveland, Tenn. The line continues south, with Rocky Face at the right, for some miles, when these palisades are broken by a gap and succeeded by a new line of heights named Chattoogata Mountains. Here, at Tilton, the Connesauga River is reached and followed to *Resaca*, where Oostanaula River is crossed. Here the scenery is of a peculiarly romantic and beautiful character; backward on the right (northwest) is seen the lower end of the Chattoogata range, and the Horn Mountains are directly west; between these two ranges lies Snake Creek Gap, by which the Union army approached and compelled Johnston to evacuate Dalton and Resaca. Calhoun and Adairsville are passed, and Kingston, where a road comes in from Rome (p. 126), is quickly reached. Over this part Sherman's advance met with only weak opposition; but a great battle was prepared for them near Cass Station, just below Kingston, which the Confederates did not deliver for strategic reasons. *Cartersville* (pop., 3,200; Hotel Shelman, \$2) is a pretty market town, with a branch railroad to the southwest, and overlooked by Pine and other mountains (the southern extremity of the Smoky Mountains). The Etowah River is crossed just beyond, and the road enters the gorge of Allatoona Creek, where Corse's famous defense of a position occurred on October 5, 1864, whence originated the world-wide song, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," suggested by a signal message sent to the beleaguered garrison. Severe and constant fighting culminating at *Kennesaw Mountain* (alt., 1,809 ft.), around the northern base of which the train winds its way just before reaching Marietta.

Marietta (pop., 3,500; Kennesaw, \$2.50; Elmwood, \$2) is an interesting old town of rising importance, and a favorite place of summer residence. It is the seat of the Georgia Military Institute, and terminus of the Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Rd. The next station is Smyrna, beyond which the road sweeps around the northern base of MacRae's Hill and crosses the Chattahoochee River

at Bolton. The country is now more open, is thickly planted with cotton fields, and several small stations are passed before the train reaches Atlanta, 138 miles from Chattanooga.

Sherman's Atlanta Campaign.

Within a day's march from almost any point along the line of this Western & Atlantic Railroad one may view a battlefield — the scene of at least one desperate conflict between Union and Confederate forces during the last eighteen months of the Civil War. Ofttimes a series of engagements, in which every foot of ground was hotly contested, occurred simultaneously, or nearly so, within gunshot of each other. Not less than thirty-three of these now historic places can be found, representing more than fifty days' hard fighting, carried on sometimes at such short range that swords, bayonets, and revolvers were freely used. Two-thirds of these battlefields are in close proximity to the railroad tracks, either on the right or left, or on both.

Traveling from north to south, it may be noted that about halfway between the stations at Chattanooga and Boyce, to the right, was fought the battle of Missionary Ridge (p. 109) on November 25, 1863. This was followed, next day, by severe encounters at *Chickamauga* station and *Graysville*, and on the 27th at *Ringgold*. These sharp conflicts, on the left of the tracks, were between pursuing and retreating troops. The Union soldiers, under Sherman's orders, were closely following the army of Bragg, moving south after his disastrous defeat at Chattanooga. Part of the Confederate force, during the retreat from Chattanooga, fought bravely at *Tunnel Hill*, about midway on the railroad between Ringgold and *Dalton*, at which latter place Bragg's army rested and was allowed the winter for recruiting and fortification, while the Union forces in their fortress at Chattanooga spent the time in preparation for that movement southward, which constituted the campaign of Atlanta (April to July, 1864) and the first stage of Sherman's "March to the Sea." It will be better to give a connected description of this; and readers will be greatly aided in understanding it, and the relation of each incident to the country through which they are traveling upon the cars, if they will consult a map, so as to fix in their minds the relative positions of the railway stations and towns mentioned; the geographical course of the Oostanaula, Etowah, and Chattahoochee rivers; and examine the situation of the famous Rocky Face Ridge, Snake Creek

Gap, and the gap at Buzzard's Roost, also Pine, Kennesaw, Lost, and Brush mountains.

On May 6, 1864, when General Sherman, under the approval of General Grant, set out from Chattanooga with a force of 98,797 men and 254 guns—consisting of the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas, the Army of the Tennessee under McPherson, and the Army of the Ohio under Schofield—to operate against Atlanta, Thomas' forces were at Ringgold, McPherson's army occupied ground at Gordon's Mill, about eight miles to the southwest, and Schofield's command held possession of the locality near Red Clay, ten miles northeast. By drawing a straight line between Gordon's Mill and Red Clay it will be seen that the Union army faced *Dalton*, the headquarters of the Confederates, at a distance of about fifteen miles. This latter force, consisting of about 50,000 men, including 10,000 cavalry and 120 guns, was in three corps; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston held the chief command, Generals Hardee, Hood, and Polk being his corps commanders. The Confederate position was well selected, Rocky Face Ridge standing as an almost impregnable barrier between the two opposing bodies.

General Sherman, finding a front attack inadvisable, determined, if possible, to reach *Resaca* by a flank movement and occupy it, thus forcing Johnston to leave Dalton and protect his interests to the southward. To accomplish this without suspicion, a feint was ordered on the enemy's front by way of a gap at Buzzard's Roost. Thomas, detailed for this duty, met with determined resistance from cavalry on reaching the gap. These mounted men were driven back, and the Fourth and Twentieth corps of Thomas' army occupied parts of the ridge, but encountered such determined opposition that they could not hold them. While this maneuver was in progress Schofield attacked the enemy's right flank. Thus their attention was for the time diverted from McPherson's army, which was marching rapidly west of the railroad toward Resaca. Snake Creek Gap was gained and held, but the Confederates offered so vigorous a resistance that McPherson forebore to advance until Sherman's arrival.

On May 11th, Sherman had practically his whole force in motion toward Resaca. Johnston, however, ascertained the true state of affairs early enough to prevent its occupation at that time by Union troops. He ordered the evacuation of Dalton, and reached Resaca by good roads before Sherman's men were well clear of Snake Creek Gap.

On May 15th, there was a general engagement before Resaca. All except two divisions of the Union command participated. Orders were issued for the bridging of the Oostanaula with pontoons at Lay's Ferry, five miles southwest of Resaca. A division of the Sixteenth corps was sent to threaten *Calhoun*; and Garrard's cavalry was dispatched toward Rome, with orders to destroy the railroad between Calhoun and *Kingston*.

After two days of fighting, Johnston, on the night of the 15th, was forced from Resaca and across the river, losing a battery, which Hood had advanced beyond its supports. Union troops followed closely in pursuit. One of Thomas' divisions was sent to Rome, where several guns were captured, and mills and foundries destroyed. During the pursuit of the Confederate main body, a sharp engagement took place at *Adairsville*. The pursuers destroyed the State Arsenal at that place, drove the enemy steadily before them, and, on reaching Cassville, about five miles east of Kingston, found Johnston and his men apparently ready and willing to make a stand. But the next morning it was learned that the retreating army had determined to occupy a safer and stronger position. The Etowah River had been crossed during the night, the bridges burned, and a formidable position taken up near the Allatoona Pass.

General Sherman allowed his men to rest a few days, then, by moving to Dallas, by the right, he again endeavored to outflank his opponents. Dallas is about eighteen miles nearly due west of Marietta. This move was discovered by the enemy, and led to battles at *New Hope Church*, about three miles northeast of Dallas, on May 25th, 27th, and 28th. On the latter date, Allatoona Pass was enveloped and Johnston forced to retire.

On June 9th, the Union army moved toward *Big Shanty*. On reaching that point, it was found that the enemy had established batteries and signal stations on the summits of Kennesaw, Lost, and Pine mountains. Marietta was covered by batteries on Great Kennesaw Mountain. The right of Johnston's line, ten miles in extent, was at Brush Mountain, his left at Lost Mountain. The Chattahoochee River lay some fifteen miles to the south of the Confederate position on Kennesaw. From June 14th to 17th heavy fighting occurred. Johnston was forced to relinquish his positions on Pine and Lost mountains, and the whole Confederate force was gradually concentrated on and about *Kennesaw*. Operations in this vicin-

ity were much hindered by a nearly continuous, heavy downfall of rain, which lasted for three weeks.

On June 27th, Sherman ordered a general assault on Kennesaw. After a terrific conflict, the Union troops were repulsed, losing 3,000 men, the Confederate loss being about one-fifth of that number. Sherman then resolved to execute another effective turning movement. On July 2d, McPherson's army, aided by Stoneman's cavalry, moved to the right toward Nickajack Creek and Turner's Ferry, southwest of *Gilmore* station. To save his army, Johnston was compelled to abandon Kennesaw, and, at dawn on July 3d, the summit of that mountain was occupied by Union troops, who could distinctly see the enemy moving swiftly through and beyond Marietta to the Chattahoochee.

During the pursuit which followed, engagements took place at *Ruff's* and *Smyrna*, this last occurring on July 4th. Within six days Johnston was pushed beyond the Chattahoochee, where he took up a position of great strength behind a line of previously prepared entrenchments covering the city of *Atlanta*. Sherman, feigning to cross the river by the right, actually did so by the left, completing the move July 7th. He then faced the enemy at Peachtree Creek.

At this time an important change occurred in the Confederate camp. Johnston's generalship, in preferring to fight behind parapets so that his inferior force might be protected as long as possible for a final effort within the trenches at Atlanta, did not please the Confederate civil authorities at Richmond. He was superseded by Hood, who preferred to take positions, when he could, for fighting in the open, even against such odds as demanded an almost reckless sacrifice of human fighting material.

Sherman knew this personal characteristic, expected the new general to prove restless within an entrenched position, and was not surprised when, on July 20th, Hood made a sally on Hooker's corps, which had just crossed *Peachtree Creek*. For four hours a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Then the assaulting force was driven back, losing 4,796 men, the Union loss being 1,710. The Union commander was not loath to follow up the victory. He pushed the foe so hard that Hood soon fell back to the main lines of Atlanta.

Two days later, Hood sallied forth and attacked the Army of the Tennessee, on the left of the Union line, about two miles southeast of Atlanta. He was repulsed, with a loss of 8,499, the Union loss

being 3,641. This was the first battle of Atlanta, during which McPherson fell. On the 28th, Hood, on discovering a flanking move in the right of Sherman's line, made another sally against Logan's corps. This battle-ground, at *Ezra Church*, is about the same distance southwest of Atlanta as the scene of the first battle of Atlanta is in the opposite direction. Again Hood's troops were driven back, losing 4,632 men, their antagonists' loss being 700. During August there were many engagements in the vicinity. By August 28th, Sherman's forces, except the Twentieth corps, had taken up positions around Atlanta. On September 1st, Hood evacuated the city and next morning Slocum took possession. Efforts were made to entice Sherman out of Georgia by breaking communications, but they failed. On November 15, 1864, Atlanta was in flames, its citizens were scattered, and the great commander had started on his March to the Sea, described on page 124.

The City of Atlanta.

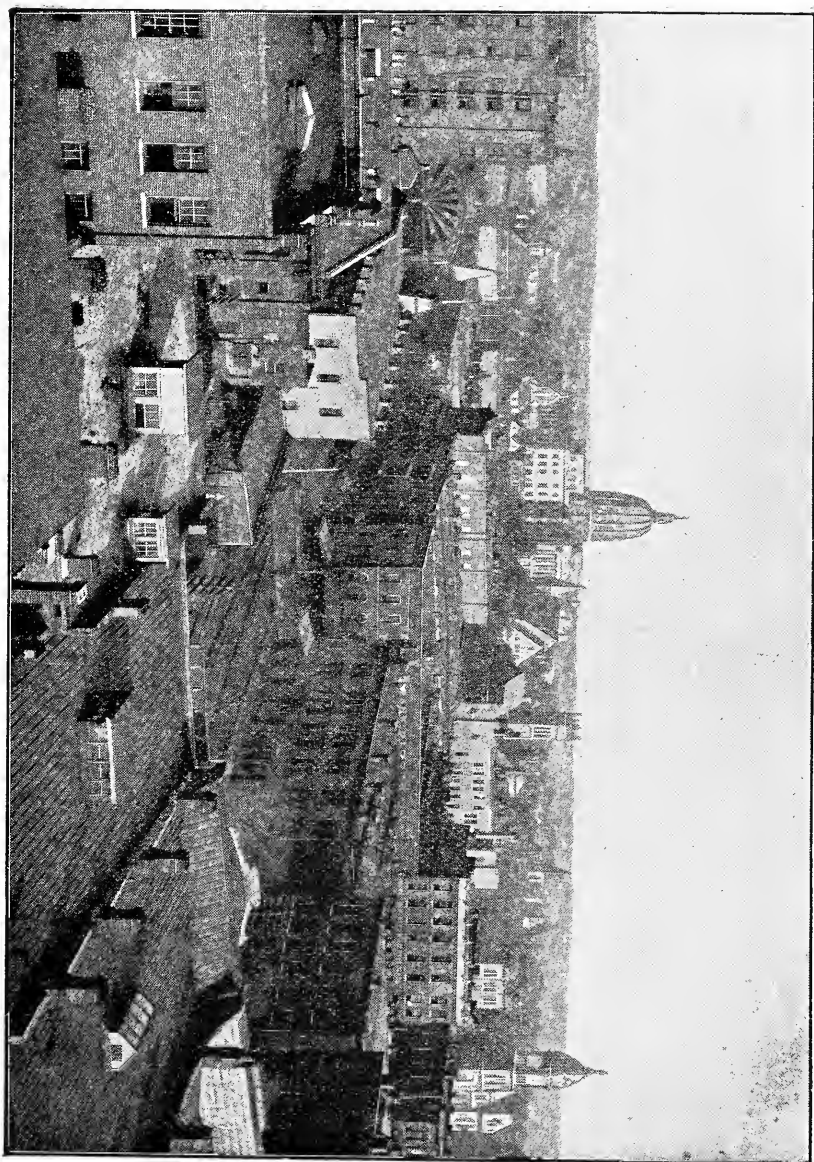
Atlanta (pop., with suburbs, about 100,000). Hotels: **Aragon**, \$3 to \$5, (Am. and Eur.), restaurant and summer roof-garden attached; **Kimball**, \$2.50 upward; **Jackson**, \$2 to \$3; Weinmeister's (Eur.), \$1; Arlington, Ballard, Belmont, Grant, Marion, Talmadge, \$2 to \$2.50. Restaurants: *Aragon*, Vignaux, Union Depot, Imperial. Legal hack-fare, one-horse cabs, 25 cents each person; two-horse, 50 cents.

Atlanta, the "Gate City," has been the capital of Georgia since 1868, and is the largest city and most important railway center of the State. It is the highest populous town (1,100 feet) between the Atlantic and the Great Plains, and has an excellent climate.

The plotting of the city is confusing, from the fact that independently arranged additions have been made, and that country roads originally converging here have been kept as streets, and have become the main thoroughfares, radiating irregularly from the center of the city at *The Five Corners* (one block north of the Union Railway Station), where all the electric street-car lines intersect, and the cars start in every direction. The broad, depressed avenue devoted to the railways and Union station divides the city into "north" and "south" sides, connected, at the principal streets, by viaducts over the railway tracks. The business center is, therefore, close about the railway station, the best stores being at The Five Corners and on Whitehall Street. An old and pleasant residence district will be found on the south side, in the vicinity and south of the capitol; but

the finest residences and most modern growth are northward and westward. The *State Capitol* occupies an elevated site two blocks south of the Union station, and is a handsome new structure surmounted by a dome. It contains a statue of U. S. Senator Benjamin H. Hill, many portraits of Southern leaders in war and politics, and a valuable library (50,000 vols.), where are stored historical archives reaching back to Colonial times. The *view* from its dome (11.00 a. m. to 2.00 p. m.) is very extensive and interesting. The Governor's "mansion" is on Peachtree Street, at the northeast corner of Cain; opposite it, in the midst of large ornamental grounds, is the Capital City Club. The United States custom house and post office are at Marietta and Broad streets, in front of which is an impressive statue of Henry W. Grady, formerly an editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and famous as an orator and publicist. At the corner of Hunter and South Pryor streets, near by, are the City Hall, County Court House, and Chamber of Commerce. The city gets water from the Chattahoochee River, and the works may be visited. Among several admirable office buildings that of the Equitable Insurance Company is most lofty and costly (\$1,000,000). The Grand Opera House and Hotel Aragon would be notable in any city, and the hotel is deserving of general praise. The Young Men's Christian Association has a fine building, on the corner of Auburn Avenue and North Pryor Street, and a branch opposite the railway station. A similar organization, the Young Men's Library Association, has a library of 20,000 volumes on Marietta Street. The city is well supplied with churches (98) and public schools, and has the large Clark University, the important Technological Institute, Atlanta University, and several theological and other professional schools. The mercantile business of the city is carried on by some 225 mercantile houses, whose transactions are placed at \$150,000,000 annually, while \$35,000,000 worth of manufactures are produced in the six or seven hundred factories — largely cotton goods, iron products, railway cars, machinery, and furniture. A single firm here is said to have dealt in cotton to the extent of 5,000,000 bales in 1894.

Atlanta is paved with granite blocks to the very limits in many directions, making the driving about it a rough experience. An exception exists in *Peachtree* Street, which leads northward, and has the finest houses; here the pavement is asphalt, but it is spoiled for pleasure-driving by the electric cars and a constant traffic of carts, delivery wagons, and country vehicles. Suburban drives are pleas-



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ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



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Service and Cuisine in both the Dining Room
and Restaurant of the Highest Order.

One Hundred Rooms with Private Bath.

Two Passenger Elevators.

All Railroads entering Atlanta
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European Plan, . . .	1.00 to 3.50 "
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ant in several directions, and the roads fair in dry weather. The stranger can do all his sight-seeing very comfortably, however, by means of the electric cars, which run to great distances and connect by transfers into long round trips. One such, in particular, labeled *nine-mile circuit*, gives a comprehensive view of the North Side. The Capitol Avenue and W. Peachtree line, and the line to McPherson Barracks give a good idea of the South Side. Another line runs east, six miles, to Decatur, Ga., and the Soldiers' Home. In the northern suburbs, the most interesting things are the grounds and remaining permanent exhibit of the Exposition of 1895; the Gentlemen's Driving Park; Ponce de Leon Avenue and Springs, the latter an amusement park. Lakewood is a similar resort at the old water works, four miles west. Easterly lie several interesting suburban residence "parks," including *Grant Park*, the most popular pleasure ground, containing gravel drives, shaded walks, lakes, and the Gress Zoölogical Gardens. It stands on the ground occupied by Sherman's camp, and includes *Fort Walker*, which is preserved in its original form, with guns mounted, etc. Not far distant is *McPherson Park*, with a monument to McPherson. This is the field of the battle of Atlanta (July 22, 1864). The field of the battle of Peachtree Creek (July 19th) may be reached by train on the Seaboard Air-Line.

McPherson Barracks, four miles outside the city southward, reached by electric cars and the Central Rd. of Georgia's trains, is the second largest United States Army post in the country, and very interesting. It became a prominent rendezvous for troops in the late war, and a depot of Spanish prisoners-of-war captured in Cuba.

Railroads at Atlanta.

(1) From *Chattanooga*: (a) Western & Atlantic Railroad (Route 21); (b) Southern Railway (Route 22).

(2) From *Knoxville*: Atlanta, Knoxville & Northern Rd. (p. 84).

(3) From *Charlotte and Eastward*: Piedmont Air-Line, Southern Railway (Route 15).

(4) From *Athens and Raleigh*: Seaboard Air-Line (Route 12).

(5) From *Augusta*: Georgia Railroad (p. 49).

(6) To *Macon* and the South: (a) Central Railroad of Georgia (see below); (b) Southern Railway (Route 22. See also page 125).

(7) To *Columbus* and the South: Central Railroad of Georgia (below).

(8) To *Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans*: Atlanta & West Point Railroad (Route 25).

(9) To *Birmingham* and west: Southern Railway (Route 24).

Route 21 (continued)—Atlanta to Savannah.

The Central of Georgia's train turns southward from the Union station. At McPherson Barracks the hilly country around Atlanta is

left behind and the flatter region of Middle Georgia entered. The population is numerous, and cotton everywhere seen. The first important station is *Jonesboro* (pop., 800).

Here one of the hardest battles of the Atlanta campaign was fought. After the destruction of the West Point Rd., on August 28th, the Union army moved to this line of railroad to effect its destruction. Howard's corps reached the Flint River, half a mile west of Jonesboro, where he was met by half of Hood's army under Hardee. A severe fight followed on the 31st, when Hardee's effort to capture Howard's rude breastworks failed, and he hastily retreated to his works. These were attacked in the afternoon by the Union forces and taken, including a whole brigade of Confederates, the remainder of the defeated army fleeing to Atlanta. Howard's cavalry then raided southward, destroying the railroad in places, almost as far as Macon.

Griffin, the next station, is a junction of lines south to Columbus and west to Newman and Rome. At Barnesville a line leads southwest to Thomaston. Here the road turns more to the east and, after passing through Forsyth and Summerfield, reaches Macon, 103 miles from Atlanta. The whole of this railroad was destroyed in 1864 by the Union forces under Sherman, the story of whose "march to the sea" along this route is told below.

Macon (pop., 25,000; *New Lanier*, \$3; Brown, \$2.50; Park, special rates) is the most important town of Middle Georgia, and a railway and business center of considerable importance. It occupies a central position in the most fertile and densely populated part of the State, and has no competitor within 100 miles, while numerous railroads and a somewhat navigable river fetch and carry its trade. It has more than doubled in population since 1880, and prosperity has kept pace.

This is mainly due to mercantile advancement. Macon has nearly 100 wholesale houses, whose trade amounts to nearly \$50,000,000 annually. Cotton is extensively dealt in, the annual receipts being about 250,000 bales, local crop, a third of which is retained in the warehouses. There are three cotton compresses, nine dealers in cotton, and three cotton-cloth factories. Bibb County (of which this is the capital) and its neighbor, Houston, are the leading cotton-producing counties of the State. This region also produces a great quantity of fruit, which is becoming an important item in Macon's trade. A circle with a radius of fifty miles comprises a remarkable area of productiveness in this respect, especially of peaches, and includes some immense orchards upon the ridgeland at Griffin, Forsyth, Marshallville, Fort Valley, Barnesville, Danville (1,000 acres of peach trees in one lot), and elsewhere. The product is now worth \$1,000,000 annually, and is steadily growing, with a prospect

of direct exportation to Europe. The lumber interest is very important here. About 25,000,000 feet of sawed yellow pine is now handled at Macon annually, a large portion of which is consumed here in the planing mills, furniture factories, carriage works, and car shops. Good clay exists, and supports seven brick and tile works, while one of the most extensive breweries in the South, a candy factory shipping a large product, several foundries and machine shops, and many smaller concerns contribute to the city's wealth. There are seven banks. The tax valuation is \$15,000,000, and the bonded debt \$568,800. There is probably no more solid and wealthy city in the South.

Macon has not much to show the mere sightseer, though plenty to interest the deeper student. Its streets are broad and well shaded, and the city has good public buildings and several statues and monuments, including one to the founder of the Central Railroad of Georgia's system of railways, and the industrial development it promoted.

Here began the railways of the State, a charter having been received in 1833, under which was begun the construction of a road to Savannah in 1836. Great difficulties were encountered, but trains began running between Macon and Savannah in 1843, out of which has grown the speedily-developed system of the State, to which the city has contributed, besides lands and privileges, \$3,300,000 in cash.

The city early became the residence of many old families of social rank and wealth, who built beautiful homes along the Ocmulgee (on which formerly lines of fine steamers ran regularly to the sea); and the town early became a center of education and refinement. This character it keeps. Its public schools are among the best in the South, and it has several institutions for higher education. Here is the *Wesleyan Female College*, chartered in 1836, and "the first college in the world to confer academic degrees on women." Mercer University, for young men, is a more recent but flourishing institution. Still more recent are the Roman Catholic (Jesuit) St. Stanislaus College for boys, and the Mount de Sales Academy for girls. There is a Public Library, excellently conducted; two State Asylums for the Blind (white and colored), and several benevolent institutions and hospitals exist. Several pretty parks adorn the city and its delightful suburbs, the principal of which is *Central Park*, on the river bank, which contains the buildings for the annual fair, and a race course and racing stables of wide repute. The New Lanier House occupies a conveniently central position, has steam heat, an elevator, and various modern appointments and luxuries which recommend it to travelers.

Railroads diverge from Macon in every direction, connecting it with Augusta (p. 49), Savannah, Florida, and the west and north. These number eleven in all, and give the city an immense business advantage. All except the Southern Railway combine in a Union station on Fourth Street, near the hotels and street cars; the Southern station is a mile distant, but reached by electric cars.

Continuing the Central Railroad's route to Savannah, the train leaving Macon crosses the Ocmulgee River and then turns west to Gordon, where a branch leads north to Milledgeville and Augusta (Route 13b). Continuing across the swampy valley of the Oconee River, it reaches Tenille, at the intersection of a line from Augusta to Wrightsville, then passes to the headwaters of the Ogeechee River and descends that attractive stream through Millen, where the road from Savannah diverges to Waynesboro and Augusta. The remainder of the line is southwest down the eastern bank of the Ogeechee to Savannah, 432 miles from Chattanooga, 294 miles from Atlanta, and 191 miles from Macon by this route.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

After Gen. Wm. T. Sherman had returned from his chase of the Confederate forces under Hood, in the autumn of 1864, he caused every non-combatant in Atlanta to leave the city, sent Schofield's part of his army north to assist Thomas in Tennessee, and with them all—the sick and disabled and all useless equipage and baggage—withdrawed his garrisons from the Western & Atlantic Rd., etc. (p. 109), which was utterly destroyed, to the ruin, of course, of all his communications, and prepared to march through the heart of the Confederate States, subsisting on the country, and destroying the means of communication and source of supplies from the west to Lee's army in Virginia. His objective point was undecided, but apparently it was Augusta and a course directly east. His army numbered about 62,000 men all told, with sixty-five field guns, and Generals Howard and Slocum as wing commanders. The cavalry formed an independent active arm under Kilpatrick. The business part of Atlanta was burned to the ground and abandoned on November 16th. The general order of march was by four parallel roads, with foragers collecting food on both sides, and the cavalry protecting the flanks against Wheeler's Confederate cavalry (the only organized enemy then in Northern Georgia), and seizing upon strategic points, or destroying arsenals, foundries, etc. The general line of this (the Central) rail-

road was followed by the right wing, and the track, bridges, and stations were completely destroyed, while the left wing tore up a large part of the railroad to Augusta, and then, turning south, swept through Covington and Eatontown to Milledgeville, which was occupied, without serious opposition, in spite of the frantic efforts made by Confederate leaders to arouse the citizens and country people to a determined defense; the people knew that general devastation of private property would follow their probably ineffectual resistance and declined to risk it. The arsenal and a few public buildings were destroyed there, and the columns moved on (November 24th) southwestward.

Meanwhile Sherman's left wing had had a lively fight with the Confederate garrison of Macon, and beaten them back into their entrenchments; but there was nothing to be gained by taking that city, and, when its railway approaches had been thoroughly destroyed, it was left in the rear. During the same time the Union cavalry was pressing the Confederates back in the region of Millen and Waynesboro, keeping up the delusion that Augusta was the objective point. Then (November 3d) Millen was left behind, its deserted prison-pen and public buildings in ashes, and the whole army moved down the railway and Oconee Valley toward Savannah. Hardee and McLane had some Confederate troops in the way, but they were driven back without any battle or pause. The weather was fine, the roads good, the troops were abundantly fed, healthy, and merry, and every one reached the outskirts of Savannah, and camped in a great semicircle about the city on December 10th, in the highest confidence and spirits. The blockading squadron and the special ships sent to meet Sherman—who for two months had not been heard of at the North—were at once signaled to, the capture of Fort McAllister opened communication between the army and the fleet; and on December 20th the city was abandoned by the Confederates, who fled into South Carolina before the single road (Coast Line) open to them could be closed. Sherman's total loss by death on the whole march was only 108 men.

For **Savannah**, see p. 18

Route 22.—Southern Railway. Chattanooga to Brunswick, Ga.

This route is the continuation of Routes 15 and 16, and of the Queen & Crescent Sleeping Car Route 18. The road passes east

from the Central Station in Chattanooga, through Missionary Ridge by the tunnel under Sherman Heights, to Ooltewah Junction, on the main line to Knoxville; then turns south and descends the valley of the Connesauga through Cohutta (branch to Cleveland, Tenn., by which certain cars pass directly to and from Knoxville), the station for Cohutta Springs, ten miles east. At Dalton (p. 114) the Western & Atlantic Rd. is crossed, and the line then runs south through a hilly, sparsely-settled region, close along the base of Rocky Face and Chattooga mountains, and down the Oostanaula River to the confluence of the Oostanaula and Etowah rivers (forming the Coosa), where it comes to **Rome**, a flourishing city (pop. 7,000; Armstrong, \$3; Central, \$2; Rome, \$2) among the hills, and in the midst of the "cotton belt." It has important cotton mills and other factories, and was a military depot of importance to the Confederates, who had iron-works and factories for arms and ordnance there, the destruction of which was the ultimate object of Streight's Union cavalry expedition from West Tennessee in April, 1863; but his ammunition and horses gave out before reaching the place, and he was captured. After the capture of Atlanta it was occupied by Sherman, and all its public works destroyed during his pursuit of Hood, who passed that way on his projected invasion of West Tennessee. From Rome the line trends gradually eastward, crosses the low divide between the Coosa and Chattahoochee rivers, and descends to the valley of the Sweetwater River. Here, at *Austell*, it joins the line from Atlanta to Birmingham, Ala. (Route 24), and enters Atlanta from the northwest.

Near Austell Junction (1½ m. by branch line) are the old and widely-known *Bowden Lithia Springs*, where the Sweetwater Park hotel and baths can accommodate 500 guests, amid all the conveniences and appointments of a modern first-class watering place. The situation upon a pine-clad ridge (alt., 1,200 ft.) gives a climate resembling that of Aiken, S. C. (p. 47), and there is much in the surroundings to amuse and interest the visitor. The waters are highly efficient in the relief of dyspeptic and urinary diseases, and are not only utilized at the springs, but extensively exported. This was the site of the *Piedmont Chautauqua*, an educational institution, having large ornamental grounds, summer residences, and buildings for the summer school formerly held here annually; the amphitheater will hold 6,000 persons. It was the Georgian rival of the original "Chautauqua," in Western New York, but has been abandoned.

For **Atlanta**, see p. 119.

From Atlanta southward the Southern Railway pursues a route

eastward of Route 21. The first noteworthy station is McDonough, where the Georgia Midland & Gulf Railroad branches off to Columbus, ninety-eight miles.

Warm Springs on this line, eighty-five miles from Atlanta and forty-two miles from Columbus, is a noted resort among the Pine Mountains of Meriwether County. The springs are very copious, the water is used for both bathing and drinking, and is highly recommended for rheumatic and hepatic troubles. Various cold mineral springs are near by. The hotel (\$3) is large and well managed. The Chalybeate Springs, seven miles south, have a local reputation.

The next station of importance is Jackson (22 m.), beyond which is Flovilla, station for Indian Springs, three miles west by tramway.

Indian Springs is an old established health and pleasure resort in the pine uplands, having a variety of medicinal waters. The principal hotel is *The Wigwam* (\$3), a large, new house with all modern appliances. The Calumet and other smaller hotels and boarding-houses also exist. Quail-shooting is fine in this neighborhood during the winter, when many Northern invalids find a refuge here.

Beyond Flovilla the road approaches the Ocmulgee River, and follows its western bank through an agricultural and fruit-growing country to **Macon** (88 m., p. 122). From Macon southwest this route passes through the almost continuous cotton plantations and pine lands of Middle and Southern Georgia, where there is little to interest the eye. It produces great quantities of lumber and naval stores, will grow fruit well, and gives a rich yield of corn or cotton where properly cultivated. The Ocmulgee River is followed to West Lake, where the line trends eastward. At Empire the road from Dublin to Hawkinsville is crossed; the latter is something of a summer resort, on the river, fifteen miles west.

The Ocmulgee River, when clear of obstructions, is navigable for large steamboats from its mouth to some distance above Macon. Before the invention of railroads it was extensively so used, and has continued an important means of transportation in its lower portion. The railroads, however, killed commerce, and the river above Hawkinsville became encumbered with snags. Recently the channel has been cleared, \$500,000 have been spent upon it by the Federal Government; steamboats are now running to Macon, and the stream bids fair to develop into an important competitor with railway traffic for heavy freights and local custom. A trip upon it would be an interesting and novel experience for the leisurely tourist.

Eastman (pop., 1,100; Lanier, \$3.50; De Leitch, \$2) is the county seat of Dodge, fifty-eight miles south of Macon, on the rolling upland

(alt., 362 ft.) which cross the State from the region of Aiken to that of Thomasville, and has the same open pine woods and salubrious climate. The village is therefore a favorite place of residence and a summer resort for coast people. There are several hotels and boarding-houses. South of Eastman the road gradually descends to the swampy forests along the Little Ocmulgee River, and at Lumber City crosses the Great Ocmulgee, which, ten miles east, unites with the Oconee to form the Altamaha. Small stations follow to *Jessup*, at the intersection of the Plant System between Savannah and Waycross (p. 51), an hour's ride beyond which is *Everett*, where the Florida Short Line (p. 53) is intersected, and sleeping-cars for Jacksonville are switched off and sent south. Twenty miles more brings the traveler to **Brunswick**, 430 miles from Chattanooga. (For Brunswick and southern connections, see p. 23.) Distance from Washington to Jacksonville, via New Florida, Short Line and Everett, 986 miles; via Asheville, Chattanooga, and Everett, 1,131 miles.

Route 23.—Suwanee River or Tifton Route.

This is a through sleeping-car route between St. Louis, Nashville, and Jacksonville, and also from Atlanta over the Central Railroad of Georgia, Georgia Southern & Florida Rd., and Plant System.

From Nashville Route 19 is followed to Chattanooga, and Route 21 to Macon. From **Macon** the line strikes due south, west of the Ocmulgee, with a branch westward from Sofkee to Thomaston and Lagrange. The Echeconnee River is crossed near Wellston, and the high pine-clad ridge forming the watershed between the Ocmulgee and Flint rivers is followed for 100 miles.

At *Cordéle*, a new and bustling village, the Central Railroad of Georgia's line, from Savannah to Montgomery (p. 21), is crossed. Americus is now thirty-one miles west and Albany thirty-five miles southwest. *Fitzgerald* is a new winter resort, with a large new hotel to be opened in 1897; *Tifton*, 23 miles farther south, is at the crossing of the Brunswick & Western Rd. where the through cars diverge and proceed to Brunswick and Jacksonville, via Waycross.

The Georgia Southern & Florida Rd. continues south from Tifton to Valdosta, where it crosses the Savannah, Florida & Western Rd., then enters Florida, crosses the Allapaha River, and later the Suwanee River, and proceeds to Lake City (p. 214) and **Palatka** (p. 143), through the heart of Western Florida.

Route 24.—Atlanta to Birmingham, Memphis, and Greenville, Miss.

The Southern Railway continues its route fifteen miles west over its own line to Birmingham, Ala., and thence by the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham Rd. to Memphis with Pullman cars between Memphis and New York. Passing Lithia Springs (p. 126) the line proceeds west through the fine fruit-growing districts of Douglas and Haralson counties, where Hood retreated after the fall of Atlanta, and Sherman tried in vain to catch him. At the source of the Tallapoosa River, near the boundary of the State, is **Tallapoosa Springs** (Lithia Springs Hotel, \$3), one of the fashionable resorts of the South, having a thoroughly modern and fully furnished hotel ample for 250 guests. The road then enters Alabama near Edwardsville, and reaches **Anniston** (pop., 10,000; Calhoun, \$2; Wilmer, \$2), an important railway junction and iron-making town. This is one of the new manufacturing towns built up, largely by outside capital, since the war. It is beautifully situated among the last foothills of the Blue Ridge, at the healthful altitude of 690 feet above the sea, and is well built and sightly in every way. Near by are extensive deposits of brown iron ore, which are here smelted in two large furnaces, and a large part of the product is worked up on the spot, in foundries and iron factories. There are extensive flour mills and car-building shops. Besides this, Anniston has become a prominent cotton mart, and here is one of the largest of Southern cotton mills, which has been exporting its output to China for many years. The city contains fine streets and residences, and is especially proud of its church of St. Michael and All Angels, and of its Nobles Institute for boys and girls. A few miles west of Anniston the Cumberland Mountains are entered and the central part of the coal-producing and iron-making district of the State is traversed to **Birmingham**.

To Memphis the traveler proceeds over the line of the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham Rd., northwesterly through Alabama and Northern Mississippi. Its most interesting points will be found mentioned under Routes 29, 30, 31, and 32. This is a sleeping-car route between Kansas City and Jacksonville, via Atlanta, Everett (Route 22), and Florida Short Line (Route 14).

Westward of Birmingham the route of the Southern Railway is very direct through Western Alabama, via Fayette to Columbus,

Miss., (p. 223). That State is then crossed via West Point, Winona, Carrollton, Greenwood (on the Yazoo River), Indianola, and Richmond — a part of the State described under Routes 29, 30, and 31

Route 25.—Atlanta to New Orleans.

This is the continuation of the sleeping-car Route 15, over the Atlanta & West Point Rd., an old line running southwest through the best agricultural and fruit districts of Western Georgia and terminating on the Chattahoochee River at *West Point*. Here the route crosses into Alabama and soon reaches *Opelika* (partly destroyed by Union cavalry in 1864), at the intersection of the direct road between Birmingham, Ala., and Columbus, Ga. It then follows the Western Railway of Alabama to Montgomery (p. 229), whence it may be continued by Route 28 directly, or via Selma and Route 26, to Mobile and New Orleans, and also connects straight west, through Selma, Ala., and Meridian, Miss., to Jackson, Vicksburg, and Shreveport, La.

Route 26.—Chattanooga to Central Alabama.

Lines controlled by the Southern Railway give a picturesque route into Central Alabama, to which brief reference ought to be made, although no tourist resorts of much consequence are reached by it. This follows Route 22 to Rome, Ga. (p. 126), a short distance beyond which (at Atlanta Junction) it diverges to the left and enters Alabama at *Bluffton*, at the foot of Tecumseh or Signal Mountain, a new iron-smelting and manufacturing town having a neat little hotel (The Signal, \$2.50) and exceedingly pleasant surroundings. The American Arms Company and a car-wheel factory are the largest concerns outside of the mines at the "iron-bluffs," cliffs of brown ore near by, and the smelting furnaces they supply. A few miles farther is *Piedmont* (pop., 2,000; Hotel Piedmont, \$2), another new town, at the old "Cross Plains" where turnpikes intersected, surrounding furnaces and factories, and in the midst of lovely scenery, with Mount Weisner (alt., 1,928 ft.) in the background, northward, and Colvin's Mountains west.

This valley was overrun by the army of Hood and Sherman's scouts in the early autumn of 1864, but no battles were fought here. This end of the railroad was not then built, but the more southern part was in operation, with a northern terminus at Blue Mountain Station, where Hood could receive his supplies from Mobile, and which,

in fact, formed his base for that early part of his campaign. Early in October Hood passed northward out of this valley, crossed the Coosa near the State line, and after circling about in the corner of Georgia very skillfully, and much to Sherman's annoyance, moved back to Gadsden and then into Northern Alabama for his invasion of Tennessee. Mineral springs abound in all this part of the State, many with small local hotels, such as Walkers', near Piedmont, and Borden Springs, southward.

Turning southward through *Jacksonville* (pop., 1,500; Tradegar Inn, \$2), on the slope of Blue Mountain, the road soon reaches *Annis-ton* (p. 129).

This whole region is elevated, beautiful, and healthy; but the next county south (Talladega) has long been noted as a place for summer residents and health-seekers. *Talladega* (pop., 2,200), twenty-four miles south of Anniston, is a railway center and county seat, which has the State Institute for Deaf Mutes and a large college for girls. Near by are the Coosa (or Talladega) Springs, at the base of Hillsbee Mountain, the Shocco Springs, and the Chandler Springs, the latter in the mountains twelve miles southwest. All these are favorite resorts with families from the southern lowlands of the State. *Childersburg* (pop., 800; New South, \$2.50) is at the crossing of the Central Rd. of Georgia, between Birmingham and Columbus, Ga., and Columbiana is the county seat of Shelby, a few miles below which is *Shelby Springs*, in past days a fashionable and famous watering place; and then comes **Calera**, at the intersection of the Louisville & Nashville Rd.'s main line (Route 28) to Montgomery. This is on the borders of the great Alabama coal field and thirty-one miles directly south of Birmingham, with which this line is connected by a branch from Birmingham Junction, eight miles west of Calera, making an independent Southern Railway route from Birmingham to Selma (96 m.). Our route continues west a few miles, and then turns south and descends through a forested region to the terminus on the Alabama River at Selma.

Selma (pop., 8,000; Hotel Albert, \$2.50) is favorably situated. The Alabama is navigable to its mouth and for a long distance above the city. Westward stretch the low "black" cotton lands; eastward the higher pine region. It receives and ships, therefore, great quantities of cotton and lumber, and its radiating railroads give it commercial advantages, and, in antebellum days, made it the abode of wealthy men whose fine old homes remain to please the visitor by their strange picturesqueness.

The Civil War greatly stimulated Selma's cloth and clothing factories not only, but especially the foundries and machine shops, where cannon, ammunition, and arms were made in vast quantities for the Confederate service. The town, therefore, became an early object of interest to the Union commanders; but it was so far within the Confederacy and so well guarded that it could not quickly be approached, and was not captured until April 10, 1865, when Wilson defeated there the Confederate Forrest, dispersed the latter's army, and destroyed all the foundries and public property.

Selma is on the great east-and-west trunk line, between Montgomery and Meridian, Miss., and through trains may be obtained here for Mobile and New Orleans, over Route 27.

The Mobile & Birmingham Railroad also gives a direct route to Mobile, but runs only one train a day each way, without sleeping-cars. Its length is 163 miles, saving much over the routes from Selma via Montgomery or Meridian. Its course from Selma is west fourteen miles to *Marion Junction*, on the Southern Ry., where it connects with the Southern's line northward to Marion, Greensboro, and Akron (Route 27). The Mobile & Birmingham is thus connected with Southern Railway lines, giving a direct course between the two cities, likely to be utilized some future day for comfortable through traffic. Its course lies nearly parallel with the Alabama River, and a dozen miles or so west of it, along the watershed between it and the Tombigbee. The latter river is crossed at Jackson, 100 miles above Mobile, and thence to the seaport this road pursues an almost exact north and south course west of the Tombigbee and Mobile rivers, passing, twenty-nine miles north of Mobile, the lately abandoned army post, formerly known as Mt. Vernon Barracks. It enters the Union station in Mobile.

V.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville and the St. Johns River.

The City of Jacksonville.

Population, 35,000 (permanent). **Hotels** (lowest rates by the day are noted here as elsewhere; prices range upward according to accommodations): **St. James**, 500 guests, \$4; **Windsor**, 500, \$2.50; **Everett** (closed); **Carleton**, 200, \$2 (all the year); *Grand View*, 100, \$2; *Placide*, 150, \$2.50 (all the year); *New Duval* (closed); *Geneva*, 100, \$2.50; *Glenada*, 50, \$2; **St. John's**, 75, \$2 (all the year); **Roseland**, 60, \$2; **Elliott**, 100, \$2; *Richlieu*, 75, \$2. *Rooms only* are furnished by the **Oxford**, **Acme**, **Ruth**, **Bettelini's**, **Charleston**, **Traveler's**, and **Smith's** new apartment house, from 50 cents to \$1 a day. All these have restaurants in the same block. *Restaurants*, giving meals only, are *Pignoli's*, *Continental*, *City Dining Hall*, and **Acme**.

Jacksonville, not many years ago, was the central point of tourist resort in Florida—was “Florida,” substantially, to the Northern people who began, after the close of the war, to flock thither to spend the cold months of the year. This is now changed to a great degree, and for various reasons the city has become an entrepot rather than a residence—a business, instead of a pleasure city. This is the result of its situation as commanding the commerce and growth of the State, and a consequence of the extension of transportation lines to more southerly and pleasant winter residences. The streets of the city have, therefore, a more commonplace appearance, and the hotels are filled with more transient guests, than in almost any other town of the “Peninsular” State.

Jacksonville is situated on the northern bank of the St. Johns River, at the point, nearly twenty-five miles from the sea, where it makes a sharp bend from a northerly to an easterly course. The effect of the current, checked at this bend, has been to lay down a

line of shallows, or a kind of bar, which made the river fordable, and the Indians knew the place as the Cow's Ford — a name adopted by the earliest settlers. Having no special attractiveness, it seems not to have been inhabited until the English obtained possession of the country, and, with their usual colonizing enterprise, had begun to push roads in various directions from St. Augustine, and invite their neighbors to come and visit them, and to stay as long as possible — a habit the Floridans still have. One of these roads, called the King's Road, and extending to Georgia, came to this natural crossing place for the passage of the St. Johns; and an Irishman, named Lewis Z. Hogan, or Hogans, built a cabin on the south side of the river early in the century, and doubtless served as ferryman for chance travelers.

In 1816, he married a Spanish woman named Maria Suarez, who owned 200 acres of land on the opposite bank, the site of the present city. Hogan moved to the northern bank, built a home upon his wife's land, and soon others gathered about him. In 1819 Florida became a part of the United States, and received its share of the movement of migration westward, which followed the second war with Great Britain. By 1822, there was not only a regular ferry and a tavern, but a town had been laid out and organized; but it was not until 1833 that articles of incorporation were made, and the name *Jacksonville* legally applied in honor of Andrew Jackson, who had won victories at Pensacola and elsewhere in the South, and was the first governor of the newly purchased territory. As the best available seaport, quickly outgrowing both Fernandina and St. Augustine in that respect, because of the large river region tributary to it, it quickly became the business center of the State, and it at once began a trade in cutting and exporting lumber, which constantly increased in importance. The Seminole uprising in 1835 cut off, to a great extent, the farming and lumbering of the interior of the State, and the town became filled with frightened country people, who fortified it by means of stockades and blockhouses against attack by the Indians. But after this insurrection had been quelled trade was resumed, the lumber commerce grew, and the town had a population of 3,000 active people when the Civil War broke out in 1861. This was a ruinous experience for the little port. It was left to itself at first, but the river was blockaded, and from 1862 to 1864 the town was continually being visited and occupied for short periods by Federal troops, while between times the Confederates held possession. The mills, shipping, and other industries of the place were destroyed; many of the inhabitants, having declared their loyalty to the Union upon the arrival of the Northern troops, were carried away when these left the country, and by one side or another nearly the whole town was finally burned to the ground. These Northern warrior-visitors, however, did an unexpected service for the country. They were

principally New England troops, and among their officers were Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and other influential Bostonians. They made haste to report upon the beneficial character of the winter climate of Florida, the cheapness and easy accessibility of the land, and the opportunity the State offered to the fruit grower. These soldiers were the first advertisers of Florida, and thus returned, many fold, the damage they did.

Since the war, Jacksonville has prospered steadily. Its business began with the receipt and disposal of some cotton that had been concealed in the interior of the State, and was continued by a growing trade in lumber.

Little cotton is now handled here; the reports of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange do not mention Jacksonville at all, and include the crop of Florida in its Georgia statistics. Yet cotton is an important factor in the resources and business of the State. The total crop reported for 1894-5, was 60,000 bales. Most, if not all, of this is of the black-seeded, long-staple, "sea island" variety, and amounts to one-third of the whole world's production of this kind, Egypt being Florida's only competitor. It is nearly all handled at Gainesville. All the cotton used in the manufacture of spool thread by the great Scottish firm, Paisley & Co., which makes the celebrated Coats' thread, is grown in Florida, and mostly bought at Madison. Another Scotch house, the Clarks, who make the O. N. T. thread, also procures its supplies from this State; and the head of the firm has recently purchased a large shore property, south of Tallahassee, as a winter residence.

The rise of the orange industry, steadily developed into the growth and shipment of other fruits and more lately of early vegetables; ship-building; wholesale trading with country merchants; the construction and management of railways; and latest, and perhaps most important of all, the discovery, mining, and manufacture of phosphates, have all contributed to the town's revenue, and have caused a solid, enterprising, progressive city to rise upon the ruins of the little town knocked to pieces by the Civil War.

Few of its citizens, however, have any associations with Florida as far back as that. Jacksonville men are mainly immigrants from States north of the Carolinas. The city they have built, therefore, has not the appearance of the old Southern life, such as gives Tallahassee and Mobile a romantic interest in the eyes of the stranger, but looks like a northern or western town embowered in evergreen oaks, interspersed with palmettos. The gardens are a mass of shrubbery, among which the great pink-flowered crêpe-myrtle trees are conspicuous in summer; while numerous subtropical trees, shrubs, and

plants, with flowers and roses blooming almost the year round, delight the eye of the Northern stranger in winter. The pretty park overlooked by the St. James and Windsor hotels is a charming example of such a garden.

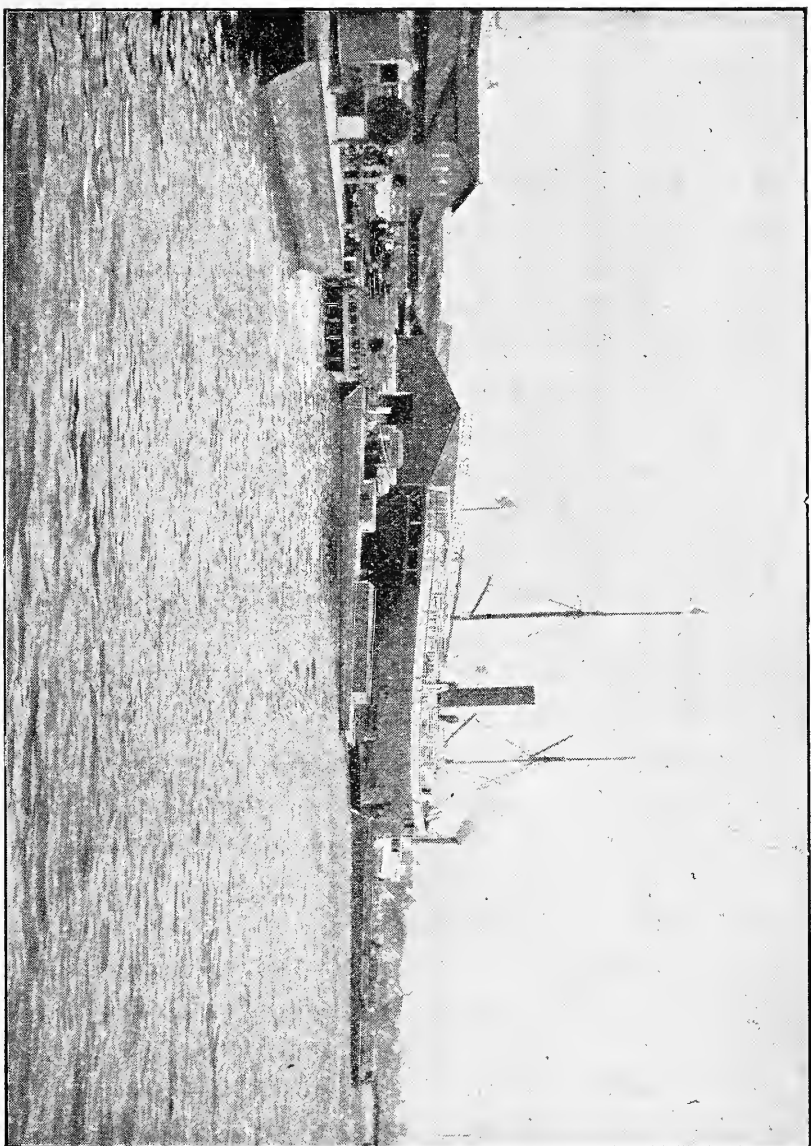
Jacksonville stretches along the river side, *Bay Street*, the principal thoroughfare, running parallel with the stream and next to it. It is paved with brick for a mile, and lined with shops in which all sorts of goods are sold at only a slight advance over Northern prices. There are few things a traveler needs which can not be bought in Jacksonville. The Union railway station is at the upper end of Bay Street, and electric cars connect it with the hotels and all principal streets. The foot of Hogan Street may be called the central point, and here are the railway offices, the wharves of the New York and up-river steamers, the banks, curio and photograph shops, and the largest retail stores. The beautiful new Federal building, a marble structure with every modern appliance, housing the post office, Federal courts, and custom house, is one block north, at the corner of Hogan and Forsyth streets, in the center of the hotel district.

Jacksonville's Hotels are numerous, modern, and in the main well kept. The two oldest and largest face the pretty St. James Park on Hogan Street, two blocks from Bay and one above the new post office. The **St. James** is the older and has been owned and managed for twenty-five years by the same person, Mr. J. R. Campbell, who has a genial habit of opening his house for each season by a reception to all his friends. It is four stories in height, fronts the whole length of the park, and provides for the comfort of the wealthiest and most exacting of winter tourists.

The same degree of preparation characterizes its neighbor, **The Windsor**, which occupies nearly the whole of a square, its piazzas fronting 210 feet on the west side of the park. It is now the property of Dodge & Cullens, of wide reputation as hotel managers, who intend to maintain its past excellence.

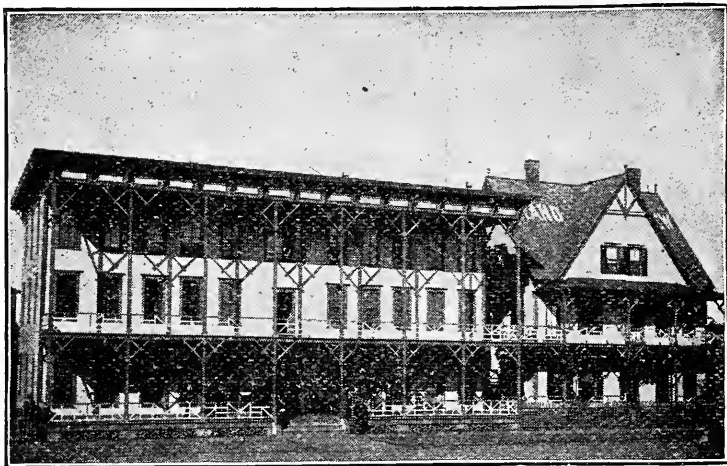
The Everett (proceeding in the order of importance) is the largest hotel in the city, is built of brick, is comparatively new, and has distinctly modern furniture and equipments throughout. It is near the business heart of the city, commands a view of the river, and gets the breeze from the salt water. (Closed since 1897.)

The Carleton is also of brick, and overlooks the river from the lower end of the paved portion of Bay Street, a quarter of a mile



THE ST. JOHNS RIVER AT JACKSONVILLE.

THE GRAND VIEW HOTEL



SIXTEENTH
SEASON

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Forsyth Street, between Bridge and Clay Streets,

Centrally located on high and spacious grounds, commanding a view of the St. Johns River. Nearest Hotel to Union Station and Steamboat Wharfs, three blocks from Post Office and U. S. Government Building. Large, pleasant rooms, single or en suite, well furnished. Hot and cold water baths.

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

To insure to our kind patrons the best accommodations for the money, I selected, while in New Hampshire this summer, **Skilled Cooks and Help** from the White Mountain Resorts. The only house having best of Northern Cooks.

RATES, \$2 AND UPWARDS,
WITH SPECIAL WEEKLY RATES...

FREE Billiard and Pool Parlor in separate building. Grand View bus meets all trains and steamers. Baggage Transfer connected with the Hotel. Horses and Carriages in readiness at all times. Make no mistake and try the **Grand View**. Address by letter or telegram.

Open November 15th to May 1st.

E. H. SANBORN, Proprietor.

OF THE STAG AND HOUNDS HOTEL,
WEST CAMPTON, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

TELEPHONE.

east of the others, and near the Yacht Club landing. It has sustained its reputation for many years. It is open in summer.

The Grand View, between Bridge and Clay streets, next to the Masonic Temple, is centrally located and enjoys a river view. This is a real New Englander's rendezvous, a cosy family hotel run by a New Hampshire hotel man, who brings his cooks, etc., to the South with him in winter.

The *Placide*, one block from Bay Street on Main, is very convenient to the best stores, and is open the year round. It has modern improvements, is kept by an experienced and highly successful landlord, Jno. S. Bowen, and is universally praised.

Good words may also be said of the *Hotel Elliott*, on Bay Street, within three minutes' walk of the steamship wharves, and remains open throughout the year.

The Geneva is another hotel of rising importance, one block from Bay Street, three blocks west of Main Street, and nearer than the others to the railway station. It offers not only the usual conveniences of a thoroughly modern hotel, but is in a quieter, more airy neighborhood than most of its competitors. The *Roseland*, in the extreme eastern part of town, on the bank of the river, is a home-like house, to which the same guests return year after year. The River View is beyond the Viaduct, in the suburb of Riverside, on the river bank. The *Glenada*, Ward House, Arlington, and several others are small hotels, not particularly noteworthy.

As to boarding houses, an earlier edition of this GUIDE attempted to give precise information, and furnished the names and addresses of a large number of families who were, at that time, accustomed to entertain Northern visitors, but it has been found impracticable to continue this practice, because of the constant and unforeseen changes which occur in the proprietorship and location of such boarding-house keepers and hospitable families. It remains true, however, that the majority of the private boarding houses in Jacksonville are well kept, most of them with much elegance, and by refined ladies, and they are in all respects preferable to a small hotel. They are kept, however, more specially for local patronage, although almost any of them will admit a few winter visitors. Almost any comfortably established family will accommodate an invalid or a tourist who prefers the quiet of a private house to a hotel. Their rates are reasonable, seldom more than \$7 per week, often but \$5. The strict sanitary laws of the city compel such close attention to drainage, sewerage, etc., that almost without exception all private houses have all modern improvements of bath rooms, pure water, etc.

Excursions and Amusements at Jacksonville, apart from the social pleasures, dancing, etc., around the hotels, are somewhat limited. A few walks about the town suffice to show its prettiest streets and houses. A visit to the Subtropical Exhibition (open every second winter); an inspection of the curio shops, where there are ten articles from elsewhere for one characteristic of Florida; and a half-hour at the water-works, which pump the city's supply from artesian wells, exhaust the "sights" of the city. Driving is indulged in to a considerable extent. Most of the streets have recently been paved with bricks, and several shell-roads radiate into the country. As the surroundings are only flat, sandy forests of sparse pines and palmetto scrub, capable of little cultivation, there is nothing to interest the eye after the first acquaintance. An electric loop-line (fare for the round trip 5 cents, if notice is given to the conductor) passes out Main Street into the northern suburbs, and gives an idea of these after they have been denuded of their biggest pines. The south side of the river (South Jacksonville) is reached, half-hourly, by a ferry from the foot of Newnan Street. There shell-roads may be followed in several directions, one leading to the highly-cultivated plantation, "Villa Alexandria," of Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, which can be visited by permission, and is an excellent example of what culture and wealth are able to produce in this favored climate. The house is not pretentious externally, but within is fitted up in an exceedingly beautiful and tasteful manner, making it notable among American homes. Horseback riding is looked upon with more favor than driving by many persons, since thus they can go upon the by-paths and wood-roads too sandy for wheeled vehicles.

Boating, however, can be indulged in at Jacksonville to the top of one's bent, and the river is greatly frequented by sailboats, rowboats, and canoes all winter.

Both sail and rowboats may be hired at the boat yard in the rear of the Yacht Club House, at the foot of Market Street; or from Gardner's, a few rods east at the same locality. Rowboats may be hired for 25 cents for the first hour, or, 50 cents for three hours. A skilled and careful oarsman may be procured for 25 cents per hour additional. A sailboat rents for 75 cents for the first hour and 50 cents for every additional hour. A man for sailing and one for steering may be hired for 25 cents an hour each. Steam and naphtha launches, fully manned, may be rented for \$1 an hour. The largest yacht is the "Ogeechee," suitable for parties.

Excursions out of town may be taken by both rail and river.

(1.) *To St. Augustine.* See p. 152.

(2.) *Up the River.* See p. 140.

(3.) *Down the River.* The Independent Line steamers go down the river to Mayport and Fort George Island and return, daily, calling at all landings. Mayport, near the mouth of the St. Johns, on the south side (pp. 16, 154), is the headquarters of salt-water fishing, turtling, etc., and the hotel there is famous for its sea-food dinners. Mayport is also reached from its station opposite Jacksonville (by ferry) by a railroad, which also extends to Burnside Beach, where there are bathing facilities, restaurants, etc.

(4.) *To Pablo Beach.* This is a magnificent strand directly east of Jacksonville, and reached by a railway running straight through the flatwoods from its station, at the ferry-landing in South Jacksonville, to the ocean, seventeen miles east. This is a superb beach for driving, bathing, or shell-hunting; and there is an excellent hotel; but this beach, like that at Burnside, is a summer resort for the Florida people, and rarely visited in winter, because the winds are usually too cold and raw there to make the experience an agreeable one at that season.

The St. Johns River.

This great water-course, which drains the whole interior of Florida and affords navigation for large steamers for 220 miles above its mouth, forms a natural highway to the central and southern parts of Florida, and the earliest travel and settlement was along its banks, excepting a few military coast stations. It takes its rise in the marshes of Sawgrass Lake, which finds an outlet through the reeds some five miles south of Lake Washington, and is eight or ten miles west of the Indian River at Grant Station, on the East Coast Line (p. 180), and thence it flows northward nearly 400 miles to Jacksonville, where it suddenly turns east to the ocean. It expands into lakes at frequent intervals, of which the principal, from south to north, are Washington, Harney, Jessup, Monroe, Woodruff, and George, and below Palatka has a width often reaching four or five miles. The river is nowhere very deep, is much obstructed by shoals, and often obscured by heavy night fogs, so that its navigation is attended with some danger. Formerly sailboats and yachts might ascend as far as Palatka, beyond which the course is too narrow, tortuous, and overhung with trees, but now the aquatic plant, called

there water hyacinth, accidentally introduced a few years ago, has so choked the whole river that only large steamboats can force their way through.

Steamers on the St. Johns are fine large side-wheel boats, like those on the Hudson. They run during the winter months between Jacksonville and Sanford, 195 miles south, but not all boats go as far as Sanford. During the summer only, small boats ply somewhat irregularly from point to point.

The *Clyde Line* steamers leave from the foot of Hogan Street, Jacksonville, every day except Saturday, at 3.30 p. m., and reach Sanford early next morning. Returning, they leave Sanford at 9.30 a. m., except Sunday, and reach Jacksonville in the evening, showing the passenger by daylight the upper and most interesting part of the river, which is passed in the night on the upward trip. These Clyde Line steamers are the "City of Jacksonville" and "Fred DeBary," and they are fitted and furnished with every appliance for safety and comfort known to the makers and managers of such craft. Regular meals are served. Other fine boats are the "Governor Safford" and its sisters of the Beach & Miller Line; while the Independent Line boats ply between Mayport, Jacksonville, and points as far as Green Cove. All these are winter boats. If it is desirable to travel in only one direction by river, the down trip is preferable; and some time may usually be saved by going by railroad between Palatka and Jacksonville, overtaking or leaving the steamer at Palatka. It is to be noted that the fare does not include meals and stateroom or berth. The following is a *list of principal landings*, with distances from Jacksonville:

EAST BANK.

	Miles.
Mandarin	15
New Switzerland	23
Orange Dale	34
Picolata	44
Tocoi	49
Federal Point	58
Orange Mills	63
Hart's Orange Grove	75
Rolleston	78
Nashua	95
Welaka	100
Beecher	101

WEST BANK.

	Miles.
Riverside	3
Black Point	10
Orange Park	15
Hibernia	23
Magnolia	28
Green Cove Springs	30
Whetstone	68
Palatka	75
Buffalo Bluff	87
Horse Landing	94
Fort Gates	106
Drayton Island	116

EAST BANK.

Miles.

Mt. Royal	105
Fruitlands	105
Orange Point	113
Lake George	115
Seville	120
Lake View	132
Volusia and Astor	134
Bluffton	140
De Land Landing	162
Blue Spring	168
Enterprise	198

WEST BANK.

Miles.

Salt Springs	119
Benella	120
Yellow Bluff	121
Manhattan	136
Fort Butler	138
St. Francis	155
Old Town	156
Hawkinsville	160
Monroe	187
Sanford	193
Mellonville	195

The River Trip, beginning at Jacksonville, carries you around Grassy Point, with Lancaster Point opposite, and quickly out of sight of the city, after which the course is south up the middle of the river, here so wide that the banks appear only as a low gray margin to the expanse of water. They are broken by two or three headlands, one of which, Piney, is distinguished by its tall pines; just above it is Black Point, on the west bank, and a few miles beyond that, but on the left, is Beauclerc Bluff, a heavily-wooded promontory. Two miles more bring the steamer to *Mandarin*, the first regular landing, noticeable only as one of the oldest settlements in the State and the former winter home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" her house has been pulled down. The long wharf of **Orange Park**, nearly opposite, reaches out to the channel; this is a pleasant village on the "Key West" Railroad, with two winter hotels, Marion (\$3) and Springfield (\$2). New Switzerland is next passed on the left, and on the right the island-village of Hibernia. The stream is here nearly two miles wide, opening east into Fruit Cove, and west into the estuary of *Black Creek*, which is navigable (by a weekly steamer) as far (8 m.) as Middleburg. The land south of Black Creek forms a high, heavily-wooded promontory called Magnolia Point, opposite which are Popo Point and the settlements of Orangedale and Remington Park. On the farther (southern) side of Magnolia Point, the white hotels and houses of Magnolia and Green Cove Springs appear, and the steamer calls at the first named.

Magnolia Springs is the name of a large hote' and group of cottages, occupied only in winter, close upon the riverside and one and one-half miles north of Green Cove. It also has a railway station connected with the hotel by a short tramway, passing through beau-

tiful grounds containing a mineral spring, an orange grove, and magnificent magnolias. A steam launch and many boats are at the service of guests, who derive much pleasure from the river and from fishing. The spring not only provides a supply of drinking-water, but supplies baths and a swimming-pool; and the water is bottled and sold far and near. The new paved tennis courts are the scene of annual local tournaments. A dancing and entertainment hall adjoin the hotel. Good shooting can be had in the neighborhood in season, and excursions may be made to Governor's and Black Creek, while a shaded path called *David's Walk*, connecting the hotel with Green Cove, through Borden Park, invites to a pleasant ramble along the river bank. Magnolia claims an entire absence of mosquitoes—a claim which, as far as the present writer is aware, is not made for any other locality in the State of Florida; and the dryness of the surrounding region recommends this district for consumptives. This hotel, which has open fireplaces, electric lights, and all modern arrangements, can arrange for 300 guests at \$3 to \$5 a day and has been reopened after a long period of closure.

Green Cove Springs (pop., 1,500; *Clarendon*, 200 guests, \$3; *St. Elmo*, \$3; *St. Clair*, \$3; several small hotels) is one of the oldest and pleasantest of the wintering places in the St. Johns Valley. It is a station on the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway, thirty miles south of Jacksonville, and the terminus of a short branch line reaching southwest into the lake district and connecting with the Georgia Southern Rd. at Newburg; by this road is reached the flourishing new town of **Melrose**, the Melrose Inn (\$2), and neighboring places. Green Cove Springs has churches, street cars, electric light, shell roads, and all the belongings of a well-conducted village, and the hotels are numerous and attractive.

The central feature of the place is the wonderful *spring*, discharging 3,000 gallons of water a minute, from which the place takes its name. The pool is green, clear as crystal, slightly sulphurous (which speedily disappears by evaporation), and keeps a uniform temperature of 78° Fahr. Excellent arrangements for bathing have been provided, and "a swim" in the open pools can be taken with pleasure on almost any winter day. The inclosure of a bathing-pool with glass is one of the improvements proposed here for the coming year. The *Clarendon*, the principal hotel, which can provide for 200 guests, fronts upon Spring Park, and can supply hot sulphur baths within the house. The Hotel St. Elmo overlooks the river. Excursions from Green Cove Springs can be made in many directions. One of the nearest is to Governor's Creek, whose windings, easily

followed in a boat, are romantic and very pretty. "Borden Park, including about five acres, lies along the river on high ground, with its native growth of magnolia, live oak, and palmetto, the rubbish only having been cleared away. It is private property, but open to the public. Much ingenuity has been displayed in the adaptation of natural tree trunks for fences, gate posts, tree seats, and the like." This is one of the many fine winter homes that have clustered about this pretty locality, which is also extremely conveniently situated as to general lines of travel and for short excursions to many interesting places, especially by river.

The River above Green Cove is broad and placid, the view closed in by Old Field Point on the west and San Patricio Point opposite. The latter incloses Hogarth's Bay, southward, into which comes Six Mile Creek, beyond which the banks contract to the narrows at *Picolata*, where the Spanish built a fort, with a second on the opposite bank, to guard the ascent of the river against their enemies, and to protect their supply stations and a large Franciscan mission. Traces of them remain. They were successfully defended against the English under Oglethorpe, in December, 1739, but were taken in January following, preliminary to the siege of St. Augustine (p. 168). During the Seminole War it was a temporary military post, commanded by Lieut. (afterward General) W. T. Sherman. All along the river bank near here are good plantations, but a short distance back begin the flat, almost worthless, pine barrens. Beyond Picolata Point the river expands again, and the steamer takes a straight course for ten miles to Federal Point. Half-way there, on the east bank, is Tocoï Creek and *Tocoï*, the terminus of a railroad to St. Augustine, eighteen miles directly east. This was the first railroad to St. Augustine, but it is not now operated except in winter. Opposite is the railway station of West Tocoï, on the "Key West" road. At Federal Point orange groves begin to be seen on the river bank, about Orange Mills and beyond. The river now bends to the right around Bodine's Point on the right, then turns south around Forrester's Point on the left, and exposes to view the spires and wharves, three miles ahead, of Palatka.

Palatka (pop., 3,500; **Putnam House**, 400 guests, \$3 to \$5; *Graham*, \$2; *Arlington*, \$2) is one of the oldest and has now become the largest town in Central Florida. It is at the head of sailing navigation on the river, and is the point of departure for up-river, Ocklawaha, and Crescent City steamboats. It is also a central point for several railways. Here comes the Jacksonville, Tampa &

Key West Rd. along the west bank of the river from Jacksonville (55 m.), and passes thence to the southwestern part of the State. This is also the terminus of the Georgia Southern & Florida Rd. bringing trains and sleeping cars from the North (Route 23), via Valdosta, Ga., Lake City, and the lake district. A railway to the west (the Florida Southern) connects with the Florida Central & Peninsular for the west coast; and the East Coast Line connects it with St. Augustine and the Indian River region.

Palatka is the county seat of Putnam, is well laid out, has paved and well-shaded streets, electric lights, street cars, well-built wharves, a great bridge, railway repair shops, fruit and thriving business houses, with churches, schools, etc., proper to a flourishing town where outfits can be bought. It occupies a high, dry plateau, in the midst of a fine agricultural region, abounding in fruit and vegetable farms, exporting their products largely to Northern markets; and has a history which goes back to the days before the Seminole War when a trading-post was established here, which the Indians sacked in 1835. It was at once made a headquarters for troops, and fortified with a series of blockhouses. Large cavalry stables stood upon the site of the Putnam House, and an extensive hospital was built. Generals Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, W. J. Worth, E. P. Gaines, and others already famous were present, and several young officers who became very famous later. The post was discontinued at the end of the Indian wars, but settlers remained, and Palatka became a shipping point, and, after the Civil War, a winter resort, to which it owes its present prosperity in a large degree, and which doubles its population from December to April.

The hotels are numerous. The largest is the **Putnam House**, which occupies a whole square in the center of the town, its windows commanding wide views of the river. It has accommodations for 400 guests, is furnished with all modern requirements of a first-class hotel, has apartments *en suite*, croquet and lawn-tennis courts, and an abundant supply of water from the Palatka Heights Spring.

The amusements at Palatka are such as are provided by the hotels and the village, together with the opportunities for sailing and rowing on the river, and the exploration of its tributaries.

"The condition of the water in the St. Johns is different from that of any stream with which I am familiar," says Roosevelt. "Even as high up as Palatka the surface water is absolutely fresh, while near the bottom there is a current so salt that crabs are caught in the shad nets. The saltier fluid seems to be denser and heavier than the other, and will not mingle with it, so that we have the anomaly of both fresh and salt water fish being caught at the same time and place.



ENTERING THE OKLAWAHA RIVER FROM THE ST. JOHN'S.



"Into the St. Johns there empty at every few miles tributary streams that are rarely ascended by the visiting sportsman, and where the birds and fish exist in their primeval abundance and fearlessness. It is unnecessary to specify these by name, or to particularize any as better than others, for they are essentially alike."

A favorite boating trip is to *Hart's Grove* of orange trees, seventy acres in extent, four miles above town on the east bank of the river. These trees, grafted upon wild fruit, began to bear about 1845, and have since produced fine fruit. Driving and walking are not pleasurable because of the sandy roads, but horseback riding is largely indulged and well provided for by the livery stables.

Excursions from Palatka begin with the time-honored trip up the **Ocklawaha River**, which should be missed by no one. Fine little stern-wheel boats have replaced the ruder ones of years ago, and every comfort is provided. The Ocklawaha boats leave Palatka daily at noon, and reach the terminus, Silver Spring, next morning; the return trip shows by daylight the part passed in darkness on the up trip. Three hours is expended in ascending the St. Johns to the mouth of the river, which comes in from the southwest, draining Lake Griffin, near Leesburg. Persons who feel themselves liable to miasma ought to be cautious as to this trip, which is practically a night journey through a noisome swamp, and should guard against injury from low limbs sweeping the deck.

"The scenery immediately changes when the mouth of the river is entered. The channel is narrow and tortuous in the extreme, and winds through a dense cypress swamp. The giant trees on each side meet and interlace overhead, and the route among them seems more like entering and traversing a forest aisle. The whole trip is most interesting, but becomes especially so after dark, when the pathway of the steamer is illuminated by the dancing glow of a light-wood fire suspended in iron fire-pans or cages on the corners of the pilot-house. These are constantly fed with resinous or 'fat' pine-knots. The effect of this glaring flame, bursting out of blackest darkness, is impossible to describe. The glinting water, the giant trees, the overhanging, dreary-looking moss, the very emblem of desolation, the fantastic forms of twisted water-oaks, the glimpses of lazy-looking alligators, the cry of birds startled by the light—all combine to make an experience that may be counted an event in any life. . . .

"About daylight the boat turns suddenly to the right, and the celebrated *Silver Spring Run* is entered. Here the stream becomes a river 100 feet in width, and runs with a swift current, against which these diminutive steamers make laborious way for nine miles. The 'Run' is the crowning marvel of the river. Its waters are so clear that it can be compared to nothing but a river of glass with emerald banks. Its bottom is of white sand, and so transparent are its waters that

mosses and grasses growing on the bottom, 100 feet below, can be seen distinctly. As they move in the current, it is difficult to dispel the delusion that they are waving in the wind."

This spring is an outburst of hard water from fissures in the limestone, which delivers daily a hundred times as much water as the daily supply of New York City, and forms a deep river 100 feet wide. It should be examined in a boat; a small steamboat cruises upon it, and down the "run" of the Ocklawaha, giving a view of the wild jungle. The hotel formerly there was burned in 1893, but there are boarding houses sufficient for the demand. The village is a railway station six miles east of Ocala (p. 208), and is reached from Palatka via Hawthorne Junction.

Crescent Lake and City are the object of another excursion by steamboat from Palatka. Dunn's Creek, a crooked, tree-bordered stream, is entered about six miles above Palatka, and after eight miles the steamboat emerges into Crescent Lake, sixteen miles long by three wide. Crescent City is a pretty town of about 600 inhabitants on the western shore, with the small Lake Stella in the rear. A stage runs to a near-by station of the Key West Rd., twenty-one miles south of Palatka. This peninsula-like area between Crescent Lake and the St. Johns, known as *Fruitland*, is a tract of high fertile land, thickly occupied by farmers who entertain many winter guests.

The Upper St. Johns, from Palatka southward, increases in picturesque interest with each stage of advance. It is narrow, tortuous and strange, and should be seen by daylight, though a night trip, illuminated by the powerful search-lights of the steamers, is an entertaining experience.

"One passes for miles along grand forests of cypresses robed in moss or mistletoe, or palms towering gracefully far above the surrounding palmetto trees whose rich trunks gleam in the sun; of white and black ash, magnolia, water-oak, poplar, and plane trees, and, where the hummocks rise a few feet above the water level, the sweet bay, olive, cotton tree, juniper, red cedar, sweet gum, and the live oak shoot up their splendid stems; while among the shrubbery and inferior growths one may note the azalea, sumach, sensitive plant, agave, poppy, mallow, and the nettle."

The windings are followed past Hart's Grove and Rolleston; through the Key West Company's railway bridge at Buffalo Bluff; past the mouth of the Ocklawaha, opposite Welaka (Bell, Gilchrist, \$2), and Beecher; along the expansion, at Orange Point, called

Little Lake George; and by Mount Royal to old Fort Gates, at the outlet of Lake George.

This stretch of river was a favorite haunt of the aborigines, and afterward by the Spaniards. Mount Royal was settled by English farmers, who went away when Spain regained the country; and many old orange groves here claim origin from Spanish seedlings. Fort Gates was a military station during the Seminole War.

Lake George is about eighteen miles long by nine wide, the resort of wild fowl and bordered with orange groves. Near the mouth is Drayton Island, which contains nearly 1,900 acres, and is the scene of remarkably successful fruit farming. It receives the waters of Lake Kerr, a very pretty body of water a few miles west, through Salt Springs Creek; and there is a landing (Salt Spring Valley), on the western shore, for the many orange-growers and winter boarders scattered about that region. On the eastern side are Wright's and Seville landings, on the "Fruitland" peninsula.

The lake shore seems to form a completely closed bank of forest across the northern end, but the pilot steers into the hidden opening and the boat is again in the narrow St. Johns River.

Two miles above the head of the lake is *Astor*, the river terminus of the St. Johns & Lake Eustis Railroad which extends southward to Eustis (p. 207; steamboats on Lake Eustis), Leesburg, Tavares, and other points in the lake district, running one daily train each way to connect with the boats. Opposite Astor is Volusia, the site of a Spanish mission and of an American fort during the Seminole War. This way came the old road from St. Augustine to Mosquito Inlet, and here was the most prominent crossing-place for overland travel to Tampa and the west. The uplands eastward of the river, traversed by the Key West Railroad, are highly cultivated, especially about the flourishing little town of Seville, which was the locality of Spanish attempts at agriculture, and has a fine healthful situation in the midst of young orange plantations. It can also be reached from Seville Landing on Lake George. Ten miles above Astor the western end of the large irregular *Lake Dexter* is crossed, and ten miles farther the steamer reaches De Land Landing, where a spur of the railroad comes down to the water and leads three miles inland to De Land, which is at its terminus, five miles from Beresford.

De Land (pop., 2,500; *College Arms*, \$3 to \$5; Putnam, \$2 to \$3; Floral Grove, etc.) is the capital of Volusia, and as this is a

large county, filled with an enterprising, rapidly-increasing people, and hundreds of orange groves, there is a considerable business done here, as well as excellent arrangements for winter visitors.

Volusia County comprises the country between the St. Johns and the Atlantic, from Lake George to below Lake Harney. Its population is 12,000, who are taxed upon a valuation of \$4,000,000, regarded as about one-third of the true worth of the property concerned. There is no bonded indebtedness; and the county owns a fine brick court house worth \$20,000; a jail, costing \$9,000; and the poor house, \$4,000. It is one of the foremost in orange growing; and is especially favored by a long north and south central ridge of high, dry pine lands, upon which De Land and Lake Helen stand, and to which they owe their high reputation for healthfulness.

De Land is a handsome, active, well-built town of some 2,500 population, having artesian water, paved streets, electric lights, etc., and good churches and schools. Most of the houses are built of brick, and include commodious blocks of stores and several costly residences of wealthy Northern men.

This is the site of the *Stetson University*, founded in 1887 as a school of broad collegiate instruction for both sexes. The university has fine buildings, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, on a campus six acres in extent, and is well furnished in respect to instructors, books, and apparatus of all kinds; as a consequence, it draws pupils not only from Florida, but includes representatives of nearly all the more northern States, whose health requires the warmer and dryer climate which De Land affords. This university, founded by John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, tends to sustain the high social and intellectual status of the village. It may be said, in passing, that there has not been a liquor saloon here or elsewhere in Volusia County in many years. The neighborhood of De Land has several places of note. The St. Johns River and Dexter Lake are easily accessible for boating and fishing. Lake Helen (see below) is only six miles southeast; Lake Beresford and Blue Lake nearer.

De Leon Spring, six miles north, is a spring gushing up with such strength that it was formerly used as water power for a sugar mill, whose ruins form a picturesque feature of a favorite picnicking place. At *Spring Garden*, near by, many of the farmers are making a serious effort at raising silk worms and reeling the silk. Both these places are stations on the Key West Railway, and have small hotels and boarding-houses.

Continuing the voyage up the St. Johns River, six miles above De Land Landing, brings the voyager to *Blue Springs* (the railway station is Orange City Junction), where there is a mineral spring, bluish in color, so copious that a steamboat may ascend its outflow and float in the spring itself, an eighth of a mile or more back from

the river. There is a small hotel here, as this is the terminus of a branch of the East Coast Line, which runs hence to New Smyrna (p. 175). Eight miles east on this road is

Lake Helen, a pretty piece of deep, pure water, connected with other ponds upon a ridge sixty feet above sea-level, covered with pine woods. Its healthy and beautiful situation has accumulated there a village of people who are widely interested in the culture of oranges, peaches, and grapes, all of which thrive exceedingly. This and the climate have attracted a numerous winter population, who regard the place as a valuable sanitarium.

“Its position in the pine forest belt (and a peculiar and unique feature of the town is that acres of the pine trees have been left standing throughout the center of the place) gives to Lake Helen a climate excellent and perfect for residence the year around, being entirely free from malaria, temperate in winter, equable, healthful, and invigorating. The atmosphere is redolent and balmy with the odor of the pine, free from humidity, impregnated with ozone, and highly conducive to health. It affords an ideal piney-woods resort for the winter sojourner, and a healthful and attractive residence for the homeseeker. The place has two very comfortable, home-like hotels: *The Harlan* (\$3), modern and attractive in all its features, situated upon an eminence overlooking the lake and surrounded by an extensive pine park; and the ‘Southland,’ a smaller, but pleasant hotel, beautifully situated.”

It should be noted that this neighborhood, like that of De Land, affords excellent shooting eastwardly for game birds, especially quails and turkeys in abundance, and such large game as deer and wild-cats. Guides and camping outfits may be procured, but the sportsman should fully inform himself as to the game laws, which are strictly enforced in this part of the State. It is also well to give a word of warning in respect to *poisonous snakes*, two or three species of which, related to the rattlesnake, make it advisable to watch one's footsteps in walking about or in poking one's way up narrow streams where there are overhanging bushes. This caution applies to all parts of Florida, and to some parts more than to this county — and it is true that their numbers and the fatal effects of snake poison have been exaggerated; enough of fact remains, however, to teach a wise caution on the part of the sportsman and Rambler.

A further voyage up the narrowing river amid a tropical jungle of trees and vines, through which Wekiva Creek steals lazily in from the southwest, soon brings us to the end of the steamboat journey in Lake Monroe, at the entrance to which is the village of *Monroe*, the Key West Railway crosses on its way to Sanford (see below). Monroe is also the terminus of the “Cotton Belt” line of the Plant

System (p. 186). Enterprise is within sight of the steamer, ahead on the left, and Sanford, somewhat more distantly, on the right.

Lake Monroe is a nearly circular sheet of water, about six miles in diameter, filled with fish, of which the bass is especially notable, and the resort of innumerable wild fowl. Its shores are fertile, but not generally cultivated as yet. On the northeastern side of the lake is the lively, energetic village of **Enterprise** (pop., 150; *Brock*, \$3; boarding houses), which is actively engaged in the fruit trade, and at the same time is a popular resort for invalids. The *Brock House* here has a long established reputation for excellence in meeting the requirements of visitors whose health must be carefully provided for. *Green Spring*, near town, is worth attention. Enterprise is upon the Titusville branch of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway, which leaves the main line at Enterprise Junction, near the foot of Lake Monroe, and, passing around it, takes a southeasterly course through the pines to the shore of Indian River, and a terminus at Titusville. Its station at Aurantia gives easy access to Lake Harney. Mims and La Grange are on the Indian River, near *Titusville*, for which see p. 177. The distance from Jacksonville to the Indian River by this route, by river to Enterprise (198 m.) and thence by rail to Titusville, is 235 miles; by all rail, 159 miles.

Sanford (pop., 2,500; **Sanford**, \$2 to \$3; *Sirrine*, \$2) is the terminus of the regular river steamers, which can not find sufficient water to float them above Lake Monroe. It is the southern terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railroad (125 m. from Jacksonville), and the eastern terminus of the Plant System's lines to the Lake District, Tampa Bay, and South Florida (see p. 187). The town is an outgrowth of the settlement made here by Gen. H. S. Sanford soon after the Civil War.

"The surrounding land was an old Spanish grant, and belonged, in 1870, to Gen. Joseph Finegan, an ex-officer of the Confederacy. From him General Sanford purchased the entire estate (known as the Old Levy Grant) of twenty-three square miles. At that time there was on the lake shore an insignificant hamlet called Mellonville, after Captain Mellon, U. S. A., who was killed here in an engagement with the Seminoles. General Sanford's early attempts to introduce organized labor, whether white or black, were resisted by force of arms, but he soon became strong enough to defy the prejudices of the scattered population, and the result is apparent in the present prosperity of the place. A large number of Swedes were imported, with their families, and they now form a prosperous part of the community. *Belair*, three miles south of Sanford, and easily reached by

rail or carriage road, is one of the largest and most famous plantations in the State. It is the property of General Sanford, who began operations on a large scale soon after his purchase of the Levy Grant. The grove contains ninety-five acres of oranges and fifty acres of lemons, with a large experimental farm, where all kinds of exotics are tested under the best possible conditions for ascertaining their adaptability to the Florida climate."

Sanford is the principal town of South Florida and the gateway and distributing point for Orange County, which has recently become prominent not only as a winter residence, but as a region for agricultural and fruit-raising enterprises. It is well located for both pleasure and health; its sanitary condition is described as perfect; it has a fine water-works system, good streets, churches, schools, electric lights, well-supplied stores, banks, and all the evidences of thrift. In the neighborhood are many noted orange groves, such as the Belair, Beck, Hughey, Randolph, Speer, and Whitner. Sportsmen regard it as one of the most favorable regions in Florida. There are several hotels and boarding-houses, of which the foremost is the *Sanford House*, one of the largest and most conspicuous winter hotels in Florida. It can entertain 200 guests at once, and has large rooms, with an open fire-place in each; the house is also heated by steam. The hotel stands in the midst of park-like grounds upon the lake shore, and has full arrangements for boating, bathing, and all the amusements.

Sanford is the point of departure by boat for the sources of the St. Johns and by several railway routes to all parts of South Florida.

The St. Johns above Lake Monroe is navigable for only small craft, because so shallow, tortuous, and overhung with trees and vines. In winter a small steamer makes tri-weekly trips to Lake Harney, requiring about twelve hours to go and return. Steam launches may be hired at any time for this purpose.

"The river winds for the most part among vast stretches of savannah and saw grass, occasionally spreading into large lakes, as Harney, Jessup, Poinsett, Winder, and Washington. It is often a very difficult matter to decide which is the true river channel, but when found the stream is easily navigable and the upper lakes are so near the Indian River at Rockledge and Eau Gallie that carries are easily made across the intervening hammock. The upper St. Johns should not be attempted save in a boat that will serve as a sleeping-place at a pinch, for there are often long stretches of morass where it is impossible to camp comfortably on shore."

The East Coast of Florida.

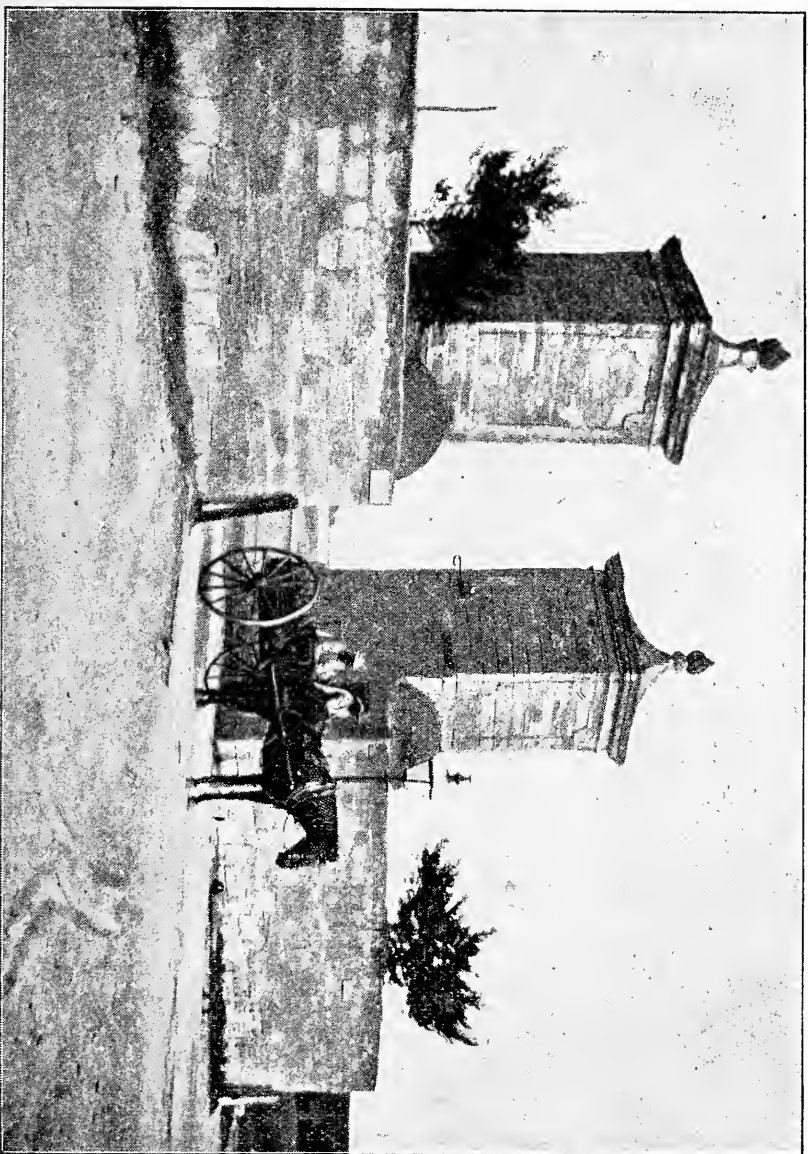
St. Augustine, the Indian River, and the southeast coast of Florida form one of the oldest, best known, and most interesting districts of the State. Until recent years they have been accessible only by water, or by a combination of river and rail transportation, at great loss of time and money. During the present decade, however, a continuous, thoroughly organized system of railway has been extended down this coast by slow and steady progress under the fostering enterprise of Mr. Flagler, until now through trains are running regularly to Miami, a new seaport terminus on Biscayne Bay (366 m.), whence steamships are operated to Nassau (Bahamas), Havana, and Key West. This railway system is that formerly known as the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway, but now as the Florida East Coast Line.

Jacksonville to St. Augustine.

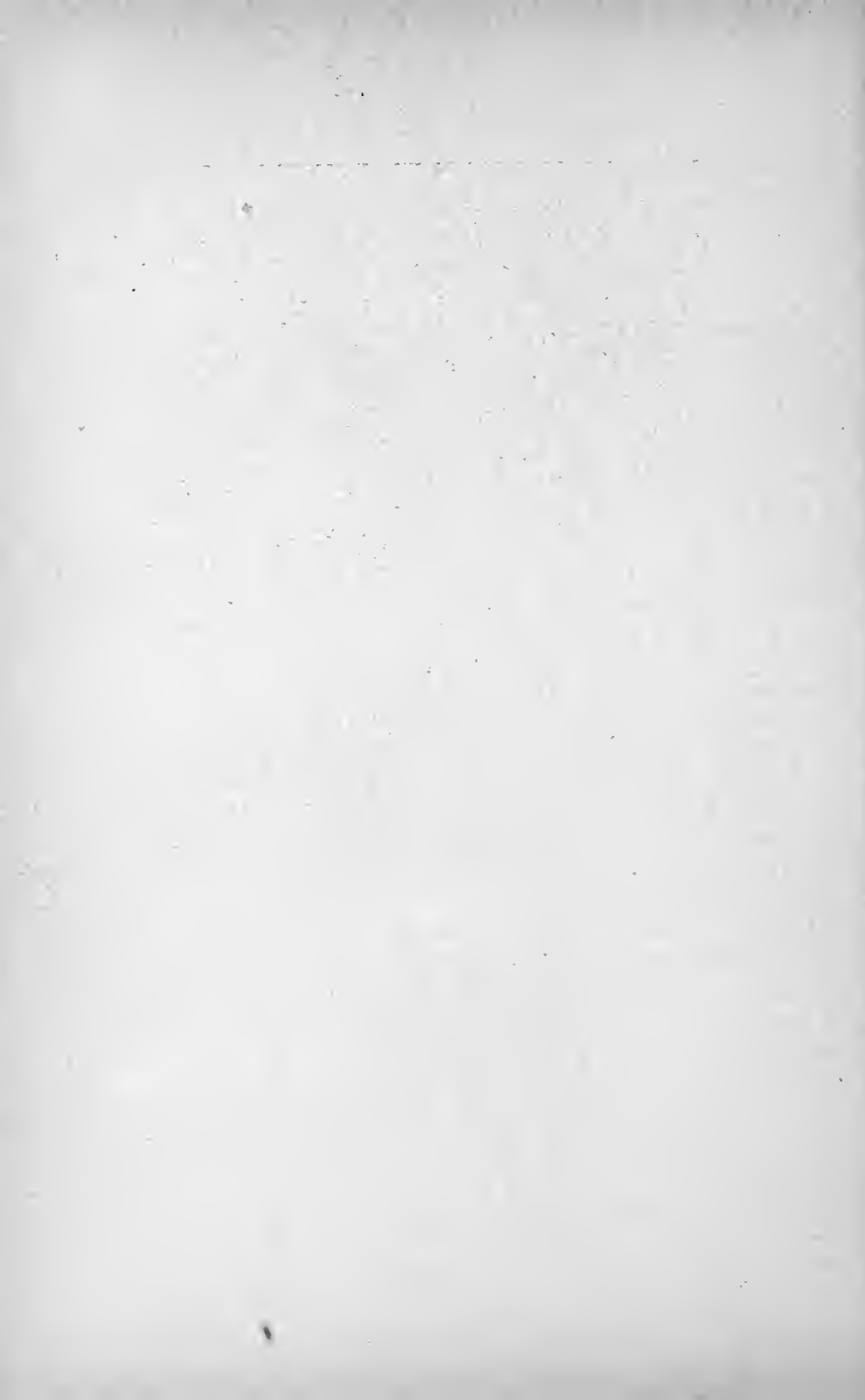
The train, yellow in color, leaves the Union depot in Jacksonville at 9.00 a. m. daily, reaching Miami City in twelve hours. There is also an afternoon train for St. Augustine. It turns south through the manufacturing part of the city, and moves out upon the great bridge which spans the St. Johns; this is 1,320 feet long, built of steel, has a "draw" 320 feet long, and was opened to traffic in 1889.

The control of the railroad between Jacksonville and St. Augustine was necessary to Mr. Flagler if he were to carry out, without unnecessary expense, his great schemes of building and improvement at St. Augustine. When these were accomplished, and it became desirable to induce a through traffic from the North direct to St. Augustine, it became necessary to bridge the St. Johns in order to carry the cars across the river. Such was the origin of the railway development along the east coast which has grown up and remains under the general care of Henry M. Flagler.

South Jacksonville, at the southern end of the bridge, is an attractive village of perhaps 1,000 people. Some manufacturing has begun—notably a factory for the preparation of fertilizers from crude Florida phosphates. The old King's Highway, built by the English military Governor in 1765, is the main street, and appears at the left of the station. Mixed woods and scattered houses and gardens are soon passed, and the road enters the flat pine woods, broken now and then by hammocks, and takes a mathematically straight course to its destination. There is little apparent occupation, for the land is poor (though said to be good for grape-



THE OLD CITY GATE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FROM THE INSIDE.



culture), and the timber of small account. Thirty-five miles southwest of the bridge, a surprising vision of towers and foliage comes into view, and the train rolls into the picturesque station of the "Ancient City."

The City and History of St. Augustine.

St. Augustine (pop., 4,000). **Ponce de Leon**, 700 guests, \$5; **Cordova**, 400 guests (rooms only, \$1 up); **Alcazar**, 350 guests, \$4; **Granada**, 250 guests, \$2.50; **Florida**, 200 guests, \$3.50; **St. George**, 150 guests, \$3; **Buckingham**, 100 guests, \$2.50; **Valencia**, 60 guests, \$2.50; **Barcelona**, 75 guests, \$2.50; **Magnolia**, 50 guests, \$2.50 to \$4; **Algonquin**, 100 guests, \$2; **Ocean View**, 75 guests, \$1.50. The first eight are open only in winter, the last four all the year; the town has many private boarding houses and some restaurants of good repute.

St. Augustine is the gem of Florida and one of the most interesting places in the United States. Though Santa Fé, N. M., founded by the Spaniards amid the enduring structures of an aboriginal town in 1540, is able to dispute successfully with it the claim to be the oldest continuous civilized community in the United States, its origin goes back far beyond that of any settlement on the eastern coast, and its history is filled with a romance that belongs to few, if any, other localities where European rivals contended for colonial mastery in the New World. The architectural relics and racial traces that remain of this varied and thrilling history give a distinctly foreign character to what has been an English and American (but always, until lately, isolated) town for more than a century; and these have been so tastefully kept in view and conformed to by the wise judgment that has lately regenerated the village, that St. Augustine retains in its new development the charm that made it formerly so peculiarly attractive. What anywhere else in the Eastern United States would be an almost offensive affectation in architecture and naming, is here poetic and fitting.

The city occupies a narrow, southward-reaching peninsula between the harbor and San Sebastian River, a site admirable for defense as well as for commerce, and the former consideration was more in the eyes of the old military settlers than the latter. The San Sebastian is useful for boating in a small, safe way, and for quiet fishing. A short walk beyond the railway station takes the pedestrian to the bridge, where he may cast a successful line for sheephead and smaller fry. The harbor is formed by the confluence, in a bay something over a mile wide, of North or Tolomato River and Matanzas

River, separated from the Atlantic by North Beach and St. Anastasia Island. These rivers are supplied with the ebb and flow of the tide through St. Augustine Inlet, which will admit only vessels of less than ten feet draught.

Places of Interest in St. Augustine.

Objects of interest in St. Augustine center about **The Plaza**, which forms a quadrangular park on the waterfront protected against high tides and easterly gales by a substantial *sea-wall*, built by the United States Government in 1835-'42, and now affording a favorite promenade when the tide is high enough to hide the malodorous mud along its external base.

This wall, three-quarters of a mile long, ten feet high, and three feet thick, was preceded by an earlier wall extending from the Castle to the Plaza, on a line somewhat inland of the present one. The records tell us that the soldiers volunteered their labor and contributed part of their pay toward its construction, perceiving its necessity to the safety and comfort of their low-lying camps.

The Plaza was left as an open space in the center of the cantonment, as is the arrangement in most towns which have the advantage of being platted before the huddling of buildings together has gone too far. It was, indeed, designed as a military parade ground, and was bare of trees until recently, although previous to that there was an era when it was well shaded by orange trees. It was also the market place; but the open-sided building, often called (erroneously and foolishly) the "slave pen," was not built until 1840, when the English were in possession of the country, and had begun to raise country produce and beef cattle. The original shed was destroyed by fire in 1887, and has been restored as a shady lounging place for idlers. The only early attempt to ornament the parade seems to have been the erection here, in 1813, of the monument, still standing, to commemorate the passage by the Spanish Cortes of the new and liberal constitution of 1812.

This monument, which is an obelisk of coquina, surmounted by a cannon ball upon a square pedestal, was ordered removed by King Ferdinand, who did his best to nullify the new constitution, but the Floridians simply took away and hid the inscribed tablets, and, in 1818, restored them to their place. These tablets bear the following (translated) inscription:

PLAZA OF THE CONSTITUTION

Promulgated in this City of St. Augustine, in East Florida, October 17, 1812, the Brigadier Don Sebastian Kindalem, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor.

FOR ETERNAL REMEMBRANCE

the Constitutional City Council erected this Monument, under the direction of Don Fernando de la Maza Arredondo, Jr., Senior Magistrate, and Don Francisco Robira, Attorney for the Crown,

IN THE YEAR 1813.

This is a curious memorial to find upon North American soil; and no less curious, by contrast with each other, were the scenes on this square, first, in 1776, when the English people assembled to burn in effigy the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and second, in 1865, when the people gathered to listen contentedly to the reading, on the Fourth of July, of that same document, in token that the Union was still unbroken. It is not so much the deeds done here as the curious diversity of sentiments, persons, and movements suggested by it that make this old square one of the most interesting spots in the New World. The Plaza is now beautifully shaded with trees, among which the palms are noticeable, and also has a monument to the citizens "who gave their lives in the service of the Confederate States."

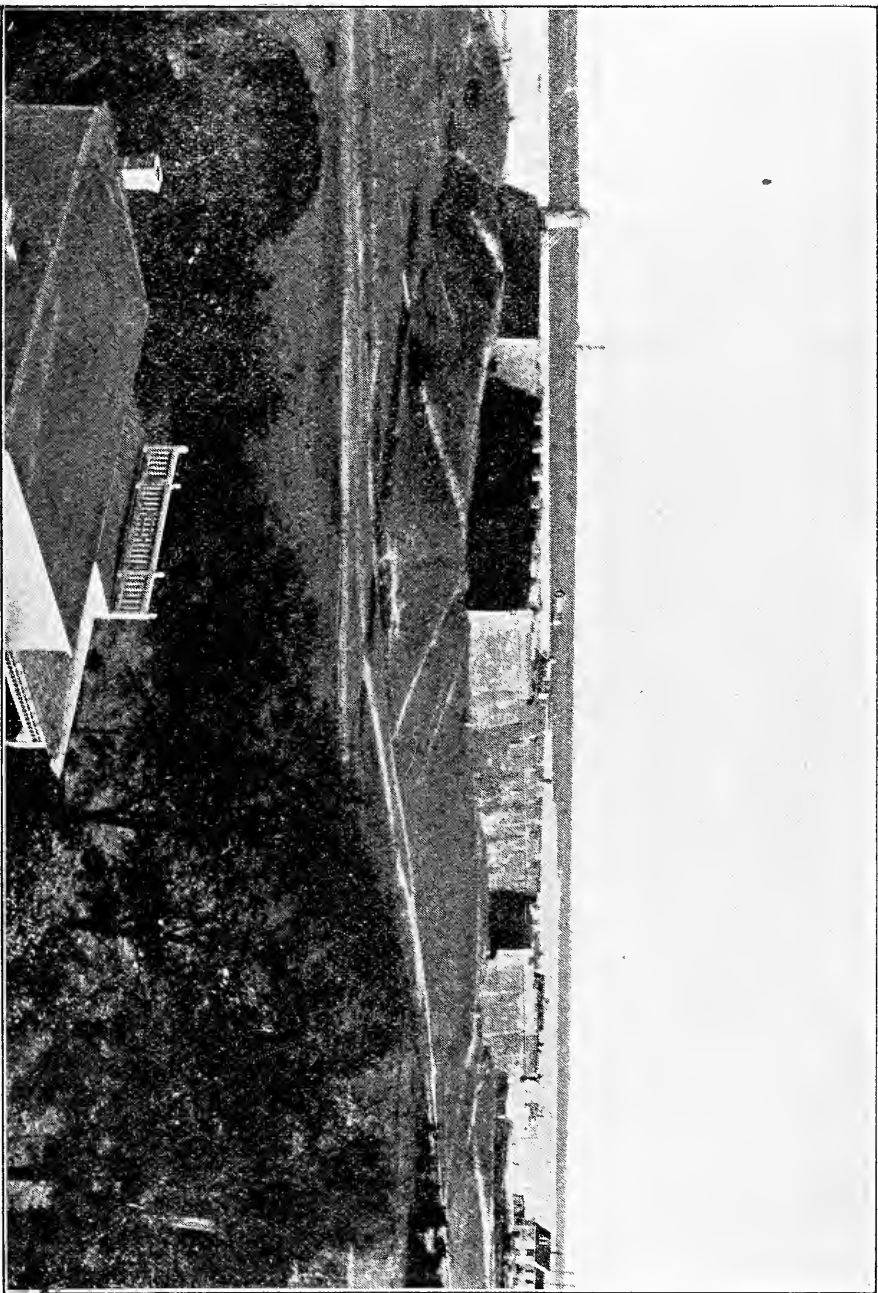
The Plaza opens eastwardly upon Marine Street and the sea-wall. On the south side are shops and Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, along the old King Street, now broadened and beautified westwardly into the Alameda. The western end of the Plaza is bounded by St. George Street, and faced by the post office, in a low stone building on the site of the former "governor's mansion;" and on the northern side are shops, including the larger curio-bazars, and the Roman Catholic *Church of St. Joseph*, which gives its name to Cathedral Street. This is not a very large nor imposing building, and is a restoration of that ruined by fire in 1887. That building was erected under the direction of Spanish Franciscan priests, in 1701; but it had a humbler predecessor dating back to 1682, if the date on one of the bells, which is inscribed *Sancte . Joseph . Ora . pro . Nobis . 1682*, may be accepted as the time of the foundation. It is of the simple style of architecture common in Spanish America, the façade being surmounted by a diminishing wall, terminating in a cross, and pierced by apertures in which hang four bells, reached from the rear by a wooden balcony. There is little to reward curiosity in the interior of the church, which was no doubt far more richly furnished

in the early days than now. The bishop's residence adjoins it in the rear, facing on St. George Street.

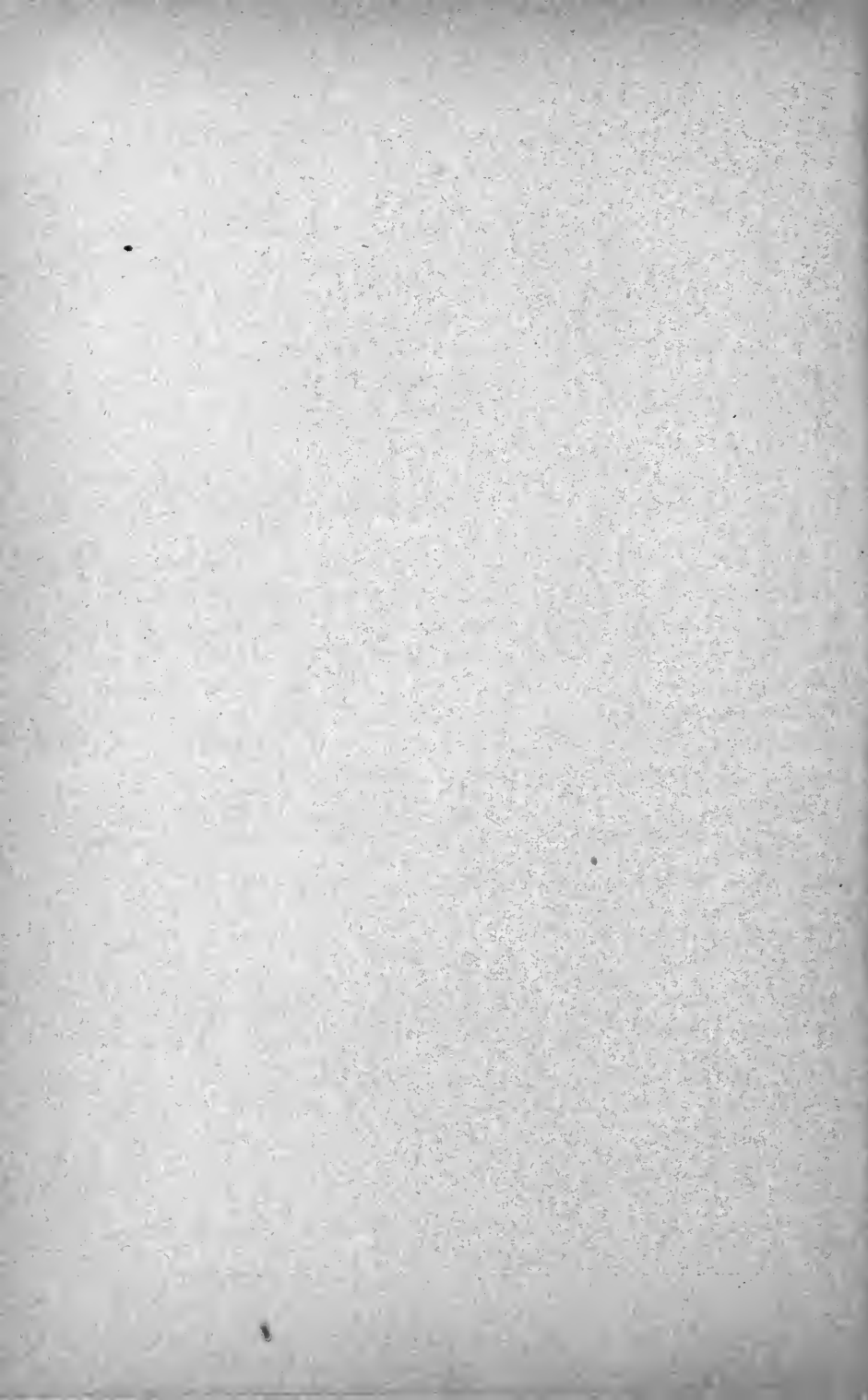
North and south from the Plaza are regions of the old town, distinguished by narrow streets and remnants of the high walls which once jealously protected every man's house and garden; but this interesting area has been greatly diminished of late years by new buildings and by fires, and many a precious landmark is gone. "One by one the overhanging balconies are disappearing from the streets," laments Mr. Reynolds; "high stone walls are replaced by picket fences and wire netting; moss-roofed houses have given way to smart shops; lattice gates are displaced by show windows." This is sadly true, and is a source of disappointment to many visitors who have had their expectations raised by unwise laudation and unfounded history to the anticipation of something altogether unreasonable—an American town as foreign as Castile itself, and as romantic as "Araby the blest." As a matter of fact there are fewer persons of Spanish descent here than in many other Florida towns, the dark-skinned men and women seen being usually the descendants of the Minorcans, who were brought here from New Smyrna (p. 174) about 1776, and who combine the blood of nearly every nationality that anciently flourished along both shores of the Mediterranean and found in the Balearic Isles a refuge for their strays of both sexes. Nevertheless much remains in St. Augustine that is quaint as well as pretty.

Walking southward along the narrow alley of *St. George Street* you pass a sheltered garden on the left, where there is a convent of nuns whose lace-making is famous, cross the narrow Bridge Street, pass the Presbyterian church, and presently come to the end at *St. Francis Street*, which has been so called since the Franciscan monks came here, in 1592, and organized Indian missions. Their monastery or chapter house, built before 1650, largely of coquina blocks taken from the older batteries which protected the southern part of the town, stood opposite the end of Charlotte Street. This convent was abandoned when Florida became English and Protestant in 1763; and when Spain resumed possession, twenty years later, the building became the quarters for the troops, the huge barracks, of bricks brought from New York, which the British had built on the plain to the southward, having been burned. The United States continued this use of the buildings after Florida became ours, and gradually modified, without destroying, the ancient convent, until now it is the principal building of the *military post*, where a small contingent of troops is kept. The dress parades and morning guard-mountings are pretty ceremonies open to all visitors.

Just opposite the gateway of St. Francis Barracks is a small house



FORT MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE.



said to be the oldest in St. Augustine, but it has been so "restored" and tricked out with bright paint and conch shells that it is impossible to regard it with any historical enthusiasm.

The *Military Cemetery* is a short distance south of the barracks, and is closed to visitors, except on a pass from the adjutant of the post, whose office is opposite the barracks. From the road can be seen, well enough, however, the only object of public interest — the three low stone pyramids erected over the mingled graves of the soldiers who were killed in the Seminole War. Under the shaft called "Dade's Monument" lie more than 100 of the men killed in the massacre by the Indians of a large detachment of troops under Major Dade (p. 204), in the southern part of the State. Visitors to West Point, N. Y., will recall the monument there to the same man and event.

Returning along the top of the sea-wall, with the panorama of the beautiful bay spread before your eyes, continue your walk past the Plaza, along what used to be the picturesque Marine and Charlotte streets, before fire had swept away all the old-fashioned houses, walls, and gardens, until you come to the glacis and water-battery of **Fort Marion**, which is the most characteristic and precious relic in St. Augustine's keeping, and the most perfect — outside of Quebec the only — example of medieval fortification on this continent.

"On or near this site," writes Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, in his very valuable "Hand-book of Florida,"* "Menendez (p. 168) constructed a wooden fort in 1565, and named it St. John of the Pines (San Juan de Pinos). It was, according to the most trustworthy accounts, octagonal in form, and mounted fourteen brass cannon. It was this fort that Sir Francis Drake destroyed in 1586, the garrison having fled with but a faint show of resistance.

"By this time the Spaniards had discovered the valuable properties of coquina for building purposes, and their subsequent works were of the more durable and less combustible material. Little is known of the structure that was threatened by Davis, the English buccaneer, in 1665, but its walls were at that time well advanced, having been pushed forward by the labor of Indian captives and convicts from Spain and Mexico. We have the testimony of Jonathan Dickinson, a Philadelphia Quaker, who was here in 1695, that the walls were thirty feet high at that time. Seven years later (1702), they were certainly far enough completed to defy Governor Moore of South Carolina, and in 1740 Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia hammered away at them for more than a month without producing any perceptible impression. The Spaniards named the fort San Marco, the

*New York: Longmans, Green & Longmans, 1891.

English changed the name to St. John, and on retrocession to Spain, in 1783, San Marco was once more recognized. On the accession of the United States the saints were laid aside, and the name of the patriot soldier of South Carolina was adopted by the War Department.

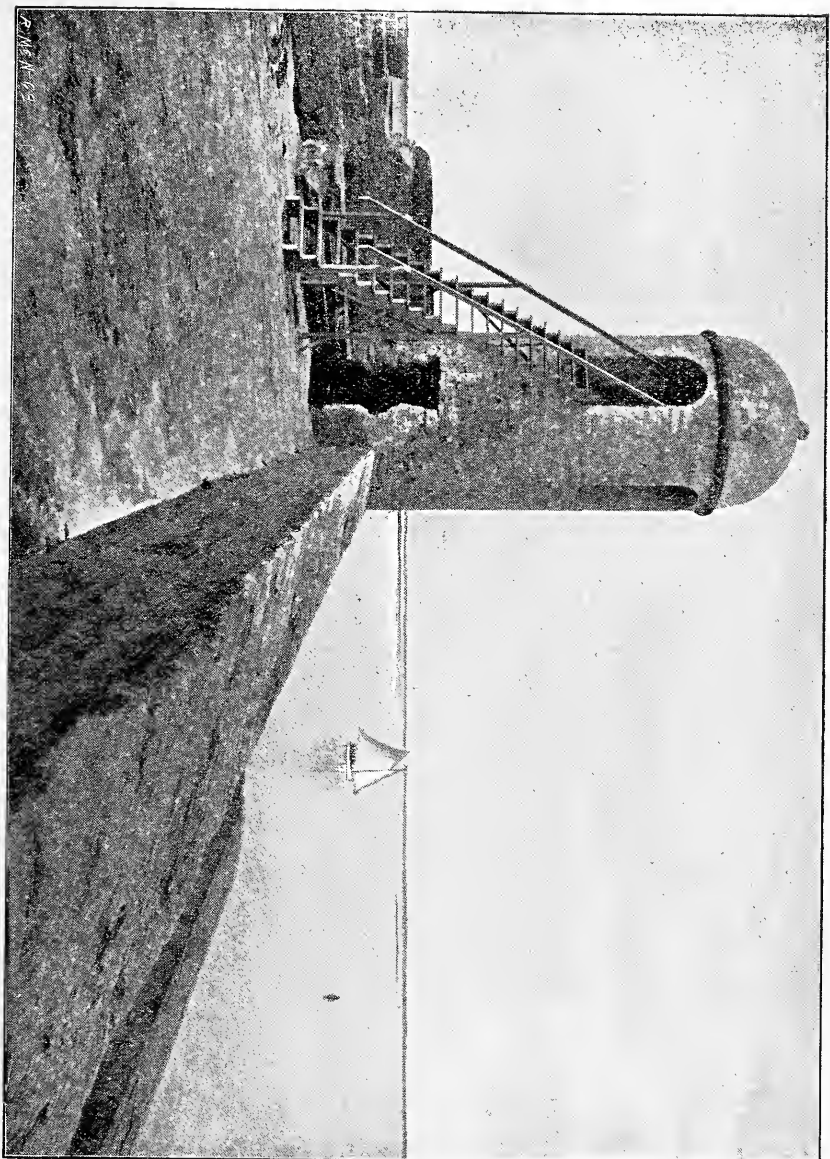
"The fort is planned in accordance with the Vauban system of fortification. . . . Approaching from the direction of the town the visitor ascends a path leading up to what was formerly the exterior slope of the glacis. The mass of masonry on the left, pierced for cannon and musketry, is the barbican, an outwork intended for the protection of the weakest point in the main work, namely, the entrance. An extension of the moat includes the barbican, and both moats are now crossed by rough plank platforms, where once were regular drawbridges. On the left, after passing the angle of the barbican, is a niche opening into a stairway, and containing, carved in stone, the royal arms of Spain, which, in a sadly dilapidated condition, barely survive the rough handling to which they have been subjected by the elements all the time, and by witless vandals at intervals, until protected by an iron grating.

"Turning to the right, another rude structure of planks crosses the wide moat and leads to the entrance. Above this again are the arms of Spain with an almost obliterated inscription which, restored and translated, reads as follows:

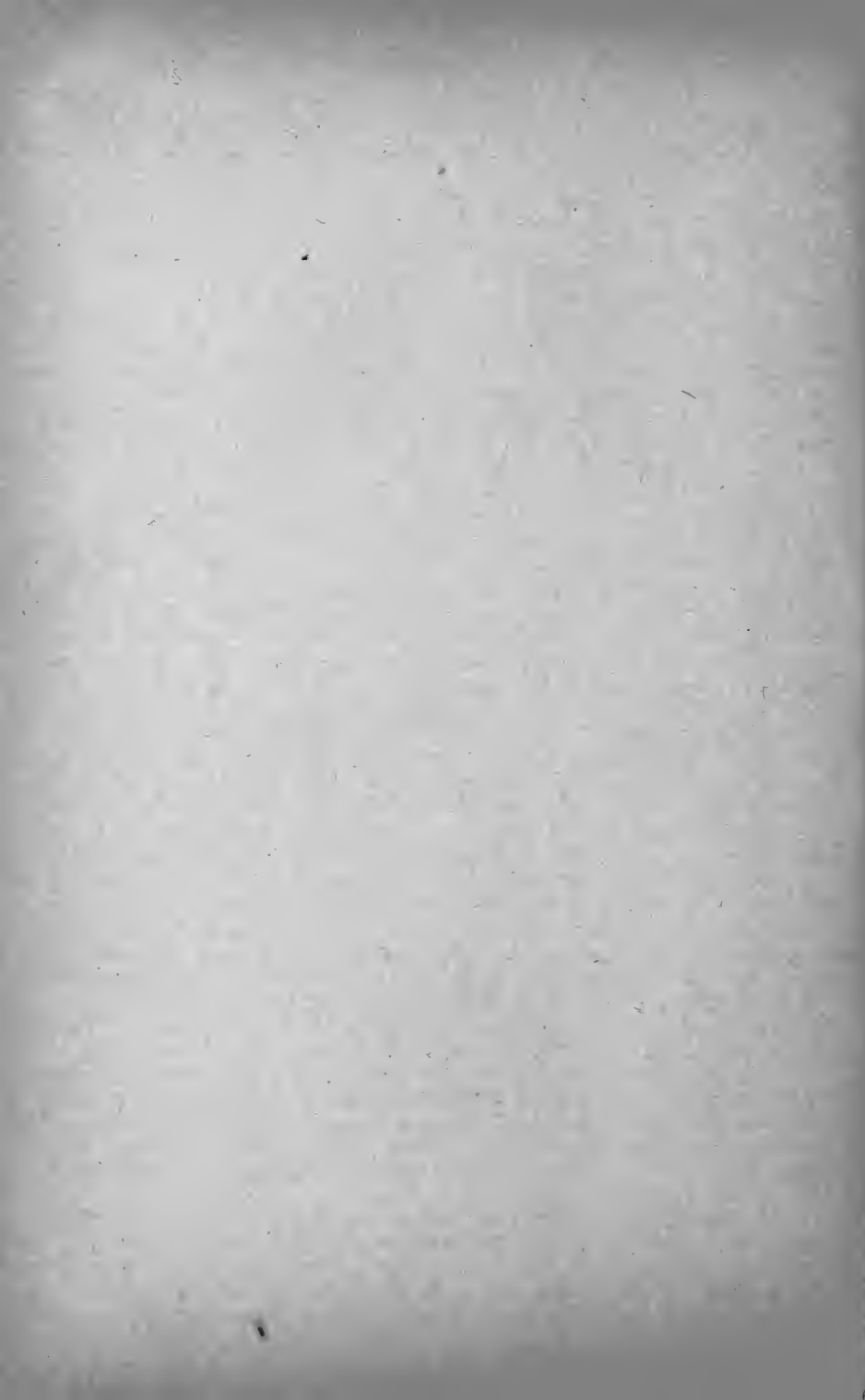
Don Ferdinand VI., being King of Spain, and Field-Marshal Don Alonzo Fernando Hereda, being Governor and Captain-General of this place, St. Augustine of Florida, and its province, this fort was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Captain-Engineer Don Pedro of Brozas and Garay.

"This door is provided with a heavy portcullis, which still remains in position, though hardly in working order. The door or sally-port is barely wide enough for four men to march abreast. Within is a wide arched passage leading to the open parade inside the walls. On either side of the passage are doors leading to the vaulted chambers or casemates that surround the parade on all sides, and served in their time as quarters for the garrison, as cells for prisoners, including American rebels during the Revolution, and Indian captives in more recent times. On the left of the entrance passage is the guard room, and on the right is the bakery, through which access is had to two dark vaults, used, no doubt, for storage.

"The terreplein, or parade, is 103 by 109 feet, and a broad stairway, formerly an inclined plane for the easier handling of gun-carriages and the like, leads to the parapet. Directly opposite the entrance is the chapel, without which no Spanish fort of that period was complete; in it are still visible the stations of shrine and altar, and other evidences of the decoration customary in such places. It was used for religious services as late as 1860 or thereabout, and was turned into a schoolroom for the Western Indians who were confined here in 1875-'78. The portico of the chapel was originally quite an elaborate bit of decorative architecture, but it has long since disappeared.



WATCH-TOWER ON THE NORTHEAST BASTION OF FORT MARION AND VIEW UP TOMALITO RIVER.



"In 1882 a party of French astronomers had the use of the fort as a station to observe the transit of Venus, and a tablet near the chapel door commemorates their visit. . . .

"The casemates are in the main alike, dark vaults, some of them lofty, others divided into two stories, some dimly lighted through narrow slits high up near the ceiling, others totally dark save for the entrance doors. That captives, red and white, pagan and Christian, have pined away their lives in more than one of these dungeons is extremely probable. . . . Two of them, however, have authentic histories. In the one marked 15, near the southwest bastion, Coacoochee and Osceola, two of the most celebrated Seminole chiefs, were confined during the war that lasted from 1835 till 1842 [and from it made a remarkable escape by creeping through the ventilating window; Osceola fell to the ground and was seriously hurt, but both got away]. During the years 1875-'78 the fort was again used as a prison for Indians [Apaches] brought from the far west. . . .

"Within the northeastern bastion is a chamber known as 'the dungeon,' though there is good reason for believing that it was originally intended as a magazine. In 1839 . . . it was discovered that there was still another innermost chamber, whose existence had not before been suspected. The wall was broken through, and, among other refuse, some bones were found so far gone in decomposition that the post-surgeon could not determine whether they were human or not. The rumor spread, however, that an entire skeleton had been found chained to the wall, and that implements were scattered about suggestive of the 'Holy Inquisition' and a chamber of horrors. The tale grew by repetition and for many years it was generally believed that the dungeon had once been the scene of a tragedy. The author of the 'Standard Guide to St. Augustine,' however, cites the statement of an old resident of the city, who was employed at the fort when a boy, and remembers the old disused magazine in the northeast bastion. According to this account, during the later days of Spanish occupancy the magazine fell out of repair, and became a receptacle for refuse of all sorts, until finally it was walled up, being regarded as a menace to health. There are still those who insist that the tragic accounts of the 'dungeon' are the true ones, but the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of the more prosaic version.

"Ascending to the parapet, the commanding position of the fort is apparent, and the outlook in all directions is very interesting. . . .

"In the salient angle of each bastion is a sentry-box of stone, where a man-at-arms might be tolerably secure against Indian arrows, or even against the firearms of the last century; on the northeastern bastion, the most exposed of the four, the sentry-box has a supplementary story or watch-tower, whence a still wider outlook may be obtained.

"It is not likely that, even in case of a foreign war, guns will ever again be mounted *en barbette* on Fort Marion. Even if the coquina masonry could sustain the weight of modern ordnance, it could not long withstand the impact of modern projectiles. For this reason the water-battery along the sea-face was built in 1842, but the gun-plat-

forms were never finished, and the whole work is long out of date. The guns that lie rusting along the glacis mostly antedate the Civil War, and are worthless save as old iron.

"The floor of the moat was originally of cement, but it is covered deep with sand and soil. When the old fort was in fighting trim this moat could be flooded at high tide. A stairway near the barbican permits easy descent into the moat for those who do not choose to jump or climb down from the crest of the counterscarp. . . . Along the eastern or sea front numerous scars and indentations may be seen in the masonry, some of which were made by British guns during Oglethorpe's siege in 1740. These respectable old wounds will readily be distinguished from the ones that have been inflicted by modern riflemen, who have at times used the moat as a shooting gallery. The use of all firearms within the fort is now very properly prohibited. The small brick building in the eastern moat is a furnace to heat shot for the water-battery. It was built in 1844.

"The sergeant in charge of the fort conducts visitors through the casemates. As this is not part of his regular duty, a fee (25 cents for each person, or \$1 for a party of several) is customary."

Westward from the center of the fort to San Sebastian River runs the broad new Orange Street, in which, opposite the intersection of St. George Street, stand the two "towers" or posts of the ancient **City Gate**.

"The gateway is the only conspicuous relic of the elaborate system of fortifications which once defended St. Augustine. The town being on a narrow peninsula running south across this northern boundary east and west, from water to water, ran lines of fortification, which effectually barred approach. From the fort a deep ditch ran across to the St. Sebastian, and was defended by a high parapet, with redoubts and batteries. The ditch was flooded at high tide. Entrance to the town was by a drawbridge across the moat and through the gate. Earthworks extended along the St. Sebastian River in the rear (west) of the town; and around to the Matanzas again on the south. The gate was closed at night. Guards were stationed in the sentry-boxes. Just within the gate was a guard-house with a detachment of troops. . . . The towers are very old. . . . In 1810, at the Governor's command, all of the town's male inhabitants between twelve and sixty years of age were compelled to labor at the restoration of the gate and the other fortifications. At a later date the west tower was partly demolished and clumsily rebuilt. The stone causeway leading out of the gate is modern. . . . The material is coquina. The pillars are 20 feet in height, to the moldings, and 10 feet deep; the flanking walls are 30 feet in length; roadway between the pillars, 12 feet. The walls were formerly supplied with banquettes."

The immense San Marco Hotel, one of the oldest of Florida's fashionable hostleries, used to dominate this end of the town, but

was burned to the ground in 1897. Between where the hotel stood and the gate, there remains an interesting old cemetery, with many ancient inscriptions in Spanish and Latin.

Outside the gates has now extended a bright new suburb which has plenty of room to grow, and is surrounding the old fortress with modern villas.

Old St. Augustine may be said to have ended hereabouts at Cordova Street, beyond which were the large estates of Messrs. Anderson, Ball, and others. All of this property was bought a few years ago by Henry M. Flagler of New York, who laid out broad new streets through it, erected the great hotels hereafter described, and several other notable structures which have added great value and beauty to the city, and when time has mellowed them, and permitted the trees to grow, will make this one of the loveliest spots in the world. One of the new streets, Valencia, in the rear of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, leads to the railway station, and has upon it the great *Memorial* (Presbyterian) *Church*, erected by Mr. Flagler as a memorial to his daughter. Upon Carrière Street are the beautiful white home of Mr. Flagler and the exquisite *Grace* (Methodist Episcopal) *Church and parsonage*.

The **Bay and Beaches** afford much amusement to the citizens and guests of St. Augustine. Sailboats and rowboats are to be hired at reasonable rates all along the sea-wall. Tomalito River and the northern part of the bay are separated from the ocean by a long sandspit. This ends at *St. Augustine Inlet*, the harbor entrance whose channel, close along South Beach, is now protected and deepened by jetties, where good fishing is always to be had. Below the inlet, and extending southward eighteen miles to Matanzas Inlet, is another narrow stretch of sand called **Anastasia** (or, properly, Santa Anastasia) **Island**. A bridge extends 1,900 feet from the Plaza to the northern extremity of the island, and a railway runs from it to the lighthouse (1 mile), Coquina quarries (3 miles), to South Beach (5 miles). A paved road also leads from the bridge to South Beach; or one may drive or wheel over the sea beach, as smooth and hard as asphalt, almost down to Matanzas Inlet. *South Beach* is an amusement place, with facilities for bathing, a shore hotel, restaurants, etc. *The lighthouse* is of the first order, and emits a beam of white light, flashing every three minutes, and visible nineteen miles; it was built in 1873 to supersede an older one, erected

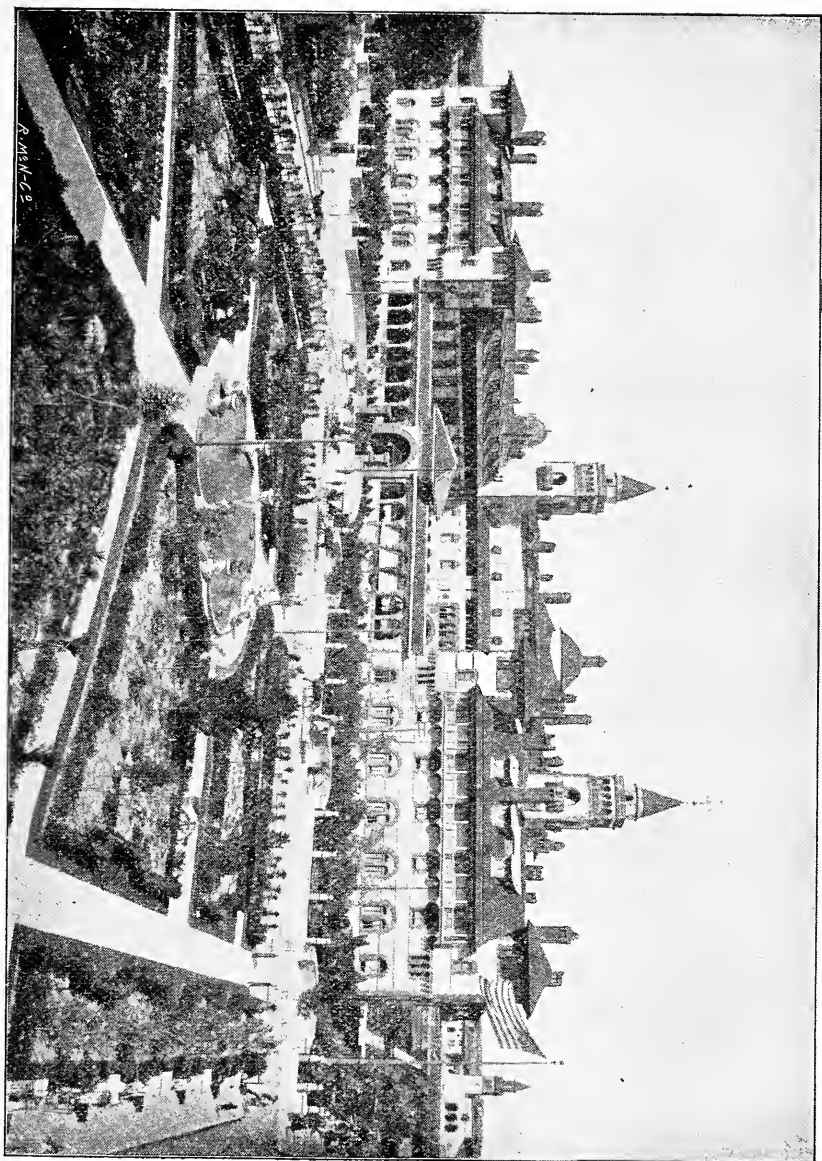
upon the coquina foundations of an old Spanish watchtower. The *coquina quarries*, a mile and a half below the lighthouse, are worth seeing, and there is much along the beach to interest the walker. Coquina is a rock composed of shells and fragments of shells thrown upon the beach, which have become cemented together by the action of water and time. It grows harder with exposure to the air, but has not strength for the highest uses of stone, and is not as much used now as formerly. These interesting quarries are also easily reached by boat from Quarry Creek, a tributary of the Matanzas. There is excellent shooting upon many parts of Anastasia, where the tangled thickets still shelter deer; and surf-fishing from the beach is practiced. The lower part of the island has one of the oldest orange groves in the State, having been settled and cultivated over 130 years ago by a Long Islander named Fish, who is buried there. A curiosity is a hot sulphur spring which bubbles up in the ocean some distance off the coast, about three miles north of Matanzas Inlet, and which often makes regular breakers, though the water there is twenty fathoms deep.

Matanzas Inlet, at the southern end of the island, admits to the harbor, and was therefore carefully guarded by the Spanish garrison, who early erected near it a strong fort still in presentable condition (*Fort Matanzas*; see *Journal U. S. Artillery*, January, 1898). The name, which in Spanish means "slaughter," recalls that frightful massacre, by Menendez, in 1564, of Ribault's Huguenots (p. 167). This inlet is only six feet deep at high tide; and it is most easily reached by boats. In a row boat or canoe one may pass much farther up the Matanzas River, as well as several miles up the Tomalito.

Golf flourishes, the excellent courses of the St. Augustine Country Club links being available to visitors for small fees.

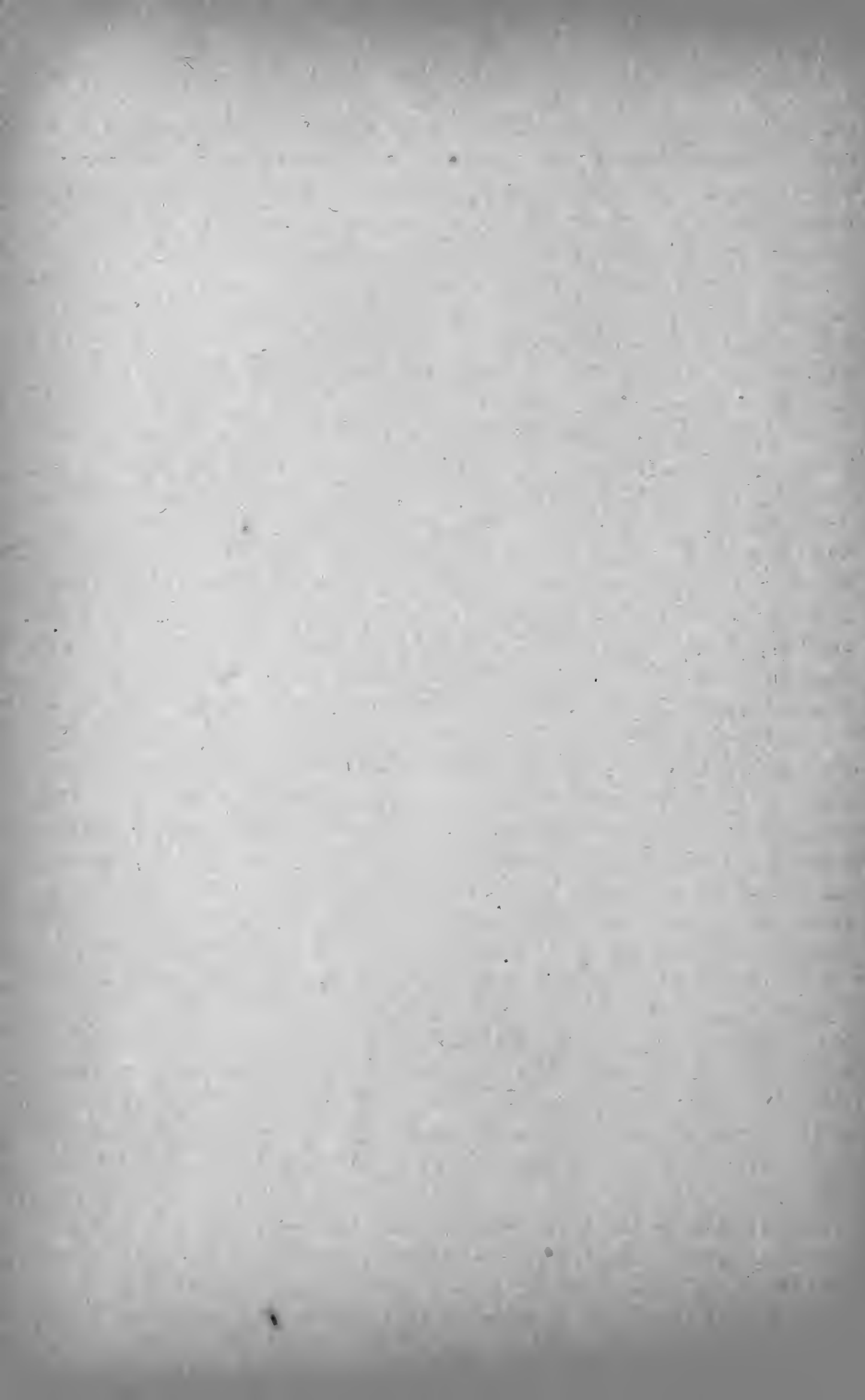
Driving is another favorite pastime, good roads extending in various directions, and the hard ocean strands forming magnificent speeding places. The ruins of the fortified outpost of Fort Moosa, two miles northward, where a bloody fight took place at the time of Oglethorpe's attack in 1739, the old Buena Vista plantation, several orange groves, and various other objectives present themselves.

The hotels at St. Augustine are among the most remarkable in the world, and those on The Alameda deserve especial mention as architectural achievements unparalleled elsewhere in the country. The tradition that St. Augustine was a Spanish city has now for the first time been realized; but it could never have been done had not



THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE.

This is the southern or principal front facing the Alameda and the Alcazar, whose garden forms the foreground of the picture.



the tradition been here to make the development seem natural, and had not the clear skies, the brilliant sunshine, the flat country, and the semi-tropical foliage, made the result consistent; and, further, this result could never have been attained had not the highest artistic talent and the most liberal munificence joined hands. Many persons have said many things about these buildings—stately and beautiful from whatever point of view they are regarded; but no one has succeeded so well as Mr. C. B. Reynolds, the writer of the admirable “Standard Guide,” to whom the present writer is largely indebted for the brief notes that follow.

In the first place, the right material was found in a concrete composed of ground beach shells, invented by Mr. F. W. Smith of Boston, who used it in the construction of his Moorish house, “Villa Zorayda,” and of Hotel Granada, which are among the ornaments of The Alameda. He made of the shell dust, mixed with sand and Portland cement, a paste with which he built up his walls (by tamping it down between molds of boards set up to give the required thickness and form), laying one mass on top of another until he had reached the height and length he wanted. Thus he formed a solid upright mass—a monolithic wall without seam or joint. This is the material out of which the hotels and other new buildings in the western part of the city has been erected. Window caps, arches, etc., are made of brick, the ornaments are largely terra cotta, and the roofs are covered with tiles. These natural materials harmonize perfectly in color—pearl gray, dull reds, warm yellows—and are as local and natural as the adobe houses of Southern California. They glitter in the sunshine, and in the shadows are richly blue and brown above the climbing and clustering verdure and under the radiant sky.

The moving spirit is Mr. Henry M. Flagler of New York, and the architects were Messrs. Carrière & Hastings and Mr. F. W. Smith. Mr. Flagler had little idea, when he began, of the vast undertaking he would carry through; but the artistic possibilities were so attractive, and the return seemed so sure, that he let the design round itself out to a perfect whole, although the various enterprises have already cost a dozen millions of dollars. Of the hotels the first and greatest is

The Ponce de Leon. It covers four and a half acres, surrounding a court 150 feet square, facing The Alameda, which is old King Street broadened into a noble avenue. “As we approach the hotel the attention is first attracted to the graceful towers [165 feet high], then

to the great dome and its copper lantern, and then to the broad roofs, with their red crinkled tiles and their dormer windows, the porticoes, loggias, and the corner turrets, carried up into low towers with open galleries and overhanging roofs. . . . The effects vary with the hours; all day long the changing lights and the play of the shadows reveal new combinations of beauty, and when illuminated at night the hotel is still a delight to the eye. . . . The architects and artists spent two years in perfecting these details; . . . and we shall miss a full appreciation of the merits of their work unless we bear constantly in mind the historical theme they have sought to illustrate, . . . the chronicles of St. Augustine."

Passing beneath the raised portcullis, past the almost tropical growths and murmuring fountains of the court, and through the arcades that bound it, the traveler enters halls, and rooms, and corridors that bewilder him with the richness and variety of their embellishments until he perceives that all is conformable to the single idea. Marble, onyx, carved wood, tiles, stucco, and rich furniture are used in marvelous profusion, yet all is subdued to an artistic harmony. The parlors, opening out of one another, are exquisite examples of Italian decoration, the frescoings of which are exceedingly delicate works of art. The immense dome, supported upon pillars and caryatides of carved oak, covers a rotunda four stories in height, "forming arcades and galleries at each story, whose arches and columns are of different designs." Beneath each of these galleries are vaulted ceilings bearing symbolical paintings on a silver ground, the motives for which have been found, consistently, in the Spain and Florida of the sixteenth century; and the execution of which is beyond cavil. Over all is the richly decorated dome. But the crowning glory of the house is the magnificent vaulted hall of the dining room, approached by a broad onyx stairway which gives one of the most splendid of the many lovely vistas which are a peculiar beauty of this matchless structure. "In its wealth of adornment this hall is the pride and masterpiece of the hotel. Beauty of form, which everywhere charms the eye, is supplemented by richness and harmony of color, and these in turn by the good taste shown in the choice of themes for the decoration. . . . The light is mellowed in its passage through the stained glass windows of the clerestory, and through the magnificent masses of the stained and clear leaded glass which make up almost the entire ends of the rounded extensions. The prevailing shade is creamy yellow."

On the south side of The Alameda, in what used to be the governor's garden, is **The Alcazar**, an adjunct of The Ponce de Leon. It opens early in the winter and closes late in the spring; is conducted now on the American plan, and has a restaurant and café. "Within is a court of flowers, shrubbery, and vines, with an ingenious fountain playing in the center. This court or casino . . . is surrounded by an arcade upon which open shops and offices. Beyond this court are the great swimming-pools of [warm] sulphur water from the artesian wells, and of salt water from the bay. South are tennis courts." The Tropical Lawntennis championship is decided in St. Augustine. On the other side of Cordova Street is a third great modern hotel, under the same management as the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar, now called **The Cordova**, but formerly known as Casa Monica. Its lower story is devoted to shops on King Street, and its upper floors to rooms rented to gentlemen. This hotel contains a spacious glass sun-parlor.

The St. George is a capital little hotel at the southwest corner of the Plaza, and the *Florida* and *Magnolia*, on St. George Street, are also of high repute. Most of the smaller hotels are to be recommended, while there are many private boarding-houses, so that persons of all degree of fortune can find the means of winter residence in St. Augustine; and the poorer half of the migrants can participate in nine-tenths of its benefits and enjoyments as fully as the richer.

The San Marco Hotel was destroyed by fire in 1897.

The History of St. Augustine is substantially the history of the East Coast of Florida, and can be told to best advantage in a continuous story. It is quite likely that some of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators, who quickly followed Columbus, hit upon Florida, for it is said that a map of 1508 showed the region, but undisputed Florida history begins with the ambition of a Spanish adventurer, Juan Ponce de Leon, who had first come to the West Indies with Columbus, and had heard of an island in the Bahamas wherein was a fountain that would renew the youth of him who bathed in it. This is an ancient myth which wonderfully early had found its way to the New World, but it lured the old cavalier on to voyages of discovery. He found the island but no magic waters; and then, sailing west, discovered a coast, new to him, at least, which he named Florida, because sighted on Easter Sunday (*Pascua florida*). This happened in 1512. Nine years later he sought to plant a colony there, and it is thought that the spot was close to the present site of St. Augustine,

but the Indians drove his men away and mortally wounded himself. Only the name remained and Spain's claim, not only to the peninsula but to all the mainland north and west as far as it might reach. The whole of North America was "Florida" then. Urged by their government, Cortez and Pizarro made their "iniquitous but magnificent" conquest of Mexico and Peru. Adventurer after adventurer landed on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and penetrated the Valley of the Mississippi, searching for gold in the forests and canebrakes; but no one set up the flag of Spain on the Atlantic Shore of the continent for many years.

News of these discoveries went to Europe, year by year, and the harassed Huguenots of France conceived that they might erect for themselves a safe retreat and a free church in this new land. Encouraged by their great leader, Admiral Coligni, Jean Ribault's Protestant expedition sailed from Havre in 1562, and landed at the mouth of the St. Johns, which he named the River of May, and then continued northward. Two years later (1564), a second Huguenot expedition of three vessels, commanded by Laudonnière (p. 16), came to the River of May, were exuberantly welcomed by the Indians, and built upon St. Johns Bluff the stockaded post called Fort Caroline. Then, like all the men of that period and region, they began to maltreat the Indians, meddle in their wars, seek for gold and gems, but paid no attention to planting crops, and soon were embroiled in wars with the natives, as well as in quarrels among themselves, and were threatened with starvation. The miserable months dragged on. They were visited by Capt. John Hawkins, the English navigator, who was the originator of the slave trade; and, at last, Ribault brought a fleet to their succor. Meanwhile, an account of this Protestant French colony had reached Madrid, and roused both the religious and political ire of the King of Spain, who straightway dispatched a powerful expedition, under Pedro Menendez de Aviles, to root out and destroy the invaders. He arrived at the River of May just after Ribault (August, 1565), but found himself too weak to attack Fort Caroline, and therefore sailed southward, entered an inlet, which he named San Augustine in honor of the saint of that day (September 7, 1565), and landed at an Indian town called Selooe, or Seloy, after the name of its chief. Earthworks were immediately thrown up by gangs of negroes brought from the West Indies, and the country was taken possession of, with much ceremony, in the name of Spain, utterly regardless of any previous ownership by the red men.

The hardy Ribault had been aware of this movement, and thought by a bold stroke to overcome the Spaniards before they were prepared for defense; with nearly all his available men and ships, he sailed down the coast, and would surely have struck a heavy, and probably successful, blow had not a storm of unexampled violence suddenly arisen, driven his ships away from the inlet, and wrecked them before the fleet could return to its own harbor. Seeing the plight of the French ships, and realizing that Fort Caroline must now be defenseless, Menendez led an army overland, with incredible hardships, through the blinding rain and gale, surprised the half-ruined fort, and massacred nearly all the occupants. Then he left the larger part of his force as a garrison, bidding them rebuild the fort and fortify the entrance to the river (as was presently done), and then himself, with a small guard, marched back to St. Augustine. A few days later, he learned that a party of shipwrecked Frenchmen were encamped on the beach south of Matanzas Inlet. Going down there with a band of cutthroats, he induced the helpless Frenchmen to surrender, and then murdered his prisoners in cold blood. Shortly afterward, he was informed of a larger body of French sailors, with Ribault and his principal officers, who had also been shipwrecked, and were encamped upon the shore. To them Menendez swore the most solemn oaths of good treatment. The officers and about 150 men surrendered, were led back to Matanzas Inlet, and hewed down without mercy, in violation of every pledge, because they would not recant their "Reformed faith." The remnant fortified themselves, but their fort was taken by the Spaniards, who, for some strange reason, forbore to kill their prisoners, but only made them slaves in an easy captivity. Three years later (1568), this was fearfully revenged upon the Spaniards, at the mouth of the River of May, by De Gourgues; but, when he had killed the Spanish garrisons there and demolished the forts, he sailed back to France; and thus ended the schemes for Protestant French colonization in Florida, which became firmly Spanish as far north as the British settlements, soon after founded in the Carolinas and Georgia, would permit. It is interesting to speculate upon what would have been the course of history had the French, instead of the Spaniards, won in this struggle.

This possession was not kept, however, without trials and bloodshed. Setting up no industries, and antagonizing the Indians, the Spaniards, nearly starved, were mutinous and quarrelsome. Reinforcements and imported supplies saved them for a time, and

plans for outposts at various points and the building of a large fort (San Juan de los Pinos) diverted their attention. Menendez went back to Spain, and the colonists gradually bettered their condition, until 1586, when the English freebooter, Francis Drake, discovered them by accident, came ashore, and attacked the town. Their fort was incapable of resistance, and everyone fled to the woods, to return after a few days and find their camp in ashes and plundered of everything worth taking. Soon afterward a Franciscan monastery was opened and vigorous missionary efforts were made among the Indians, interrupted, in 1638, by an uprising of the savages. After this had been quelled, the town grew slowly and peacefully until 1665, when it was suddenly assaulted by another English sea-rover, Davis, who was unable to take the improved fort into which the citizens retreated, but sacked the town and went away. This fort was a strong one, standing upon the site of the present Fort Marion, then called San Marco, or simply The Castle, and successive governors perfected and strengthened it, employing the labor of convicts from the West Indies and of captured Indians. As the 17th century approached its end, hostilities began between the Spaniards of Florida, aided by forces from Cuba, and the English of Carolina and Georgia, whom the former regarded as trespassers; and in 1702 the declaration of war between England and Spain gave a renewed impulse to this coast fighting, the immediate result of which was an expedition against St. Augustine from Carolina, which was too numerous to be resisted outside the fort. The inhabitants therefore retired, with all they could carry into the castle, and let the Carolinians occupy the town and besiege them. The enemy sent to Jamaica for heavy guns, but some Spanish frigates opportunely appeared, whereupon the Carolinians withdrew, but took away all the booty they could collect, rifling among the rest the church, the present structure, which had just been finished. This incident taught the people that something more than a castle was needed, and they began to surround the town with walls and redoubts, turning it into a fortified camp; in fact that was all that St. Augustine then was and continued to be for many years. It was tenanted by soldiers for the most part, had few workmen except unskilled slaves, and was constantly supplied by provisions from Europe, a famine resulting even as late as 1712 from the failure of these ships to arrive. It is doubtful whether the Spaniards ever would have colonized Florida in an industrial and self-supporting sense.

Alarms followed one another until the time when Oglethorpe, who was governor of Georgia, was sent by the English government to try to capture Florida and stop the ruinous colonial strife. He made an elaborate expedition in 1739, by both land and sea, his fleet first capturing the St. Johns forts and then proceeding to St. Augustine Inlet, while a land force marched overland to the city's gates. Oglethorpe erected batteries on North Beach and Anastasia Island (p. 161) and shelled the town, driving everyone to the shelter of the castle, which by that time had substantially its present form. A land battle, in which the Spaniards were successful, was followed by an artillery duel and a siege; but Oglethorpe failed to get possession of Matanzas Inlet, and so stop supplies from Havana, and after a few weeks of futile effort went home. The Spanish commander retaliated, but met with no success, and a desultory conflict followed until closed by the treaty between Spain and Great Britain, in 1763, by which Florida was ceded to England.

A great change ensued in St. Augustine and all civilized Florida. Immigration was encouraged by the first of that long train of glowing accounts of the climate and soil which have attracted immigrants ever since. Roads were made, the interior explored, farmers and gardeners settled on tracts of land given them by the government, and an enterprising industrious population took the place of the lazy soldiers and camp-followers whom Spain had been supporting so long, for nearly every Spaniard in the country made haste to leave it, though all were privileged to stay if they liked. St. Augustine became a naval and military station of some account, and had many persons of official and social consequence in its society. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the American Revolution broke out, this remote station remained loyal to the crown, and correspondingly an object of attention from the Southern colonists, who once snatched an English powder-laden ship from the very entrance of the harbor, and who planned, but did not carry out, a land expedition for its capture. Thither, in 1780, were sent sixty prominent citizens arrested in Charleston, to be held as prisoners of war, and who remained there a year. The Governor wished them to be treated with coldness, if not with contempt; but it is probable that the society of so many cultivated men was too great a temptation to the little colony, for they appear to have been accepted rather as guests. Florida had by this time been made so valuable that the exports amounted to nearly \$250,000 annually; and it was a great hardship,

after the Independence of the United States had been acknowledged, to have Great Britain recede Florida to Spain, compelling all the English people (about 25,000) to sacrifice their holdings and emigrate, or else stay under Spanish rule, which few of them would do. In 1784, therefore, the flag of England came down from Fort St. John, as the British called the Castle of San Marco, and the lion of Spain again floated from the old coquina ramparts.

"This transfer," remarks Colonel Norton, "inaugurated what was perhaps the most idyllic period of the city's history. The world went on fighting as usual, but St. Augustine had ceased to be a bone of contention. The young republic to the northward was somewhat aggressive, it is true, but the new order of things did not for a generation intimately affect the old city. Under the wise and temperate government of Don Enrique White, a somewhat unique Spanish community appears to have developed. Music, dancing, civil and ecclesiastical feasts, and all the light amusements dear to the Latin heart were celebrated during the genial winter months, and the city was a veritable bower of tropical vegetation, with narrow, paved streets lined with cool gray coquina-walled houses. Within the gates no hoof of horse ever sounded. Those who could afford to ride rode in palanquins."

It became more and more evident, however, that this foreign and last-century state of things could not last beside the pushing growth of the Anglo-Saxon republic to the north. Spain had previously lost to France the country west of the Appalachicola, and it was plain that the whole peninsula must sooner or later become a part of the United States. Discontent was growing even among the Spaniards themselves, who now were scattered along both coasts; and border-depredations could not be prevented. Long and tedious negotiations between the two governments finally resulted in the purchase of Florida, which passed into possession of the United States in 1821.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, the leader of Southern military operations during the War of 1812-'14, was naturally the first territorial governor; but St. Augustine saw little if anything of him, and lived peacefully until 1835, when she once more became the headquarters of military movements against the Indians, who had risen all over the State, and whose war parties came to her very gates in their forays. The old castle, now christened Fort Marion, was again heavily garrisoned, and military posts were scattered all along the eastern coast, and at many points of the interior accessible from this depot. By 1842 the Seminoles were subdued and the country made safe for settlers. Three years later (1845) Florida was admitted into the Union

as a State, and began a period of prosperity, in which St. Augustine shared particularly, because no point was better known or more desirable; and from that time it began to be a winter resort for invalids, who were quartered in the houses of the citizens and certain small hotels, which now would be considered very poor affairs indeed, but perhaps made life as pleasant for their less exacting inmates as now do the more splendid hostelrys. Then came the rude interruption of another war, and once more the flag was hauled down from the old citadel, and a new one run up—the stars and bars of the Confederate States of America. Again (March 11, 1862) a warship appeared in the harbor, where such a long train of them had floated before, and approached the old city, but in such a manner as St. Augustine had never seen. With a flag of truce flying at its fore, the United States gunboat “Huron” came to anchor, and was responded to by a white flag on the ramparts that had never shown it before. Com. C. P. R. Rogers landed unarméd, and the Mayor surrendered the city, the small Confederate garrison having fled. Once more the stars and stripes floated from Fort Marion, and, during the remainder of the Civil War, St. Augustine was simply a quiet garrison-station, firmly but gently held by military authority, and a favorite naval resort.

“The soldiers of the garrison, like the Spaniards and the English who preceded them in former wars, enjoyed such excellent health that the sick-list proved a telling advertisement for the healthfulness of the climate. No sooner were hostilities over than inquiries began to arrive from the North as to hotel accommodations for the coming winter, and very soon the sound of preparation was heard. New hotels were built, largely with Northern capital, new and unfamiliar Paris fashions appeared with early winter along the sea-wall, and the old Spanish city entered upon a career of prosperity which soon surpassed her wildest dreams.”

St. Augustine to Bay Biscayne.

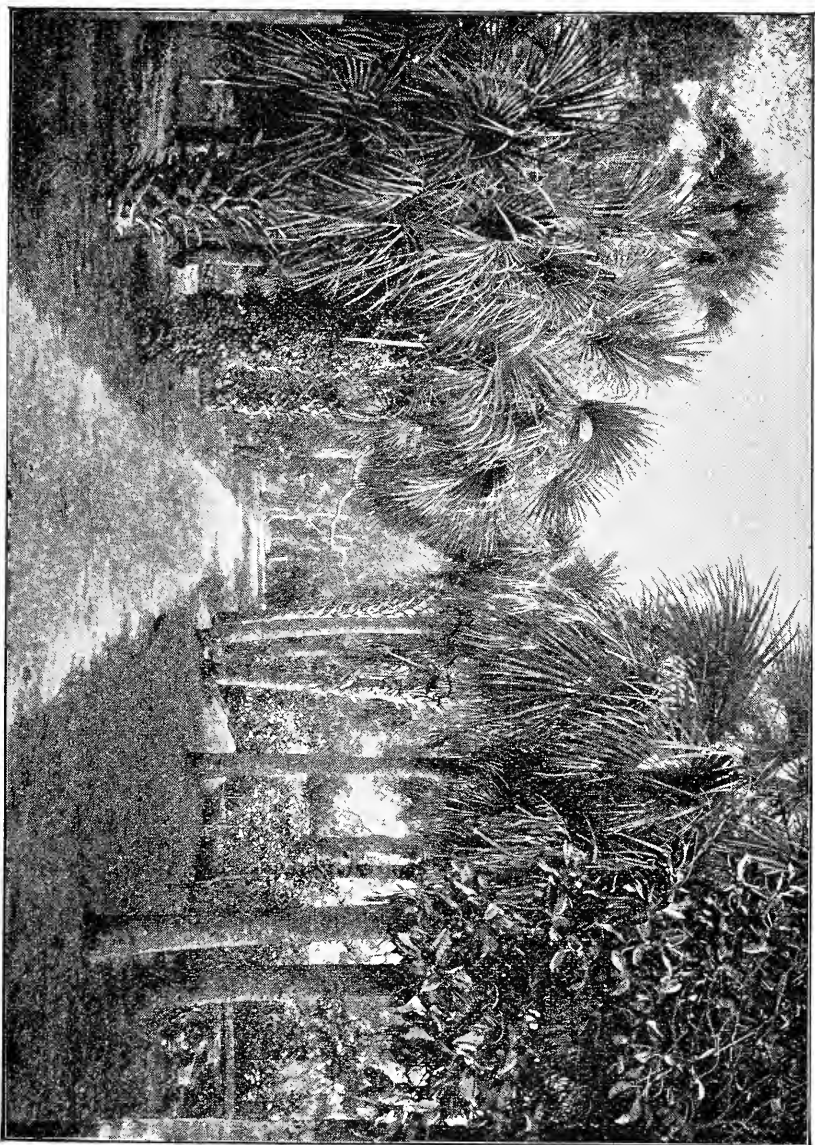
Leaving St. Augustine the train of the East Coast Line points southwest toward Palatka. At Tocoí Junction the branch to Tocoí, on the St. Johns, diverges—the first railroad into St. Augustine. Near here are the vineyards of *Moultrie*, which are introducing a new element into the horticulture of this part of the State, which seems to have all the conditions needed for successful grape-growing. *Hastings* is a station in the midst of a very fertile region, a few

miles beyond which the St. Johns comes into view and the train crosses into *Palatka* (p. 143). East Palatka and San Mateo (Stanton, \$2) are little towns among orange groves opposite the city, whence the railway takes a straight southeast course toward Ormond. The distance from Palatka to Ormond is thirty-seven miles, all the way through level woods, which look dull and barren but are capable of profitable use under proper treatment.

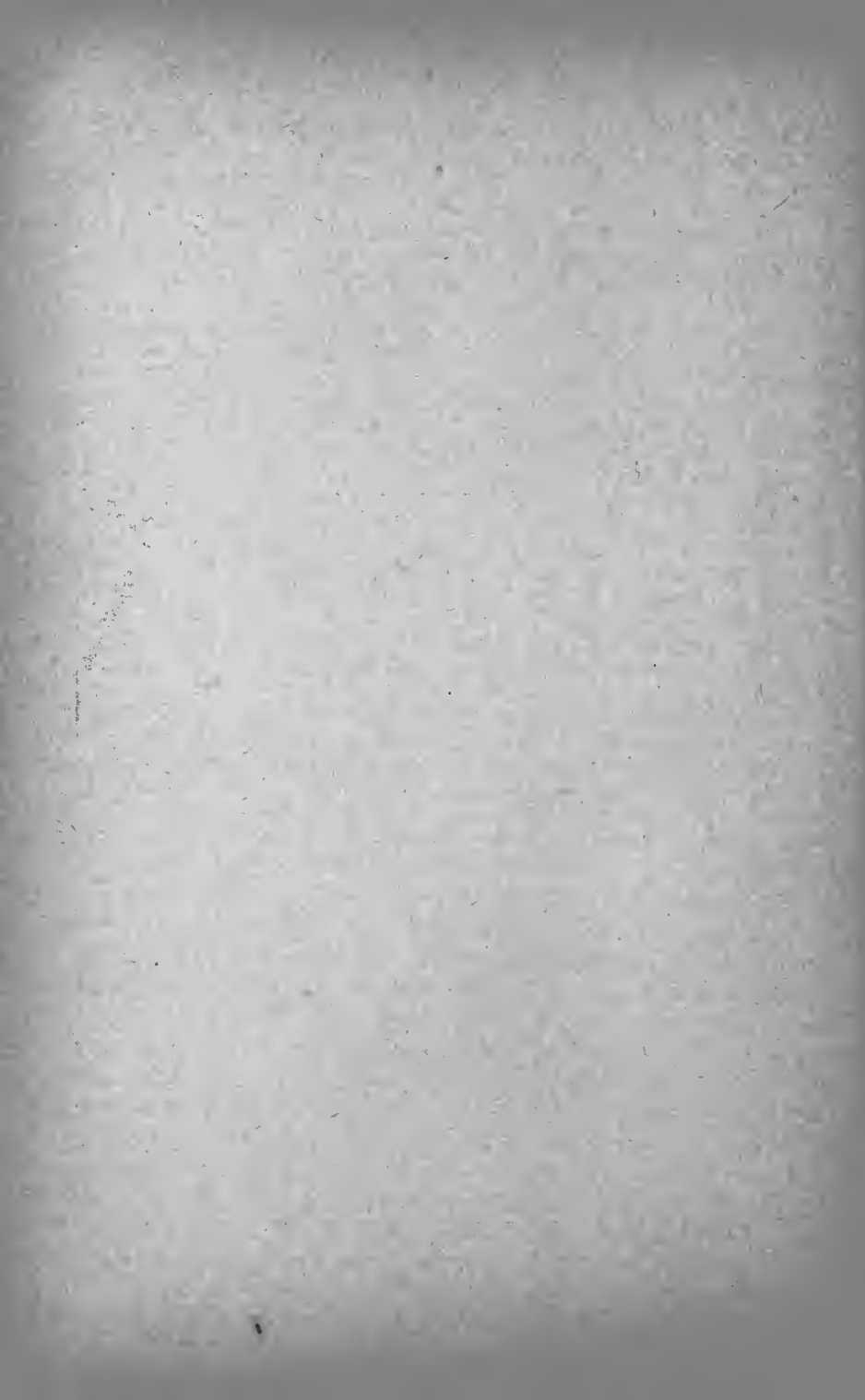
The Atlantic Coast of Florida consists of parallel belts. The flat beach is generally of fine sand. Next comes a ridge of sand hills covered with a growth of beach grass, saw palmetto, oak scrub, and weeds, which, farther on, change to red bays, small live oaks, and cedars, to end in a "half hammock," a wilderness of not very tall trees of all kinds growing on shell heaps, or on sand blended with mould. This half hammock is bounded by a river, which, under different names, and sometimes interrupted by a swamp or marsh, is running along the entire East Coast of Florida, parallel with the ocean. The water in this "Indian River," as a part of it is called, is salt, because the ocean tide pours into it through several breaks in the beach. The western bank of the river consists of a series of forest-covered hills forming what is called a "high hammock." The soil is often made up of oyster shells with a layer of humus on top. This very fertile belt is seldom more than half a mile wide, and is succeeded by a lower belt that probably once was the bed of a river, but now, as a rule, bears yellow pines, while in some places savannas occur—shallow grass ponds containing a few inches of water during the rainy season, but dry most of the year. In the pine woods of this belt the soil is sandy, sometimes underlaid by a hard sandstone of a brown, iron-rust color. Bushes of gallberries are growing among the pines.

The sixth in order of these coastwise divisions is the low-hammock belt. It has a black, fat soil with a substratum of clay or marl, or both, and is lower than the foregoing belt. Oblong muck-ponds, running north and south, occur frequently in the eastern part of it, while the western part is formed by a higher, narrow ridge. A thick, primeval forest of semi-tropical trees covers it, large live oaks, draped with the picturesque Spanish-moss, hickory, the wild orange, maple, cedar, elm, bay, ash, wahoo, sweet gum, and very tall palms. A strong order of jasmine, orchids, and other tropical flowers fills the air. Next comes the spruce-pine belt with a soil of white sand covered with spruce pines and low bushes, and half a mile farther west are the "flat woods"—or low pine lands, that do not, however, belong to the East Coast region.

Although the seven coast belts mentioned always occur in the same order, when all are present, it may happen that one or the other is missing. The high hammock is often entirely absent, and the low hammock may only be found in spots in the southern half of the East Coast. But the spruce pine and the yellow pine belts are very constant.



A PATH THROUGH THE PALMETTOS AT ORMOND, FLA.



As far as the usefulness of these different belts for the inhabitants is concerned, it should be stated that the beach itself furnishes a fine road, and the western part of the beach-ridge is often very fertile and rich, and not as subject to frosts as the mainland.

The high hammock on the west side of the Coast River has a light, sandy soil covered with animal remains, oysters, clams, and fish, left there by the Indians, and with a thick layer of decayed leaves. The forest-growth consists of a variety of cedar, oaks, palms, hickory, bay, etc., and it forms a splendid soil for fruit trees and vegetables, in short, for all products which can grow in this climate. Here stand most of the villages and hotels.

The yellow pine marks the next belt, whose soil is light and sandy but nevertheless excellently well fitted for agricultural purposes, provided it is fertilized. In a few instances the subsoil is "hardpan," a kind of sandstone, and, if so, the land is hardly worth cultivating. The savannas mentioned in this district need draining.

The low hammock west of this belt constitutes the richest land in the State, but is unhealthy to live upon, is expensive to clear, and needs draining. The big Turnbull Hammock, which runs a mile and a half in width, for forty miles from Ormond south, west of the towns, is in this belt.

The seventh and the last belt of the East Coast region has a soil of almost snow-white sand, and has a vegetation of palmetto, scrub, and spruce pines. Below Eden it forms the preferred soil for pineapple plantations, and thousands of acres are now under cultivation there. In the north this belt is of much less value to the agriculturist, but the farmers who own and work on low-hammock land, ought to put their houses on it, as it is very healthy. Some muck from the hammock swamps will make it possible to grow a garden filled with olive trees, pecans, and berries around the house, and good drinking water can be had at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet.

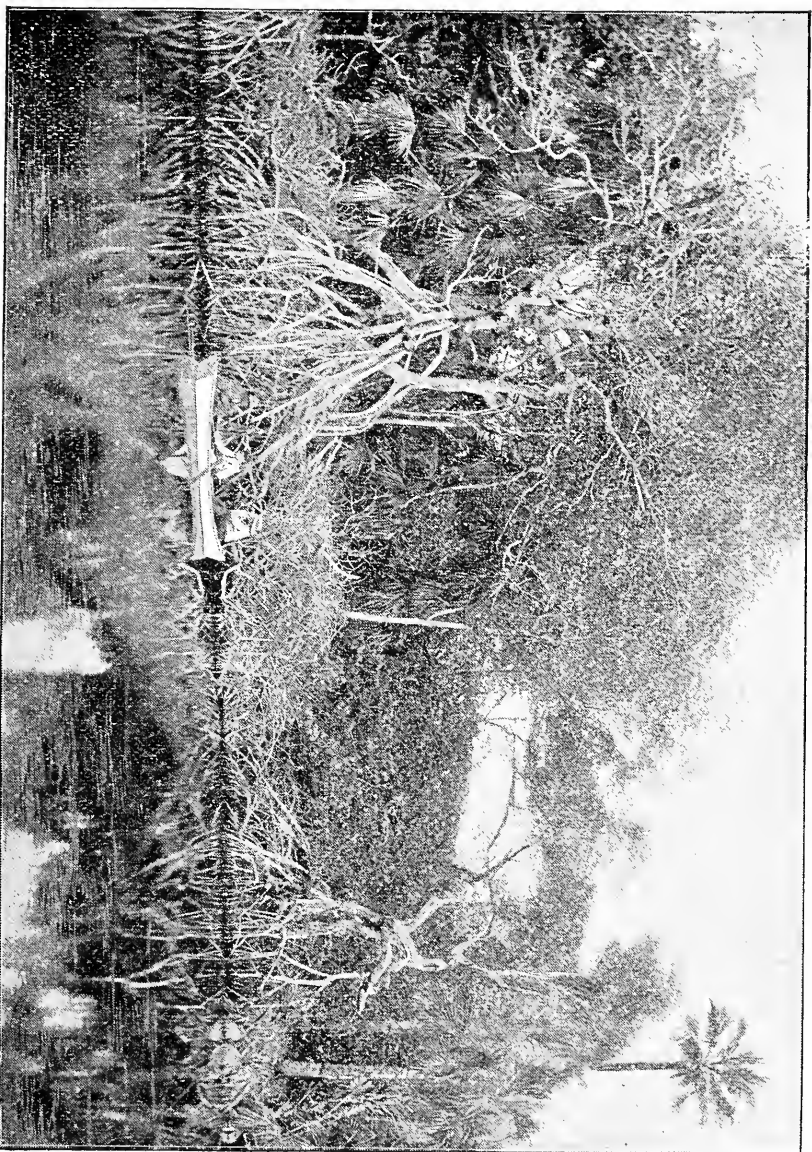
At Ormond the *Halifax River* is reached; it is the northernmost of the coast lagoons, has a total length of about twenty-five miles from its head to Mosquito Inlet, and is separated from the ocean by a narrow peninsula, the inner side of which is wooded. Here, eighteen miles above the inlet, a pretty town has grown up amid the forest on both sides of the river, which is spanned by a bridge that carries a tramway to the ocean beach. In summer the population is small and many cottages are closed, but in winter the village is thronged. This is true of most of the places to be mentioned in this chapter, but the permanent population of both the villages and back country is steadily enlarging. The surroundings of Ormond are very inviting. There is an excess of forest, dense and varied, through which roads and paths have been cut in every direction, while the rivers and beach offer a contrast of pleasures when one is tired of rambling. The roads are good, and driving is much indulged, visiting vine-

grown and picturesque ruins of sugar mills, orange and lemon groves, up to the Indian Mound at Hernandez Point, where the Spaniards had a settlement, on to Buckhead Bluff, at the crossing of the old King's Road, and thence back through the hammock. The hard ocean strand is another favorite driving place, and bicycling can be enjoyed more thoroughly there than elsewhere. The Halifax River is quiet and shallow, and an ideal place for boating, while sea bass, salt-water trout, sheepshead, and numerous other fishes interesting to anglers abound in its tidal waters. A special trip by steam launch is that up *Tomoka River*, a tributary of the Halifax, which is a small copy of the Ocklawaha, offers excellent fishing, and can be ascended by small boats for some twelve miles.

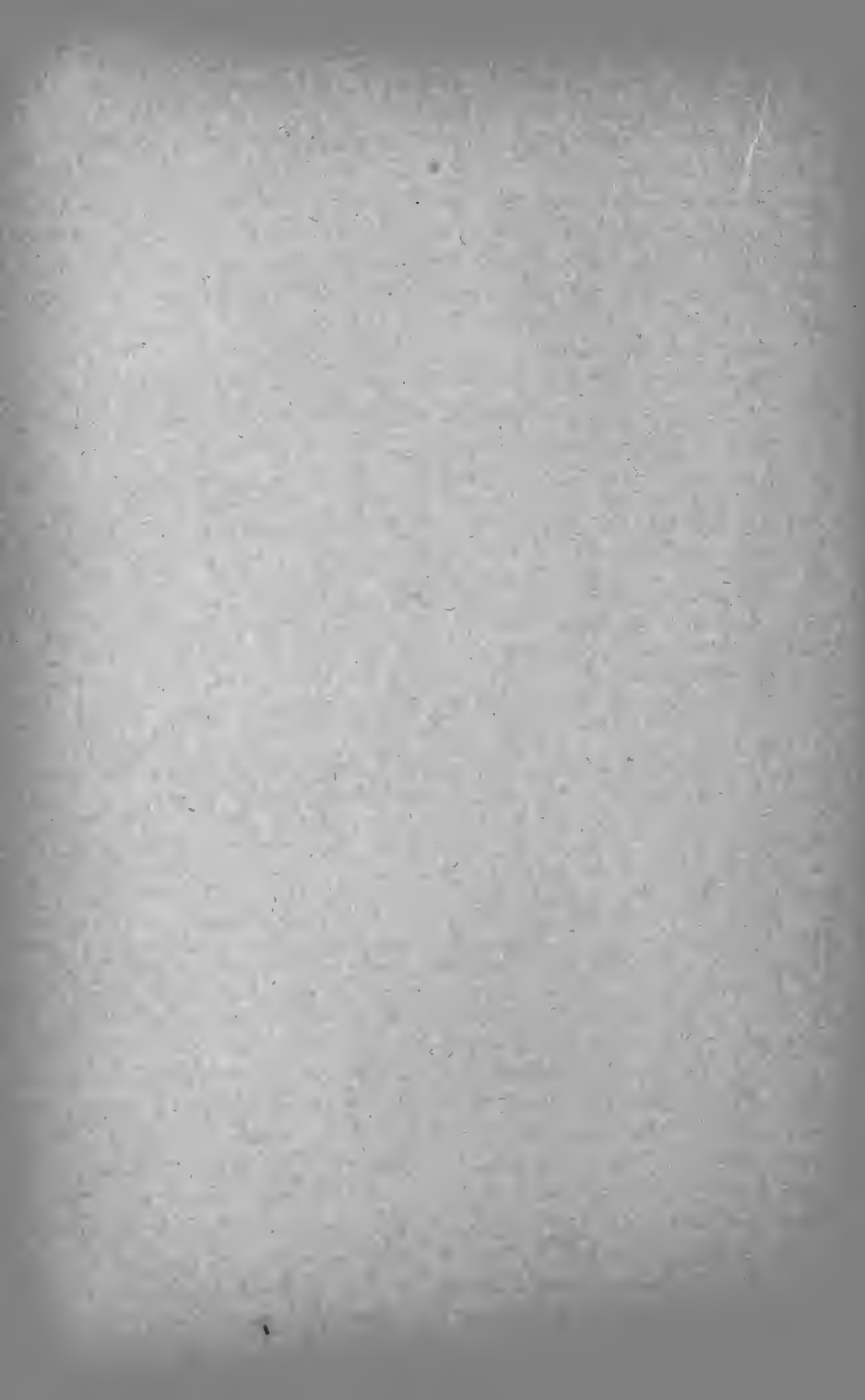
Golf Links have been laid out in the open space about the railway station and a branch of the East Coast Golf Club is maintained under the direction of a professional Scotch golfer.

The Ormond (\$4) and *Hotel Coquina* (\$3) are the two leading hotels of the place, and both are under northern management. The former is on the eastern shore of the Halifax River, and is an immense and splendidly equipped house, with every provision for luxury as well as convenience that can be thought of. One peculiarity is white servants, the dining-room waitresses being of the type familiar to sojourners at the summer hotels in the White Mountains, whence these young women are brought. This hotel remains open from December 15th to May 1st. *Hotel Coquina*, smaller, is situated upon the seashore, where facilities for surf-bathing are provided. It has a sun-parlor for chilly days, and remains open until May 1st. Several good boarding-houses exist in the village, and cottages are offered for rent, furnished, each winter, \$30 a month being an ordinary charge; delivery wagons from the village take supplies to the door, and living is thus made inexpensive and homelike.

Daytona (pop., 1,500; Holly Inn, \$3; The Colonnades, \$2.50; Palmetto, \$3; Ridgewood, \$3; other hotels at \$2) is a station six miles south, on the western bank of the river, which is thronged in winter with Northern families who own houses or abide in the many boarding-houses of the "Fountain City." Two bridges cross the river to Silver Beach, as the shining ocean strand is here called. *Port Orange*, with a pleasant little hotel, is a sort of southern suburb; and then comes **New Smyrna** (lunch counter), the terminus of a railroad from the St. Johns River at Blue Springs (p. 149), a road built to accommodate persons who wished to come to this seashore in summer.



MANGROVE TREES IN JUPITER NARROWS.



The tendency now is, on the part of winter visitors, to remain here later and later in the spring, which is altogether the most delightful and amusing time along this coast. Turtle-hunting and certain kinds of fishing are best in April and May, and the flowers and fruits are then most abundant and delicious. Orange-growing and bee-keeping are extensive industries here. There are several hotels: Ocean (seventy-five guests, \$3), Hotel Nelms (\$2), and others. The Coronado, formerly well known here, was burned in 1896.

Three miles north of New Smyrna is *Mosquito Inlet*, forming the southern end of the Halifax, and the northern end of Hillsboro River, which continues the lagoon several miles southward.

It has been well said that this coast river should bear one name throughout its length, disregarding the interruptions of swamps. "From the mouth of the St. Johns River southward, these names occur in the following order: Pablo Creek, North River, Matanzas River, Mata Compra Creek, Smith's Creek, Halifax River, Hillsboro River, Indian River, Little Lake Worth, Lake Worth, Boca Ratones, for the second time Hillsboro River, New River, and Dumbfoundling Bay. Even Biscayne Bay and Card's Sound are really continuations of the coast river, but as the first mentioned reaches a width of twelve miles, while the beach ridge changes to a series of low islands, 'keys,' the characteristics of the river have really disappeared. All the divisions mentioned above are now, or will be in a near future, united by canals, and the idea is to transform the whole water belt to one continuous navigable river, or rather sound, from the mouth of St. Johns to Bay Biscayne. The work is taken in hand by a private company, that receives from the State a certain number of acres, about 4,000, for every mile of the canal, which has to be dug to a depth of six feet and a width of thirty feet."

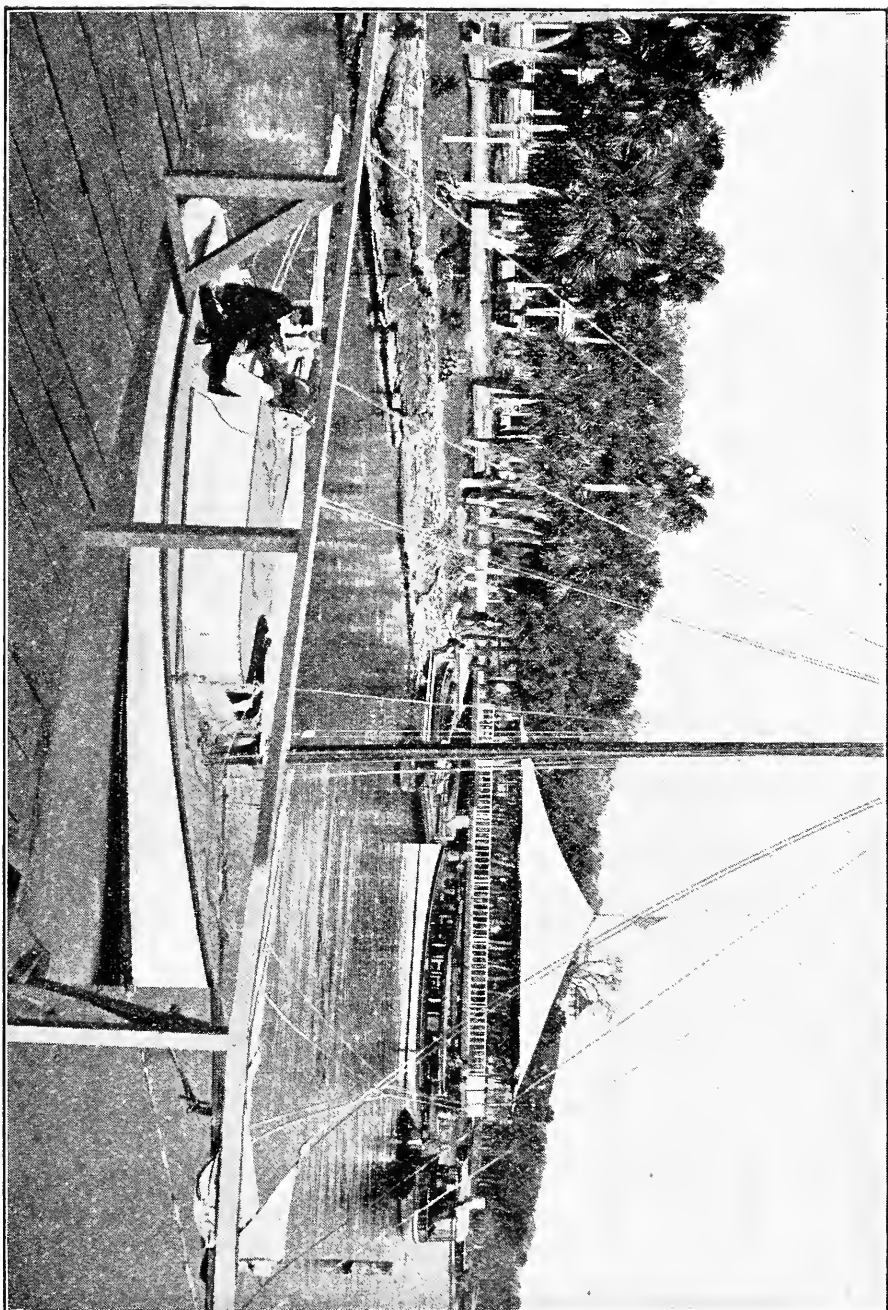
This canal will be 400 miles long, and was opened continuously from Mosquito Inlet to Miami, in 1898, after nine years of labor. The next step will be to open a water-connection between North River and Pablo Creek, and thus unite Indian River with the St. Johns, and make possible an inland passage from Long Island Sound, N. Y., to Biscayne Bay, Fla. Passenger boats are plying upon this waterway.

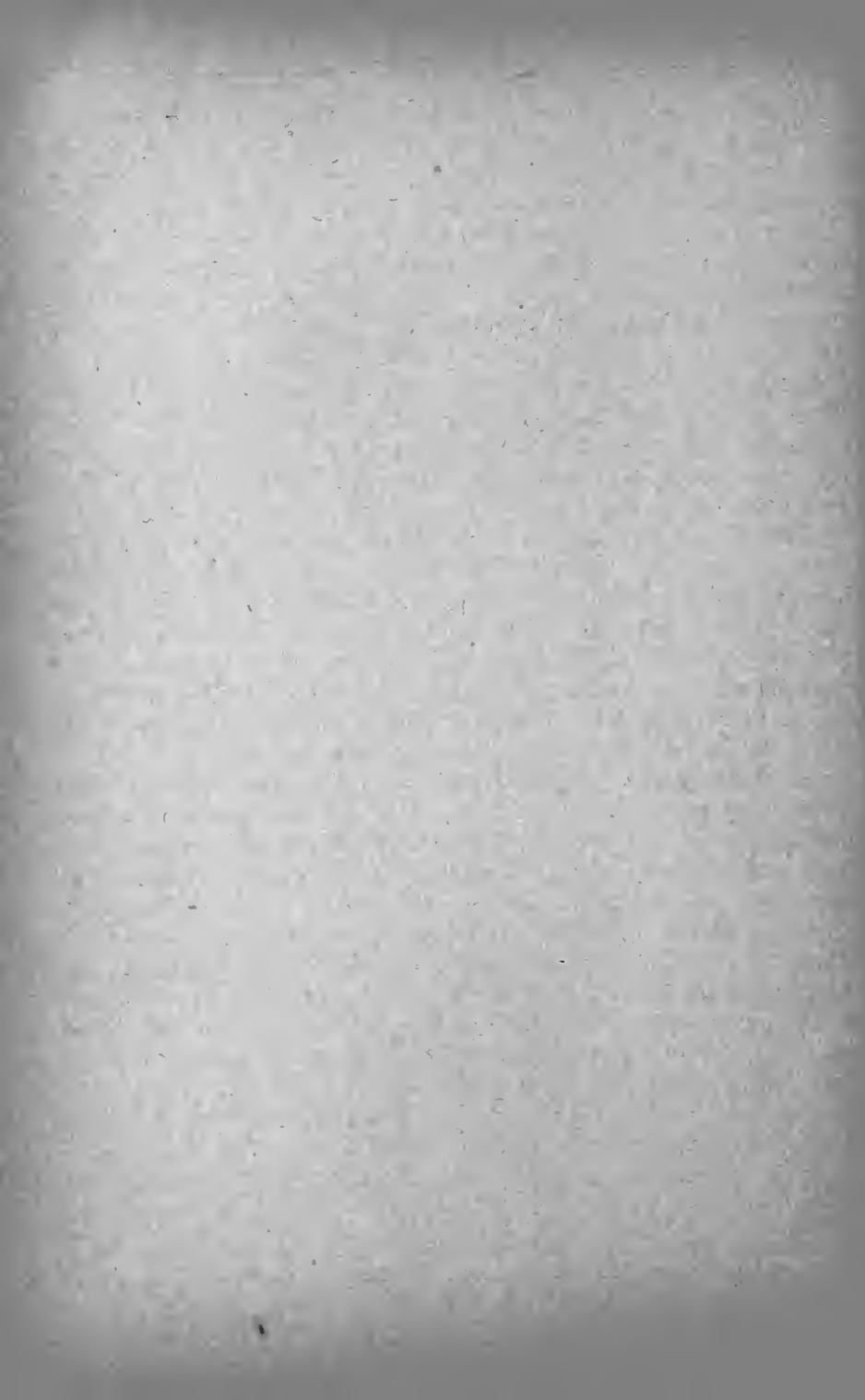
Mosquito Inlet is half a mile in width, with a channel of twelve feet at high tide, and it was therefore used as a harbor by the earliest explorers of the coast. It is indicated to seamen by a red brick lighthouse, having a first-class light; this is open to visitors, who will find it worth while to climb to the lantern. The lighthouse is north of the inlet; and two miles above it is the fishing hamlet of *Ponce*, which is frequented by sportsmen after ducks, shore-birds, and sea fishing. New Smyrna is itself a favorite headquarters for sportsmen. The inlet was a refuge for freebooters and Spanish cruisers

in the early times, and mysterious ruins seem to show that there were settlements there long before the English occupation. This was remembered in the Seminole War, when troops were landed here; and again when the Civil War broke out, and it became a port for blockade runners, but this was soon stopped by the assignment to duty there of two gunboats, whose men had a small fight at New Smyrna (March 22, 1862), which was slightly fortified by local Confederates.

The Minorcan Immigration in 1767 begins the authentic history of New Smyrna. As soon as the English got possession of Florida, in 1763, Dr. Andrew Turnbull, a wealthy colonist, explored this district and decided to drain and cultivate the rich hammocks. The Governor granted him 60,000 acres under certain conditions, and he at once went to Europe and enlisted a company of some 1,500 Greeks and Minorcans, men, women, and children, to whom he gave a free passage and promised land after three years. The voyage was a long and unpleasant one, but they finally arrived, went to work and raised a good crop of edibles by the following spring. As soon as the colony was well established, Doctor Turnbull began to plant indigo, and by 1772 had 3,000 acres under successful cultivation. The further story has been vividly told by Colonel Norton.

"Success seemed assured, but for some reason the management of affairs was left to agents, who inaugurated a system of oppression that soon became absolute slavery with all its revolting features. By 1776 only 600 of the colonists were left. In the summer of that year a party of Englishmen from St. Augustine visited New Smyrna to see the improvements, and, while conversing among themselves, their comments on the state of affairs were overheard by a bright Minorcan boy, who immediately told his mother what he had heard. Secret meetings were held, and a plan was concocted whereby a party of three of the bolder spirits were granted leave of absence to catch turtle. Instead of going south, however, they started up the coast, swam Matanzas Inlet, and reaching St. Augustine appealed to Governor Tonyn for protection, which was promised. The envoys returned to New Smyrna with the tidings of release. A leader was chosen, Pallicier by name, and under his direction the able-bodied men provided themselves with wooden spears, rations were packed for three days, and with the women and children in the center, the 600 began their march. So secretly was all this managed that they had proceeded several miles before their departure was discovered. . . . They marched on, however, and reported to the Governor, who ordered provisions for them, and organized a court for the trial of their cause, the Attorney-General of the Province, Younge by name, appearing as their counsel. Turnbull failed to establish any further claim upon their services, and they were assured of personal liberty. Lands were assigned them, and they soon became an influential element of the population in St. Augustine. Some of their descendants are still to be found in the neighborhood of New Smyrna, whither they returned after they became assured that there was no danger of re-enslavement."





Oak Hill, twelve miles south of New Smyrna, is the resort of sportsmen, who find in Sams' Atlantic Hotel (50 guests, \$3; one mile from the station) a hostelry to their taste. Both fishing and shooting are satisfactory in this neighborhood.

The Hillsboro River, or Mosquito Lagoon, which extends some twenty miles farther, is much obstructed here by mangrove islands, and boats drawing as much as four feet can carry through the channel, which has been well buoyed. A landmark on the narrow strip of beach, is Turtle Mound—an Indian shell heap, about forty feet high. The lower part of this river overlaps the head of Indian River, which lies to the westward, and is first seen from the railroad trains at Shiloh, beyond which it skirts the lagoon to Titusville, 154 miles south of Jacksonville. A canal connects the Hillsboro with Indian River, now opened through to Miami.

Titusville (pop., 2,500; *Indian River*, 125 guests, \$2.50; Grand View, 70 guests, \$2; and boarding-houses). This is the county seat of Brevard County, and is a wide-awake business place, with banks, supply stores, water works, ice factories, electric lights, and a large trade in fresh fish shipped away in ice. It has not only the daily through trains of the East Coast Line, but is the southeastern terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railway's line, which runs solid trains hither from Jacksonville, via Enterprise.

Steamboats on the Indian River have been resumed, after a long absence, by the Indian River & Bay Biscayne Navigation Company, in connection with the Florida East Coast Railway, and now make daily trips between Titusville and the Biscayne Bay landings. This is the immediate result of the completion through to Biscayne Bay of the line of waterway connections and improvements elsewhere described. Three boats, of the usual stern-wheel form (one of which is the "St. Augustine"), have been placed in commission, so as to furnish a daily service (except Sunday) in both directions in connection with the principal railway trains. These boats are comfortable and accommodating craft, stopping at Rockledge, Eau Gallie, Melbourne, Stuart, Fort Pierce, Palm Beach, and all other landings on Lake Worth, and furnishing an opportunity for pleasant local travel.

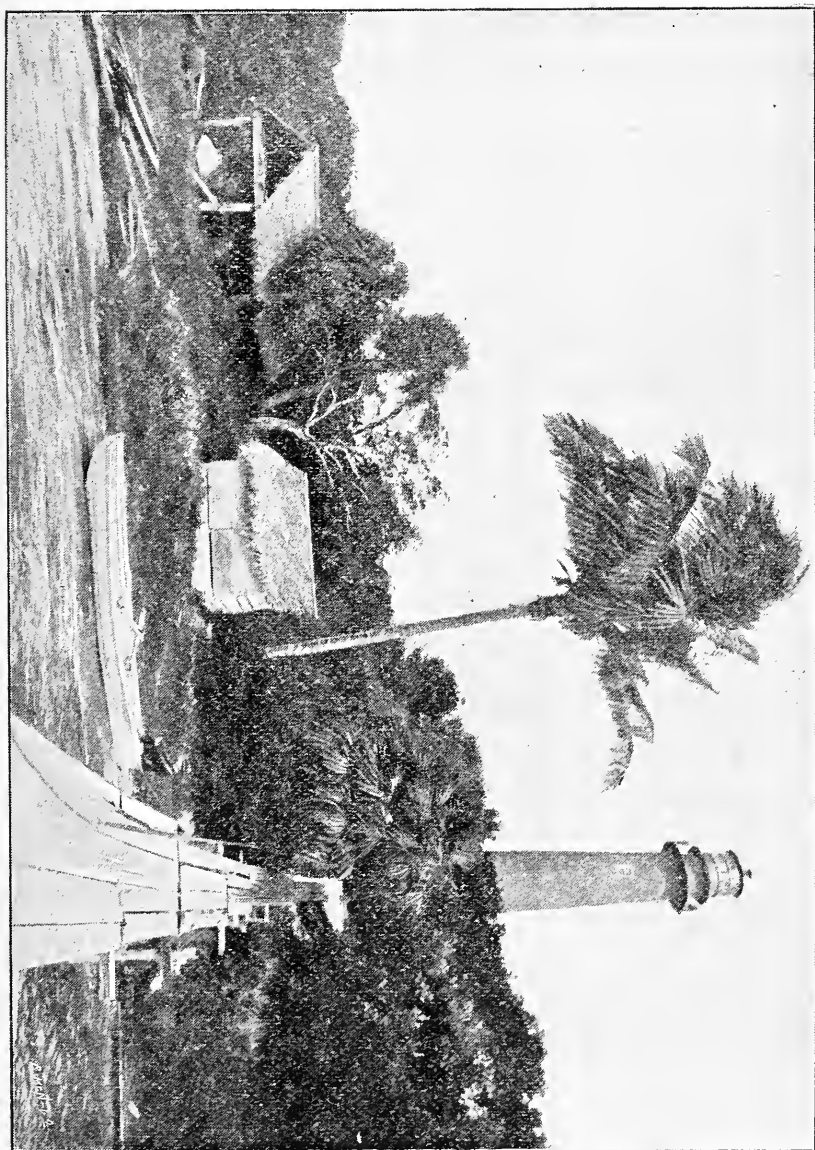
Indian River is 142 miles long, of varying width, and has sufficient depth for the flat-bottomed steamboats and other craft that navigate it. The upper part is divided by the large triangular piece of wooded land called Merritt's Island; that part of Indian River east of this tract is distinguished as Banana River, and a narrow watercourse across the island is Banana Creek. Banana River is separated from the ocean by the usual strip of sand dunes and beach,

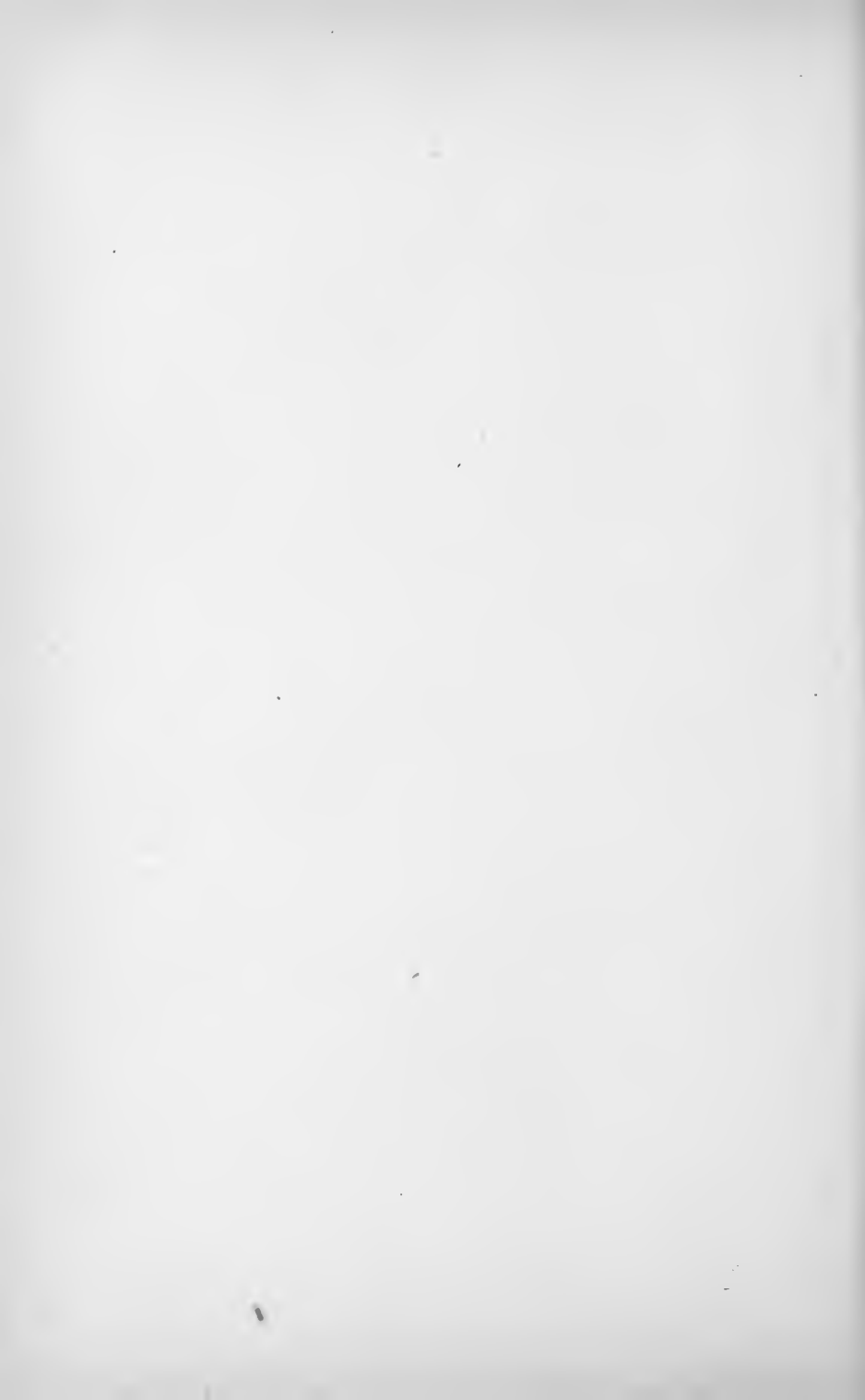
which, opposite the southern part of Merritt's Island (where there are some fine plantations), reaches out into the headland of Cape Canaveral, which bears a powerful light. Six miles north of it are remains of an old fortification, regarded as that built by the members of Ribault's crews, who wisely refused to surrender at Matanzas Inlet (p. 167). The foreland then narrows into a mere strip of sand, and stretches unbroken southward for seventy-five miles to Indian River Inlet, opposite Fort Pierce, and then onward thirty-five miles to Jupiter Inlet, which is regarded as the southern end and entrance of Indian River.

The river at Titusville is six miles wide. It narrows southward, and is often obstructed by mangrove islands and stretches of marsh, making the voyage along its intricate channel a novel and delightful experience, growing essentially tropical as the lower portions are gained. The completion of the canals will greatly enhance this.

The railway keeps close to the bank. City Point (15 m.) is composed largely of the homes of wealthy Northerners; and we are assured that, in this vicinity, "it is possible to ride along the bank of the river through a continuous succession of orange groves for a distance of more than six miles, without emerging from under their branches. The beauty of this section in early spring, when the orange trees are in bloom, is almost oppressive." *Cocoa* (*Cocoa House*, \$2.50) is a busy little town, with a long wharf where the railway traffic with Merritt's Island is conducted. The village of *Merritt* (*The Riverview*, \$3), on the island opposite, stands in the midst of a pleasing mixture of pine woods and orange groves. Just here the slow geological elevation of the coast has brought the coquina beds to the surface, and thenceforth, for many miles, the western shore of Indian River is formed of broken strata of coralline rock, which forms the peculiar feature of

Rockledge. This is essentially a winter resort, and consists of a group of fine hotels, with their attached cottages, numbering perhaps 300 in all; but there is no "town" in the ordinary meaning of the term. The most modern of the hotels is *The Plaza*, which has accommodations for 300 guests (\$3 to \$4), and has rooms *en suite*, with baths, and all the latter-day requirements, including 4,600 square feet of piazzas. The *Indian River Hotel* (\$3 to \$5) is a vast roomy structure holding 500 guests, having steam heat, electric lights, and similar appliances for comfort. A third is *The New Rockledge* (\$3). All these hotels are directly upon the bank of the river, of which they have an extended view, are surrounded by beautiful grounds and orange groves, where the guests may gather the





fruit at will, and are managed by Northern men who bring with them their staffs of experienced assistants from the White Mountains, Petoskey, and elsewhere. They are all furnished and provided in the best possible manner, and are abodes of luxury and systematic enjoyment. In addition there are the White House, Wilkinson, and various boarding-houses, bringing the capacity of the place up to 1,200 or more guests. All of the healthful and enjoyable experiences of this favored region can be enjoyed here. Says a recent and well-informed writer :

“The roughness of the shore is softened by the oak, magnolia, and palmetto trees which overhang the water. These trees have been left along the river front as a wind-break for the magnificent orange groves that have made the Rockledge hammock famous. Under their spreading boughs a sturdy pedestrian can easily walk from Cocoa to Rockledge on a coquina roadway that resembles a pavement through a city park. The tourist is now in the very heart of the orange country. If he be wise he will tarry here awhile and feast on the nectar of the gods. Nowhere can he spend a few weeks more delightfully. From this point as a base he can make excursions, the memory of which will be a joy to him forever. If he takes a sail across the river, and lands on the opposite shore a little south of Rockledge, he will come to *Fairyland*, on Merritt's Island. A long dock runs far out into the river, as a landing for steamboats. From this dock a narrow canal about 100 feet long gives space to the small sail or row boats, and suddenly terminates in a small, clear lake, as round as if marked out by Nature's compass, and half a mile in width. Crossing this lake and disembarking, our exploring tourist has a novel experience for Florida—he has a hill to climb. The land rises in a long slope to a high elevation. The entire walk up the hillside is beneath the shade of orange trees, magnolias, pawpaws, and palms. . . . On the summit of this eminence is the owner's residence. From its portico, far across the Banana, another shore is seen, the hither coast of another long, low strip of land. On its outer edge beats the Atlantic, the roar of the surf coming distinctly to the ear. . . . Around him are pineapples by the acre—by the tens of thousands; just beyond rise the dark green tops of orange trees, and broad banana leaves wave between. Over the cottage lofty pawpaws rear their feathery crests, and in front an India rubber tree has wound its clinging roots in a deadly embrace around an oak which once protected it.”

Three miles west of Rockledge is Lake Poinsett, on the St. Johns River, and reached by a practicable road, where fishing and shooting are exceptionally good.

Passing various small stations, the next point of note is **Eau Gallie** (15 m.), where there is deep water close to the shore rocks, and a railway wharf for handling freight. Here, consequently, has

grown up the "city" of the district, with banks, churches, schools, supply stores, an ice factory, many artesian wells, and a growing commercial community. Its principal hotel is the Granada (\$2.50), open from December to May. *Melbourne* (Arlington, \$2.50; other small hotels) is a village of distinctively New England people, on a bluff at the mouth of Crane Creek, four miles from Eau Gallie.

Several places of interest lie in this neighborhood, where, as usual, all favorable lands are devoted to fruit culture, and semi-tropical vegetation covers the shores. There are no good roads, for everybody travels by boat or afoot. Lake Washington, the principal source of the St. Johns, can be reached by a trail leading seven miles west, but it is little more than a vast morass haunted by wild quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles. Indian River is here two miles wide and is crossed by steam ferries, and at Melbourne, by a bridge carrying a tramway. On the narrow ocean beach is *Sarno*, consisting of a group of tourists' hotels and cottages built in Egyptian style around a central court, which forms a highly beautified park. There are good facilities for surf-bathing, etc., near here and on Melbourne Beach. An all-day excursion by steam launch to the head of Banana River is one of the local diversions.

The extension of the railway below this point is so recent that little has been done to disturb the wildness of nature. The small stations are nuclei of future farming districts and winter residences. At *Grant* and *Micco* are already small hotels. Here oyster beds and old reefs covered with mangroves break the river into a seemingly impassable archipelago called *The Narrows*.

"The navigation of the narrows is always entertaining. The boats are built with special reference to short turns, and as they push their way through the crooked channels, the mangroves brush along the guards, and some new surprise awaits the spectator at every turn. The water is usually highly phosphorescent at night, and wonderful displays of nature's fireworks may be seen as the boat passes through flocks of ducks or over schools of mullet and the other fish with which these waters abound. At times the surface, for a hundred feet or more on either side of the bow, is crossed and recrossed by an intricate embroidery pattern traced in lines of soft yet brilliant light." *Norton*.

Indian River Inlet admits only boats of light draught under a skillful pilot, and is sometimes closed; but was taken advantage of by the government, many years ago, to form a military post against the Indians on the neighboring shore, called Fort Pierce. This was three miles below the Inlet, immediately opposite which is St. Lucie, formerly nothing but a fishing village interesting to sportsmen, but now a winter resort and fruit town.

Fort Pierce was the headquarters on this coast in 1835 and later, for operations against the Seminoles of the Everglades (p. 206). To it was assigned Second Lieutenant W. T. Sherman, as his first appointment after graduation, with his Company A of the Third Artillery, of which Braxton Bragg was captain. Thirty years later the country rang with the exploits of these men commanding opposing armies. Sherman's "Memoirs" contain many interesting particulars of the Indian warfare of that time in this region, as well as a picture of what life and sport here were in those primitive days. Fort Pierce is now a trading town to which the Seminoles come, bringing their trophies of the chase, alligator hides, skins, feathers, baskets, etc., for sale, and buying in return civilized goods. They have a permanent village near by, and can be hired as guides for hunting and canoeing trips into the Everglades. The Smithsonian Institution has recently published extensive accounts of the customs, myths, etc., of these Indians, which are a very mixed race, having now no tribal coherence. The Fort Pierce Hotel (\$3) has accommodations for seventy-five guests, who will find, in the long reaches of St. Lucie River and the tropical beauties of Sewall's Point, a delightful field for excursions. It is in the St. Lucie that the few remaining examples of the Florida sea-cow or manatee still find shelter, and they should be religiously preserved against extinction. The very cold winter of 1894-5, unexampled in its severity, caused the death of several examples. The railway station has a lunch counter.

Continuing southward, the *pineapple region* is entered at Ankona, and extensive plantations of this fruit surround Eden, Jensen (Hotel A1 Fresco, \$3), Waveland, White City, and so on. Pineapples are now successfully grown from Eau Gallie southward, but here the principal crop is produced largely by Scandinavian settlers, who have oranges, lemons, guavas, olives, and other tropical fruits planted upon the hammock lands that border the river.

The cultivation of the pineapple is very simple. The land is cleared and a crop of cow-peas plowed under. A good artificial fertilizer is put on, and then sprouts are planted in regular rows, two by two feet, about 10,000 to the acre. At intervals the fertilizing is renewed, according to the means of the grower; the more fertilizers the bigger fruit. It takes eighteen months to ripen the first crop of about 8,000 apples. The next year every plant will send out one or more branches that will bear pineapples, and this may go on for seven years, but the grower usually plows up the field after the fifth year.

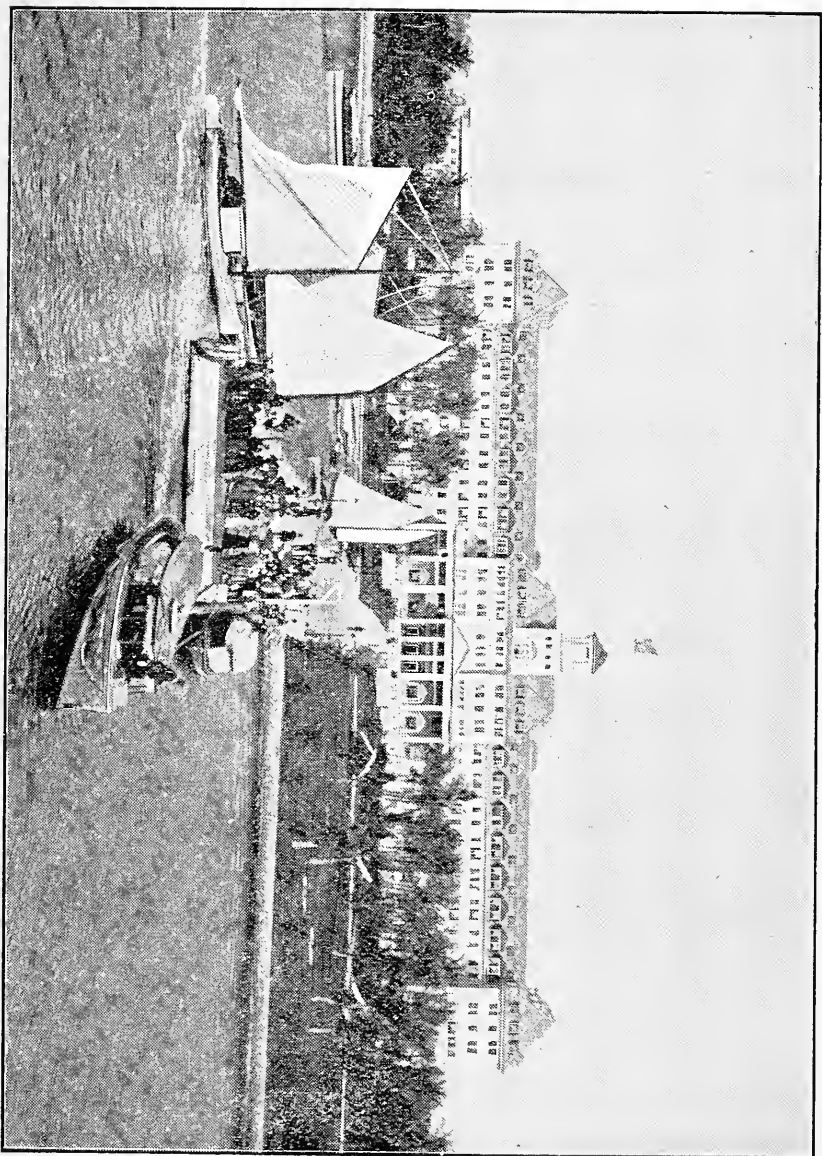
The ocean beach south of Indian River Inlet is called Hutchinson's Island, and has a few inhabitants and a life-saving station. Santa Lucia Inlet, or Gilbert's Bar, is a tolerable opening into Santa Lucia Sound, at the mouth of St. Lucie River. Below this inlet (which closes at intervals, but is now the best south of St. Augustine) stretches Jupiter Island for some twenty miles to *Jupiter Inlet*. The lagoon between Jupiter Island and the main land is called Jupiter River, and expands southwardly into Hobe Sound. The railroad skirts its margin, and has stations at Alicia, Gomez, Hobe Sound, etc.

On the northern shore of Jupiter Inlet is the lighthouse, a black-banded tower carrying a light of the first order, 146 feet above sea-level. It was built in 1860, but was not sustained during the Civil War. Attached to it is a government weather station, and a telegraph line to Titusville. This is the southernmost signal station in the Union, and is of great service in reporting the approach of storms from the West Indies. It also signals to certain passing ships which habitually sail near this coast; and here the battleship "Oregon" first reported herself in 1898. A life-saving station, with a full crew on duty the year round, is close by, and refuge-houses, provided with a single watcher in charge of a whale-boat and rescue-apparatus, are scattered along these beaches all the way down the coast. Here, also, is the landing of the submarine cable to Nassau.

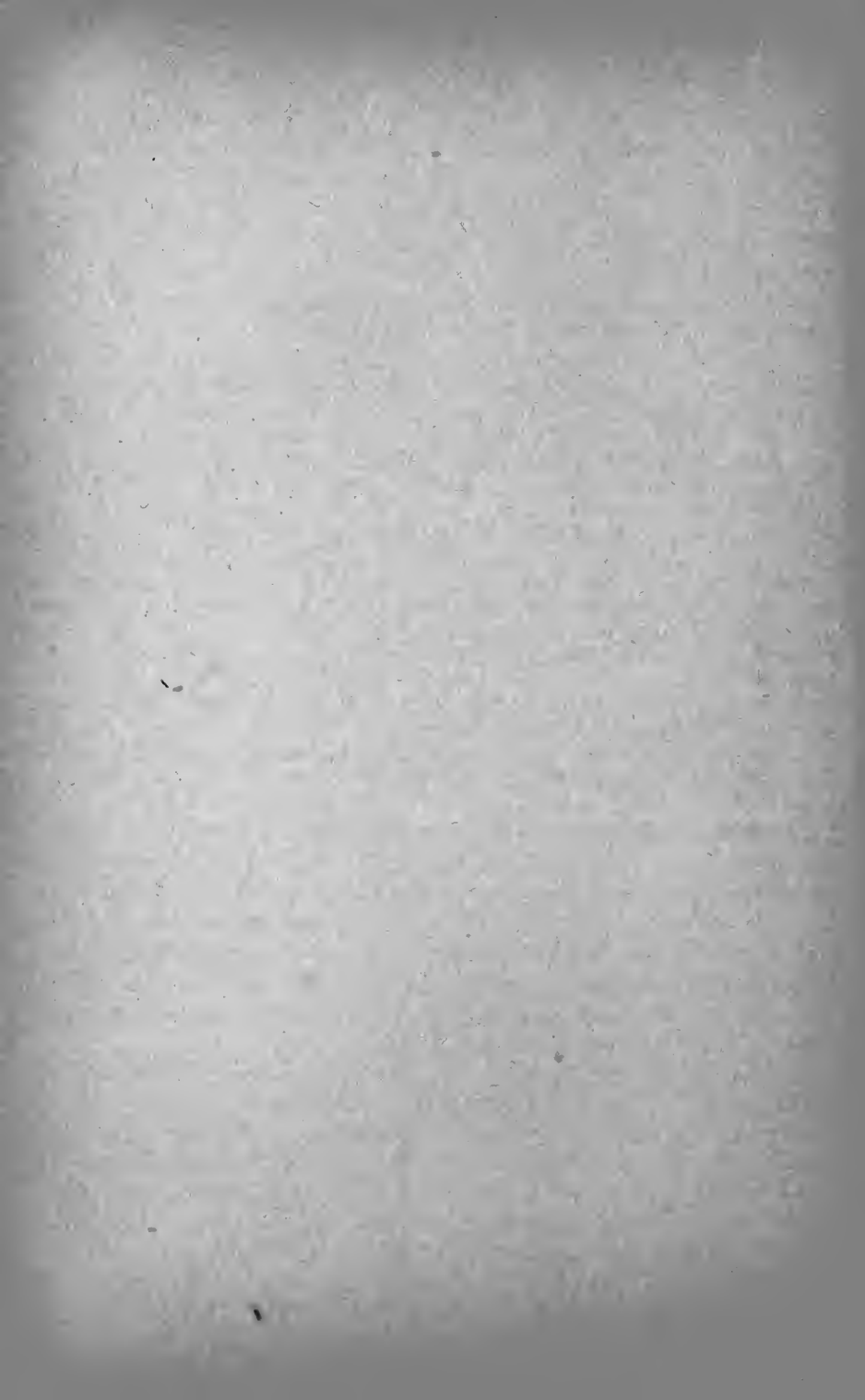
The railway station and settlement of *West Jupiter* is on the mainland, at the crossing of a westerly arm of Jupiter River. This point was occupied by United States troops during the Seminole War, and was the scene of two sharp engagements in January, 1838. It was the terminus of the run from Titusville of the Indian River steamboats, but these have been discontinued, and there is now scarcely any stopping-place at Jupiter, since Vail's steamboat "Chattahoochee," formerly moored at this station to serve as a hotel during the winter, especially for gunners and fishermen, has been moved to West Palm Beach. From the Inlet a narrow-gauge railway runs down behind the beach ridge eight miles to Juno, on Lake Worth, but its trains have been discontinued.

The train continues along the mainland, passing Juno, the embryo county seat of Dade, the Hotel Riviera (50 guests, \$2), the Coconut Grove (\$3), and Lakeside Hotel (100 guests, \$4), and reaching the shores of Lake Worth at West Palm Beach, 300 miles south of Jacksonville, crosses over to the grounds of the Hotel Poinciana and Palm Beach Inn on the new bridge.

Lake Worth is a continuation of the long, narrow, shallow lagoons northward, fed by the tides through two inlets. It is twenty-two



THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL — Palm Beach.



miles long, about a mile wide, and from six to ten feet deep in the channel, permitting steamboats of good proportion to sail upon it. As the trade-wind is here felt, and the Gulf Stream is close inshore, the climate has a continuous warmth, tempered by the sea-breeze in summer, which makes it a most agreeable place to live in winter; and for several years past Northern families have been gathering there, building cottages, and supporting small hotels, while the cultivation of tropical fruits has been well begun.

"Once on the shore of Lake Worth," we are assured, "the traveler seems to be in another country from the one through which he has been passing. The shores of the lake are clothed with palms, and here is the home of the cocoanut. On these shores one has the first sight of a grove of tall, slender trunks and green crowns, in full bearing. Great bunches of green husked nuts hang from the crown, and the gray pennants, of the great dried blossoms tasseled among the fruit, rustle and whisper in the sea-breeze. Often in the younger groves the overhanging leaves, perfect as giant fern fronds, arch the pathway in a single sweep of twenty feet." Another enthusiast declares that "there is about this region, whether from the balminess of the air, warm but invigorating, soft but bracing, or from the marvelous clearness of the water, the wondrous cloud effects, the tropical vegetation, or all combined—it is impossible to tell—but there is a sort of spell about this locality. It holds and enthralls one with a constantly growing fascination. It is, as it were, a mental quicksand. The longer one remains, the more deeply and hopelessly does he become fixed in his attachment, and the less becomes the possibility of ever withdrawing from its influences."

The Royal Poinciana, on Palm Beach, is a new hotel in colonial architecture, six stories in height, 455 feet long, having an office rotunda 100 feet long by 85 feet wide, out of which a grand staircase leads to a music room where a thousand persons may sit, a dining hall that will seat 900 guests, and over 500 sleeping rooms, all connecting, and 125 having private bath rooms attached. The ornaments and service are on a scale to fit these grand proportions; and the lowest rate of charge per day is \$5.

Palm Beach Inn is a still newer hotel, situated within the Poinciana's park, and intended to receive the overflow of that luxurious house at somewhat less rates (\$3 to \$4). It has every interior comfort required by travelers, but not quite so much gold and glitter; and its patrons can take advantage of all the outdoor enjoyments open to their "sweller" brethern of the *Poinciana*, and many indoor ones beside, as both hotels are under the same management.

These hotels now own and occupy the earlier and highly cultivated McCormick estate. All that was possible of the old gardens

have been preserved, with new beauties added by the art of the landscape gardener; and the whole illuminated by electricity. A yacht club-house and other conveniences have been erected on the lake shore; while elaborate arrangements for winter surf-bathing have been made, including a great inclosed pool for women and children. Steamboats, launches, and sailing craft, in the greatest variety, ply upon the lake. A branch of the East Coast Golf Club is organized here, with a nine-hole course on its links, and any one may enjoy this sport by a daily, weekly, or season ticket. The fine museum of local natural history is an important recent addition.

The Terminus of the East Coast Line, and the port of its connecting steamers (see below), is at *Miami*, a port on Biscayne Bay, which, since the spring of 1896, has sprung suddenly into a town of 2,500 inhabitants, having macadamized streets, brick blocks of stores, churches, schools, etc. Works are building for bringing piped water from springs four miles away, sewers and gaspipes are laid, and a flourishing seaport is arising. Here, also, is a branch of the East Coast Golf Club, with first-class links, available to tourist visitors.

At Miami is the new *Hotel Royal Palm*, one of Mr. H. M. Flagler's magnificent creations, standing in a park of 100 acres of tropical trees, plants, and flowers, near old Fort Dallas, and on the verge of the bay. It is open from January to April (\$5), can entertain 600 guests, and has every convenience and luxury to be expected in these East Coast hotels of the first class. The town also contains a second Flagler hotel in the new *Biscayne* (\$3), which will accommodate 200 guests at once and offers many attractions. Older houses are the *Miami* (\$2), Conolly (\$2 to \$2.50), and some of small size.

Steamships from Miami.—Steamships of the East Coast Line will sail from Miami to Nassau (Bahamas), Key West, Fla., and Havana, Cuba, during the tourist season of 1898-9.

To Nassau, steamer "Miami," Tuesdays and Fridays during January and March; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays during February and March. The distance is 145 miles, and the Royal Victoria Hotel, at Nassau, is highly recommended. Steamers leave Nassau for Santiago and Cienfuegos fortnightly. (See p. 243.)

To Key West, the steamer "City of Key West" makes three round trips a week, all the year round; a daylight journey of twelve hours (208 miles) among the Florida Reefs, leaving Miami on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at midnight.

To Havana (direct), the steamer "Lincoln" will run twice a week, leaving Miami on Sundays and Wednesdays at midnight, and reaching Havana at 3 p. m. next day, making no stops. This



A SCENE ON THE MIAMI RIVER, FROM THE ROYAL PALM.

Magnificent steel, twin-screw Steamer "Lincoln" (one year old), leaves Miami, Fla., Sundays and Wednesdays, making the run to Havana in 16 hours. Only one night at sea.

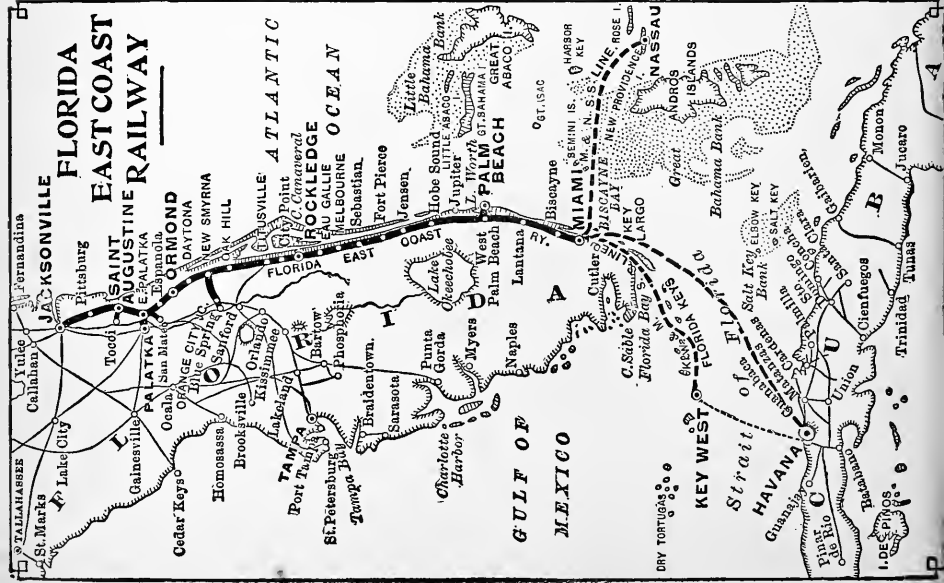
For Nassau, N. P.

January 10th to February 6th, leave Miami on Tuesdays, and Fridays. February 6th to April 4th, leave Miami Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. April 4th to end of season, leave Miami Tuesdays and Fridays.

Elegant steamer "City of Key West," leaves Miami, year 'round, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 11.00 P. M., arriving Key West 12.00 noon, following day. A delightful trip through the Florida Keys.

**FLORIDA
EAST
COAST
RAILWAY**

FLORIDA
EAST
COAST
STEEL



steamer, like the "Miami," is a new twin-screw steel boat, answering all modern requirements.

The railway trains are run to the steamship wharf, a quarter of a mile below the Miami station, so that passengers have no awkward transfer between steamers and trains.

Biscayne Bay is about forty miles long, by five or six miles wide, and the mainland between it and the Everglades is hardly as wide as the bay itself. The bay is only navigable for boats of light draught. Its proximity to the Gulf Stream warms the water as well as the air.

Miami is at the mouth of the Miami River, a chief outlet of the Everglades, and though sluggish at its mouth, it tumbles over the coral rock near its source in splendid rapids. The trees in places almost arch over the water, and the bottom presents "a kaleidoscopic picture of many-colored grasses and aquatic vegetation."

South Florida.

The great region, comprising fully a half of the peninsular part of Florida, south of the Orange Belt Railroad* and west of the narrow East Coast ridge, is known, in a general way, as **South Florida**. It includes Orange, Osceola, Polk, Hillsborough, Manatee, De Soto, Lee, and Monroe counties, and the western parts of Brevard and Dade counties, where these overlap the Everglades. The greater part of this area, from the middle of De Soto County south, consists of The Everglades, a vast expanse of watery morass, broken by occasional patches of more or less forested dry lands, which is only partly explored, and is thus far useful only to the wandering Indians who inhabit it here and there, farming the islets or "keys." There are a few settlements along the western coast, on the Florida Keys (p. 200), and along the Kissimmee and Caloosahatchee rivers; and the edges of the true Everglades beyond are penetrated by occasional parties of hunters, who can find there bears, pumas, wildcats, deer, and the smaller animals and birds sought by sportsmen

*It should be remembered that many of the railways, here mentioned, for the sake of geographical clearness, by their original and familiar names or nicknames, are members of some one or other of the transportation organizations which divide the railroads and steamships of the State. In Southern and Western Florida every railroad of importance that is not a part of, or controlled by, the Florida Central & Peninsular Company, belongs to the Plant System, which now includes the following lines: Savannah, Florida & Western Ry.; Charleston & Savannah Ry.; South Florida Division of S. F. & W. Ry.; Brunswick & Western Rd.; Alabama Midland Ry.; Silver Springs, Ocala & Gulf Ry.; Sanford & St. Petersburg Rd.; Florida Southern Ry.; St. Johns & Lake Eustis Rd. The St. Johns Valley is possessed by the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Company; while the East Coast Line serves the Atlantic Coast region.

and naturalists, but, for the ordinary tourist, the Everglades are an inaccessible and unattractive waste of swamps.

The northern border of the district, however, in Orange, Osceola, Polk, and Hillsborough counties, has lately attracted a large amount of immigration from all parts of the Union, and proves to be a highly fertile and salubrious region. These settlers have prepared the way for winter residents, who now flock thither during the colder months of the year and find plentiful accommodations and pleasure places.

Generally speaking, the country is a wooded plain, but a few feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, having many diversities of woodland and soil, and dotted with innumerable lakes. The drainage of many of these is not perceptible; the excess over evaporation doubtless sinks into the porous soil, and through the loose coralline under-rocks to burst up here and there in the huge, changeless springs for which Florida is famous. As these coralline rocks are composed of organic remains, they contain sulphates and other mineral constituents easily dissolved out by the carbonic acid which impregnates rain water, and tincture the springs with these constituents. As lime is the prevalent mineral of the rocks, the spring water is usually hard, and the chemical action involved is often sufficient to heat this water. The lakes and springs are most numerous in Lake County, and constitute a special district described on page 206 *et seq.*

South Florida is penetrated by several railways, and may be reached by the St. Johns River steamers to Sanford, or by steamship from New Orleans or Mobile to Tampa. It is also reached by the Florida Central & Peninsular Rd., and is traversed in all directions by the Plant System, in which are combined the Orange Belt Line, Sanford & St. Petersburg Rd., the Florida Southern, the Savannah, Florida & Western, and several smaller lines in this region.

The Plant System runs through trains between Jacksonville and Tampa, and carries sleeping cars to and from New York and Tampa, in continuation of Route 13, 13d; and to and from Cincinnati, in continuation of Route 19. All these trains leave the Union station in Jacksonville morning and evening, daily, and reach Tampa in about eight hours. Some go over the line of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Railroad, which passes up the western bank of the St. Johns, through Orange Park, Magnolia, and Green Cove Springs to Palatka (p. 143), then crosses to the western bank and proceeds south through Fruitland (p. 146) to **Sanford**, 125 miles from Jacksonville. Sanford (p. 150) is also the terminus of the steamboat route from Jacksonville, already described, and is closely connected with the

east coast by the railway between New Smyrna and Blue Springs (p. 149), and between Titusville and Enterprise (p. 150), and ferry across Lake Monroe from Enterprise. By these means it is no longer difficult to cross the southern part of the State. Sanford is, therefore, the principal point of entrance to South Florida, where are stationed the general agents of the railway land companies and other large owners of rural property. These through trains continue through Orlando and Kissimmee to Tampa and Punta Gorda.

Other Plant System trains are run to Tampa from Jacksonville over the line of the Savannah, Florida & Western, via Palatka, Hawthorne, and Ocala; and still others from the northwest, via Dupont or Thomasville, Live Oak, Gainesville, and Ocala.

Lastly, the Florida Central & Peninsular runs through trains from Jacksonville over its own line via Baldwin Junction, Ocala, and Wildwood, bringing sleeping-cars from New York via the New Florida Short Line (Route 14), through to Tampa.

Sanford will form a convenient starting point for an account of this region, since it has three roads radiating into South Florida. From this city Lake Jessup is reached by a branch of the Plant System, which runs southward to and around the head of the lake to Oviedo and Lake Charm on the Econlockhatchie River, a considerable tributary of the St. Johns, which drains all the southeastern quarter of Orange County. This road is joined at Tuskawilla by the east and west line from Apopka; and at Oviedo by a line southwest to Winter Park and Orlando. From Oviedo wagon roads lead north to Lake Harney and southeast up the river valley.

West from Sanford a branch of the Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West Rd. leads along the northern border of Orange County to Tavares and the Lake District (p. 207), thirty miles distant. At Paola, six miles from Sanford, it crosses the Orange Belt Line, which extends from Sanford, via Monroe, on the St. Johns, to St. Petersburg, a port on the Pinellas Peninsula (p. 201). Near Paola, upon a ridge 130 feet above the level of Lake Monroe, stands a new and commodious hotel, *Pine Crest Inn* (\$2.50), overlooking Lake Lillian, and near several other lakes, connected by excellent wagon roads. Boating, island picnics, lawn tennis, bowling, riding, and quail-shooting, are the local amusements. South of Paola, upon the Orange Belt Rd., are numerous small resort stations among small lakes and pine-clad ridges, such as Island Lake, Glen Ethel, and Palm Springs, where the railroad from Apopka to Tuskawilla inter-

sects this line. Northward, at the headwaters of Wekiva Creek, is *Clay Spring*, with a small hotel (Tonyawatha, \$2), and a spring "across which strong swimmers strive in vain to pass, so powerful is the upward rush of water through a dark chasm in the rock." The next southerly station, Toronto, is at the crossing of the Florida Central & Peninsular line to Orlando (p. 189). Its first station north is the junction point Apopka (Scott, \$2; Central, \$2), on the eastern shore of Lake Apopka, near which (at Plymouth) is the Lake Standish House (\$3). Lake Apopka lies upon the western border of the county, is nearly circular, some ten miles in diameter and nearly girdled by settlements and orange growers. The railroad follows its southern shores, passing the stations of Clarcona, Oakland, and Kilmarney, at each of which are hotels overlooking the lake, in which the fishing is particularly good. To the southward is Johns Lake.

The western shore of Lake Apopka is skirted by a line of the Plant System coming south from Tavares to junctions with the Orange Belt road at Oakland, and at Mineola and *Clermont*, in the midst of the small lakes expanding out of the Palatlahaha River, which empties into Lake Harris, some fifteen miles northward; these lakes are navigated by steamboats from Clermont. From that town west the road runs through a sparsely settled region, crossing Summit and Pasco counties, and then bending south to Tarpon Springs and the coast of the Penellas Peninsula (p. 201).

The main line from Sanford to Tampa is that of the Plant System, and along this are strung the principal towns and winter resorts of the region. Goldwood, Belair, and Longwood (The Longwood, \$2.50) are the first stations out of Sanford, and at the last-mentioned is the Florida Midland Railway to and from Waco, Windermere, Gotha, Ocoee, Clarcona, Apopka, and Palm Springs. Just below, thirteen miles south of Sanford, is the winter resort at *Altamonte Springs*. A pretty village surrounds the station, connected with the large hotel and cottages at the springs by a tramway which extends along a broad avenue upon a ridge covered with pine trees and overlooking several lakes.

The altitude here is about ninety feet above Lake Monroe, this being the watershed between the St. Johns and the interior lakes. The soil is very loose and dry, the woods open and breezy. The water is pure, and the air as dry as that of Minnesota. Three miles and a half distant are the Shepherd Sulphur Springs, where bath houses, etc., have been arranged.

The Altamonte Hotel (\$4) has been open for fifteen years, and

stands, amid highly cultivated grounds, facing Lake Orienta and surrounded by a pine forest concealing innumerable lakes, and here and there broken by orange groves and the winter homes of Northern visitors. The hotel will contain 150 guests, is heated by steam and open fires, lighted by gas, and provided with every means of health and enjoyment. Its habitués are largely Bostonians.

A mile farther south is *Lake Maitland* (Park, \$3.50), the winter home and site of the Memorial Church of Bishop Whipple, which has been a favorite place with its friends for many years. This introduces the traveler to another celebrated center of health-seeking—

Winter Park, where a scattered village borders upon the shores of Lake Osceola and several others connected by more or less passable waterways, all small but deep, hard-bottomed, and sparkling. There are a dozen or more of these charming ponds within the sight of the hotel roofs, and boats or canoes can pass from one to the other among them all. As the place was settled by New Englanders, comforts were at once devised—a street-car line to connect the hotels and scattered winter residences with the railway station, which stands in a ten-acre park; churches, school houses, circulating library, and village stores; and for those who prefer pedestrian exercise, plank walks have been made—a great blessing in this sandy land. On the edge of the town is Rollins College, a co-educational Christian institution of high repute, with handsome buildings on a bluff overlooking Lake Virginia. The first building here was the *Rogers House*, which is still open and an old favorite; terms, \$2.50; capacity, sixty guests. More recently has been opened the new and splendidly furnished **Seminole** (400 guests; \$4), which ranks among the foremost winter hotels in Florida. The improvements at Winter Park and in its neighborhood are largely owned by an association, who have sold and continue to sell town lots or wild land, farms, and orange groves, and the settlers in the neighborhood and throughout this part of Orange County are mainly from New England. Excellent quail-shooting and fresh-water fishing are obtainable all about the town, and deer may be obtained not far away. The county seat is four miles below Winter Park, at

Orlando (pop., 3,500), the social and political center of South Florida. Its situation, in sandy pine woods, seventy-eight feet above the sea and amid countless small lakes, is much like that of Winter Park, but the place is busier. The county buildings, banks, factories, fruit-packing houses, and others give a town-like air unusual to the

region. Brick and plank sidewalks and street cars make locomotion pleasant; and there is unlimited boating upon the dozen or more connecting lakes within or close to the corporate limits. The town is lit by gas. This is a terminus of the Florida Central & Peninsular Rd., which runs sleeping-cars to this point from Jacksonville, and gives local access to Lake Apopka, twelve miles northwest, and to the lake district northward. Another branch of this road runs northeast via Winter Park to the St. Johns Valley at Oviedo and Lake Charm.

This region is settled largely by English people, with many from the Northern States, and a sprinkling of European immigrants. The latter have gone into grape-culture, and vineyards are a feature of the locality. Orange groves are numerous also. Vegetables are raised in great quantities, and all the gardens grow more or less bananas, pineapples, Japanese persimmons (kaki), guavas, etc. All sorts of supplies and guides for hunting and fishing expeditions can be procured here.

Hotels are numerous and good at Orlando. The *San Juan* (\$4) is a large house, under Northern management, open all the year. The Magnolia, Tremont, Arcade, and others charge \$2 to \$2.50 a day. Most of them are brick buildings, lighted by gas and supplied with all modern hotel conveniences.

Southward from Orlando the road passes Troy, Jessamine (on Lake Conway), Pine Castle, and other small woodland stations to **Kissimmee** (eighteen miles).

"This town," says Norton, "is practically at the head of river navigation from the Gulf of Mexico, by way of the Kissimmee River, Lake Okeechobee, and the Caloosahatchee River. It is situated at the head of Lake Tohopekaliga ('the lake of the cow-pens') a fine body of water twelve miles long and of an irregular shape, nearly six miles wide at certain points, and with numerous islands. Its greatest depth is fifteen feet, and its normal height above tide-water, 64.59 feet. Five miles northeast of Kissimmee is East Tohopekaliga Lake, about five miles wide, irregularly square in shape, and with its level slightly higher than that of its sister lake, with which it is connected by a canal. These two lakes are at the head of what may be termed the Kissimmee system, including Lake Cypress (sixty-two feet above tide-water), Lake Hatchinea (60.23 feet above tide-water), and Lake Kissimmee (58.07 feet at tide-water). All these lakes were naturally connected by channels little better than marshes; but these have been enlarged by the operations of the Okeechobee Drainage Company, and it is now possible for steam launches and sail boats to go through to the head of the Kissimmee River, a fine stream flowing southward fifty miles, 'as the crow flies,' to Lake Okeechobee. The actual distance following the tortuous river is not accurately known. The drainage works have lowered the level of the upper lakes, rendering

fit for cultivation wide tracts of rich land previously unavailable. Sugar cane has been planted in large quantities along the lake shores, and early vegetables, notably cauliflowers, have been successfully raised and shipped to the Northern markets.

"Kissimmee is a convenient headquarters for sportsmen. It is a frontier town, with no settlements whatever to the south and southeast. There are, in fact, occasional cabins and camps throughout the region that appears on the maps uninhabited; but in effect it is a wilderness intersected with lakes and water courses navigable for small boats and crossed by trails practicable for teams. Guides, boats, horses, and camp equipage may be hired at Kissimmee. There is no fixed schedule of prices [the ordinary price for saddle horses is \$2.50 a day, single teams \$3.50, and guides \$1 or more a day], but favorable arrangements can be made through the proprietor of the Tropical Hotel. The headwaters of the St. Johns River, running north, are from twenty to thirty miles to the eastward. * * * It is possible to descend to the outlet of Lake Kissimmee, and thence carry over, by way of Lakes Marion and Jackson, to the Upper St. Johns, which is easily navigable to Lake Monroe."

The *St. Cloud Sugar Belt Rd.* (Plant System) comes south to this point from Apopka, passing along the eastern shore of Lake Apopka through Clarcona (p. 188), and thence south past Villa Nova, Ocoee, *Windermere*, Harperville, beside Lake Butler and Englewood. From Kissimmee it extends east around the south shore of East Tohopekaliga Lake to Runnymede and Narcoossee, giving access to Otto (or Preston), Alligator, and several other large lakes in that direction.

The Kissimmee (\$2.50), at Kissimmee, is a modern, convenient hotel, now under new management, and largely frequented by winter visitors from Northern Georgia. It has a special launch for the trip through the lakes and canals to Lake Okeechobee, which is an experience no one should miss, and offers special facilities for visiting the great mills and plantations of the Disston Sugar Company.

From Kissimmee south the low and more level and watery plain of Southwest Florida is traversed in a southwesterly direction. Between Haines City and Bartow Junction (Wahneta post office) the train crosses the imperceptible watershed between the drainage northward and eastward, and that south and west into the Gulf of Mexico. Here a region of innumerable lakes is entered, and at Auburndale a westerly course is taken out of Polk County into Hillsborough.

Plant City (Tropical, \$2; Robinson, \$2) is at the intersection of the Florida Central & Peninsular Rd.'s line to Tampa, which takes

a more southerly course than the Plant System. At Mango, on the latter, a spur goes north to Lake Thonotassa (Grand View, \$2.50), a beautiful spot in the midst of orange groves. Ninety-one miles west of Plant City, the road reaches Tampa, 115 miles from Sanford. (For **Tampa** and its neighborhood, see pp. 195 to 199.)

The **Southern Coast** and **Everglades** are reached by railroads to Charlotte Harbor, and by steamboats on the Kissimmee (p. 190) and Caloosahatchee rivers.

The rail route is by the Plant System, which reaches the terminus, Punta Gorda, on Charlotte Harbor, by two routes: (1) Its main line from the north via Ocala to Lakeland; and (2) from Sanford via Bartow Junction and Bartow, where this route unites with that via Lakeland—a village near Lake Parker, with two hotels (Tremont, \$3; Commercial, \$2).

Lakeland (Tremont, \$3; boarding-houses) is on high ground (206 feet above the sea) in the center of a fine region for deer, and among lakes filled with perch, bass, and trout.

South from Bartow Junction the railroad (Florida Southern, Plant System) winds among dozens of large ponds—in Florida always called “lakes,” regardless of size—the lands between which are highly valued for vegetable farming and fruit-raising, since this region is below any harmful frost on record, and serves equally well for both northern and southern plants, so that the farmer who sows judiciously may reap some kind of a crop every month in the year. At *Winter Haven*, Florence Villa is an excellent hotel (\$2).

Bartow (pop., 2,500; Bartow, Hotel Carpenter, Wright's, each \$2) is the county seat of Polk, and a town of considerable size, actively engaged in mining, shipping, and supplying phosphate fertilizers, and in agriculture. Besides its favorable position at the junction of the two railways, it has a third road running in an easterly course through the phosphate-producing district to a junction with the Tampa road at Winston, west of Lakeland. Bartow was first settled in 1857, when a stockade called Fort Blount was built there. The situation is healthful, and the town boasts an academy, called the Summerlin Institute, which has about 300 pupils, and is of high repute throughout the State.

Fort Meade was established as a military post, in 1849, and retained as such until 1857. This gave protection to the cattle drivers who principally inhabited the district, and a town grew up there, now numbering several hundred people, and still having an

active trade. Lately many English and Northern farmers have settled near it. The local hotel (\$2) is a headquarters for sportsmen.

Polk County is left at Bowling Green, eighteen miles below Bartow, and De Soto County is entered. This is a new region, promising much for the cattle drover, farmer, and fruit raiser, for anything and everything, almost, seems to grow there, but having little to attract the tourist to its wide levels of pine woods, palmetto scrub, shallow lakes, and savannas. The county seat is at Arcadia. Fort Ogden, a few miles below, is the oldest settlement. This county was organized in 1888 and is about the size of the State of Connecticut. It has 8,000 population and a jail that cost \$12,260. It is generally level, with much open grass land, which has been the grazing ground of small semi-wild cattle for many years, and has all sorts of soil. The eastern half of the county is drained by a system of lakes leading into the larger Lake Istokpoga and the vast swamps connected with Okeechobee, while the western and better half of the county drains into Peace River, which flows from Lake Hancock, above Bartow, into the head of Charlotte Harbor.

The railway closely follows the course of Peace River, whose valley contains extensive beds of "pebble phosphates," which are mined at various points.

Punta Gorda, at the head of the deep bay called *Charlotte Harbor*, is the terminus, and bids fair to become a town and seaport of importance. It is the calling place (weekly) of the Southern Pacific Company's steamers between New Orleans, Key West, and Havana, and thus gives the shortest sea-ferriage to Cuba. The shipping business, especially of the local phosphates, calls here many foreign as well as domestic ships, and long piers have been built out to deep water for their accommodation. These are excellent stands for fishing, whence bluefish, Spanish mackerel, and all the other biting fish of the region may be taken with rod and line. Bolder anglers may test their skill here in catching tarpon, for which specially built boats and tackle may be procured. This is one of the best places for tarpon, and for sport generally, both afloat and ashore. There is a local yacht club. *The Punta Gorda* (\$4) is a large, substantial hotel, facing the beach across a lawn of Bermuda grass, and is open in winter. Several other smaller and less expensive houses supply the commercial needs of the town. Sleeping-cars reach it over the Plant System.

Charlotte Harbor is wide and shallow, interrupted by sand-bars, oyster reefs, and islands, and sending long indentations into the low shore lands. Small settlements of cattlemen, spongers, turtlers, fishermen, and Indians are scattered along its coast, and weird tales are told of Spanish adventurers and outlawed pirates who have

hidden, and fought, and caroused in the nooks and corners of these shores. The bay is guarded from the outer gulf by a barrier reef of islands, stretching from the mainland at Casey's Point down along the outside of Lemon Bay, through Gasparilla Island, north of the main entrance, and La Costa Island, south of it, to Sanibel Island, which incloses San Carlos Bay. Inside of this outer barrier is Big Pine Island, at the southern extremity of which is a settlement called *St. James City* and the San Carlos Hotel (\$3). The hotel company is endeavoring to form a colony of winter residents at this point. The hotel and all buildings on these islands are elevated on piles, for a summer rarely passes when some hurricane does not sweep the tides so high that the whole surface of every island is under water until the storm "blows over." One of the compensations of having a part of Florida reach the "pineapple belt" is that it also penetrates the zone of hurricanes.

The Caloosahatchee River empties into San Carlos Bay through a wide estuary filled with mangrove islands. This stream is navigable for a long distance, and trading stations (with the Indians and cowboys) and military posts have been in existence far up its course for many years. More recently the Disston Company, which has purchased an immense tract of land adjoining Lake Okeechobee, have set out extensive sugar plantations above Kissimmee and undertaken plans for drainage of wide areas of overflowed lands. They have cleared out the channel, connected its upper waters with Lake Okeechobee by canals, and thus made possible continuous steam navigation from Kissimmee (p. 190) to the mouth of the Caloosahatchee. This river has a strong current since the lake water has been admitted, and is wonderfully clear and cool. The banks are high and firm, and well overgrown with oak and palmetto. *Punta Rassa* is a small and somewhat rude port town on the barren shore of San Carlos Bay just south of the river mouth. It has long been a cattle-shipping point, and is also important as the landing place of the Cuban cable, and a station of the U. S. Weather Service, warning us of hurricanes. This will be the port of the Florida Central's extension southward from Plant City, and may then become of interest to tourists. At present it is a rough place, visited only by anglers who find the sea rod-fishing as good here if not better than at any other accessible point on the Gulf Coast. There is a rude but decent hotel, Shultz's (\$2.50). The tarpon grounds are within an easy rowing distance; and in the same places may be taken every game fish of the region,

including great sharks that come in to prey upon them — remarks that apply equally well to San Carlos, of course. A dozen miles (by water) above Punta Rassa is the pretty village of *Fort Myers* (pop., 800; *Ft. Myers*, \$3.50), which has survived, as a beautiful tropical town, the military post founded there after the close of the Seminole War as the principal station in South Florida. Many kinds of palms, the giant bamboo, and nearly every sort of tropical plant crowd the old gardens and overhang the quiet streets. Good boarding-houses abound.

Steamboats, twice a week (in winter), connect Fort Myers, Punta Rassa, San Carlos, and Naples, with Punta Gorda, carrying mail and passengers. There is also a stage line from Punta Gorda to Fort Myers — twenty-four miles. *Naples* is a winter settlement of Northern people, on the mainland, some twenty-five miles south of Punta Rassa, which may develop into a place of importance, very advantageously situated for health and pleasure. It is reached by a small steamer from Punta Gorda, or by driving from Punta Rassa (28 m.), or from Fort Myers (38 m). The Hotel Naples (\$3) is open from February to May.

“South of Charlotte Harbor,” to quote the *Handbook of Florida*, “the coast is, in the main, uninhabitable, low and swampy, overgrown with mangroves, and, in short, in process of being turned into dry land by the slow methods of nature. The Big Cypress Swamp borders the coast and merges into the Everglades inland, and into mangrove keys toward the Gulf. Here, as elsewhere, great volumes of water flow outward from the Everglades, and there are several goodly streams known to hunters, but whose precise location has never been determined. * * * Navigation along this coast is very difficult, even for small boats. The Government is now engaged in making complete surveys, where none have heretofore been attempted.”

Lemon Bay is an extension of Charlotte Harbor, northward from its entrance, behind Gasparilla Island and a long sandspit, broken here and there by shallow “passes.” Grove City is a little settlement on the bay shore, with a new winter hotel called The Gasparilla (\$3). Myakka River is near by for inland fishing and boating. Sea-fishing can be had, and there is the best of shooting in the neighborhood. This hotel is reached by daily steamer from Punta Gorda to Myakka City, and stages.

The Tampa District.

The region about Tampa Bay has been greatly enlarged in its capabilities for the comfort and entertainment of winter residents

and tourists during the past few years, as well as in its commercial importance. Both these advances have been made possible by reason of the natural advantages offered by Tampa Bay, which penetrates the coast for many miles, dividing at the head into two branches, that on the east called Hillsborough Bay, and that on the west (the larger) called Old Tampa Bay. At the head of Hillsborough Bay is the city of Tampa; on the point between this and Old Tampa Bay lies Port Tampa; and the peninsula west of Tampa Bay and between it and the Gulf of Mexico is Pinellas. Tampa Bay is remarkably deep and open, admitting vessels of twenty feet draught. Near the shores are shallows, of which yachtsmen should beware; but the dangerous points are well buoyed. Northward, at its mouth, the bay extends into a coast-group of mangrove islands and oyster reefs; and southward it communicates with the broad estuary of Manatee River and the sheltered lagoon of Sarasota Bay.

Historically, Tampa is one of the oldest districts of the State. It is believed that the "Bahia de la Cruz," where de Narvaez landed in April, 1528, for the first European exploration of this western coast of Florida was Clearwater Harbor (p. 202). Eleven years later (May, 1539) Hernandez De Soto entered Tampa Bay, which he named Bay of the Holy Spirit (Espiritu Santo), with a force of 570 men, having all the horses, armor, and accouterments of a medieval force. Landing (probably) at Phillipi's Point, near the head of Old Tampa Bay, he organized his expedition and departed on that remarkable march northward, which passed through the whole length of Florida, and then west until the Mississippi was discovered. De Soto has been a name to conjure by in this region ever since, as Ponce de Leon is upon the east coast. The great number of domiciliary mounds and shell heaps (kitchen-middens) all along these coasts and river banks shows that De Soto's account of the teeming Indian population was not exaggerated; and makes more reprehensible the outrageous violence done to the aborigines by these and many later, and even more ruffianly, explorers: It is no wonder the natives killed the priests and party led by Father Luis Canca de Barbastro to Clearwater Harbor in 1549. This was the end of any serious attempt at colonization or exploration of this region of coast; though tradition tells of numberless haunts of pirates and buccaneers among the islands and intricate channels toward the southern extremity of the peninsula; but Spanish settlements were perfected farther north, from Apalachee Bay westward, and especially at Pensacola. The east coast absorbed all the progressive forces, and none but a few wanderers knew much about the gulf side of the peninsula until the Indian troubles following the War of 1812 compelled the Government, as soon as it came into possession of Florida (in 1819), to attend to it. A military post was established at the head of Hillsborough Bay called Fort Brooke, and it became very important, a few years later, as the base of sup-

plies for the operations against the Seminoles. Its site, in the southerly part of the city, is now an attractive park. The safety assured by the strong garrison and occasional war vessels brought here a settlement of refugees, traders, and speculators, forming a snug little town by the time quiet had been restored; and the fact that good roads had been built from here to various interior points by the army, and that the habit of coming to this place for supplies had been formed, gave it strength to continue after the garrison had been withdrawn and Fort Brooke had become the well-laid-out and populous seaport of *Tampa*. It was possessed by Confederates during the war, who placed small garrisons here, at Fort Myers and elsewhere along this coast. Now and then a Union gunboat would come in, shell the garrison out of their slight defenses, land a few men for a little while, and then depart. The coast had no strategic value to either side, but the Union navy was watchful against blockade runners. After the Civil War a considerable business with the West Indies grew up, and the town became a local market, and the calling place of coasting steamers. This district attained a world-wide celebrity in 1898, when Shafter's army was encamped here for weeks preparatory to the Santiago campaign, and the city was filled with soldiers while the hotel became the general headquarters.

The City of Tampa (pop., 20,000; **Tampa Bay Hotel**, \$5; Almeria, \$2.50; The Arno, \$3; Hotel de Soto, \$4) is not only reached by the Plant System from the north and from Sanford (p. 150), joining at Lakeland, and bringing sleeping-cars from New York, by way of the Atlantic Coast Line, and from Louisville, via the Lookout Mountain Route (No. 19, p. 93) and Dupont; and from Jacksonville via Sanford. The proper terminus is at Port Tampa. The city itself is also the terminus of the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad, bringing sleeping-cars from New York by way of the New Florida Short Line (Route 14, p. 53), and parlor cars from Jacksonville.

Tampa has street-car lines, electric lights and gas, water works, paved streets, stores that carry all sorts of goods, finely shaded residence streets, and generally the appearance and conveniences of a flourishing Florida town. It has a large commerce, and is an extensive importer of Cuban tobacco and manufacturer of cigars, whereby a large part of the citizens are Cubans, engaged in this industry, and dwelling and working mainly in the suburb called Ybor City. The fact of principal interest in the city to the traveler, however, is the

Tampa Bay Hotel, built by the managers of the Plant System, and one of the most capacious and costly hotels in the United States, having a great amusement hall, the Casino, and other accessories.

It is upon a grand scale in size, magnificently furnished, contain-

ing many pieces of carved old furniture, ornament, and bric-à-brac, picked up in Europe or Asia, as well as all that modern decorators can add and arrange. It lacks the architectural and artistic harmony which distinguishes the St. Augustine hotels above all rivals as pictures, but its 1,000 beds are just as comfortable, its "creature comforts" are as elaborate and constant, and its dining-room service is quite as satisfactory to the inner man as that of any other hotel the tourist will find in his southern travels. The grounds are extensive and highly ornamental, and extend down to the banks of the Hillsborough River, just at its mouth. There is also a "theatrical auditorium," seating 1,500 persons, and a casino with a beautiful natatorium attached.

Port Tampa (The Inn, \$4) is the deep-water terminus of the Plant System of railways, on the west side of Hillsborough Bay, nine miles below Tampa. The railway is carried out nearly a mile to the edge of the channel. "At the end of this long wharf is a cluster of veritable lacustrine dwellings, with all modern improvements, a railway station, freight houses, . . . and—of chief interest to tourists—*The Inn*, an hostelry standing on piles, surrounded by wide galleries, and so near deep water that one may catch channel bass, Spanish mackerel, and sea trout literally from the windows." To live at this hotel is almost the same as taking an ocean voyage of equal duration. It is open throughout the year.

Steamers leave Port Tampa thrice a week, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, for Key West and Havana, and daily, except Sunday, for St. Petersburg and Manatee River Landings, all the year round. Occasional steamers run from Port Tampa to Santiago de Cuba, San Antonio, Jamaica, and to Puerto Rico; and this service is likely soon to be regulated and made more frequent; also to Honduras and to Mobile.

From Punta Gorda a steamer makes two round trips a week to St. James City, Punta Rassa, Fort Meyers, etc.

Excursions from Tampa and Port Tampa are mainly by boat, and the amusements are likely to be pretty closely confined to fishing, boating, and waterside picnics, for which there are plenty of good localities along both shores of Tampa Bay and among the coast islands, which are old shell-reefs, often overgrown with mangroves.

The *Manatee River* affords a longer trip of great interest. It is a broad estuary leading eastward from Tampa Bay, near its mouth, and is stained and shadowed by very dense vegetation. Near its mouth is the little settlement of Palma Sola (Palma Sola, \$3), whence roads lead to the orange groves and fishing stations along the coast of Sarasota Bay, which has lately received a good deal of attention

from immigrants. This bay is a long lagoon protected by the narrow beach of Big and Little Sarasota islands, and is a wonderfully good place for mullet and similar fishing, while the outer shell-beaches are among the most extensive and beautiful on the Gulf Coast. *The Palms* (§3) is a hotel at Sarasota, fifteen miles south of Braidentown. A few miles up the Manatee River is Braidentown, the capital of Manatee County, which has a scattered and roving population, for the most part devoted to cattle-raising on extensive prairie ranges, where they are herded and branded by cowboys, much as is the custom in the Western States and Mexico. For a picture of these cowboys of South Florida and their ways, see *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1895. The name of the river (and county) recalls the fact that the manatee was formerly numerous in its waters.

The Florida Keys and Cuba.

The Florida Keys are a series of islands, formed of sand and seawrack resting upon a line of coral and oyster reefs, that protects the southern end of the peninsula, and stretches away in a curving chain 200 miles long from Biscayne Bay around to the Dry Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico. They can be reached only by a private boat, or by taking passage upon some chance trading or fishing vessel, except at Key West, near the southwestern end of the chain, where there is a city and fortified seaport, the southernmost possession of the United States, except the island of Puerto Rico.

"**Key West,**" says the latest writer, "belongs to a large group of keys (Spanish *cayo*, a low island, sand-bank) lying south of the Bay of Florida, and extending thirty-five miles eastward to Bahia Honda, which is the widest open water along the entire line of keys. These islands are, for the most part, uninhabited, and, as they are heavily wooded, abound with game. Eastward of this large group lie the *Vacca's Keys*, as they are known, numbering a dozen or more islands, covered, for the most part, with a fine hammock growth. This brings us to an exceedingly interesting group of islands, of which Indian Key is the center, where cultivation has been attempted, and the scene of Doctor Perrine's attempted sisal hemp culture sixty years ago. From this point onward to Cape Florida there is an almost unbroken line of keys from one mile to thirty miles long, separated only by narrow channels, the more northerly of which are chiefly devoted to the culture of pineapples and tomatoes for Northern markets.

"A very common but erroneous idea prevails among uninformed people that the waters lying between the keys and the mainland are navigable. In point of fact, it is only a shallow inland sea, the rock in many places coming to the surface, and in hundreds of years, no doubt, the coral insect and the mangrove tree will have reclaimed the

entire area, and the map of Florida will have a very different appearance. The fact that the water is so shoal makes perfectly feasible the project to run a railroad down the east coast and over the keys to Key West, the only bridging requiring any engineering skill being the spanning of the open waters of Bahia Honda."—*C. R. Dodge*.

The City of Key West (*Hotel Key West*, \$4; Duval, \$2.50; Edgar, etc., \$2) is one of the westernmost of the group, and in the meridian of Fort Myers, south 140 miles, standing upon an islet called by the Spanish Cayo Hueso, or Bone Island, of which the present name is probably a corruption. The population is about 25,000, so that it is in reality the largest city in Florida; but less than 1,000 of these are white Americans, the remainder being Cubans, Spanish-speaking negroes, and Bahamians. Fishing and maritime industries employ a large number of people, of course, but the greater part of the population is engaged in the cigar factories, \$3,000,000 a year being paid in wages to cigarmakers alone. "Key West is also the market center of the sponge industry, which gives employment to hundreds of small boats and sailing craft, and amounts to \$1,000,000 annually. The turtle trade is another local industry, though not so important now as when the sea-turtles were more plentiful." As Key West is the only supplying point of all the Florida Keys, and of the coasting vessels in that part of the world, it has a large mercantile trade and many well-to-do men. It has the modern conveniences—electric lights, street cars, etc.—and, to the simple-minded inhabitants of that island world, is the grandest city in the universe. The traveled tourist, however, will find his few hours of shore liberty, while the steamer waits, sufficient to enable him to see the sights. It is a fact, however, that more persons than before are making long winter stoppages in the city, where the climate is delightful, and where there are now good hostelries in the Hotel Key West and others. There is abundant opportunity for voyages among the keys and to the mainland bays, if you are willing to rough it; and comfortable yachts can always be hired.

The excellence of the harbor has made Cayo Hueso, or Key West, useful to sailors from the start. Spanish exploring expeditions halted here, and the pirates of the last century made it a rendezvous. The United States availed itself of the island as a supply station during the Florida War, and it was so important in the operations of the Mexican War that the Government began to fortify it and make extensive preparations for a naval station there. Fort Taylor, an immense bastioned structure of coral rock and northern brick, was nearly finished when the Civil War broke out, and commanded by

an army officer who had only a few artillerymen. With these and some loyal citizens he held the place so firmly, however, that Key West remained in the Union from the start, and was the headquarters of the cruisers and blockading vessels of that naval district. The fort, which can still be made effective, is now in charge of an ordnance sergeant, who will show it to visitors. A liberal fee should be given to him for his trouble. The outworks, including two martello towers built in 1856, are in a picturesquely ruinous condition. The Government buildings, ranging from a fine new brick custom house to the dilapidated old army barracks, with the only banyan tree in the United States, are all that remain to be seen; but the naval station, greatly enlarged in 1898, and other reminders of the days of the Spanish-American War, will furnish much to interest tourists.

Key West is reached directly from New York and Galveston, by the *Mallory Line* steamers (Route 3, p. 22), two or three times a week; from New Orleans by the *Morgan Line* via Cedar Keys, Port Tampa, and Punta Gorda, weekly; by the Plant Steamship Company from Port Tampa thrice a week; and from Miami by the East Coast steamships. The *Plant Steamship*, carrying the West India Mails, and connecting with fast through trains, leaves Port Tampa at 9.00 p. m., on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, arrives at Key West at 3.00 p. m. the next afternoon, and arrives at **Havana** (90 miles) in the early morning of Wednesday, Saturday, or Monday. Leaving Havana at noon, the steamer stops at Key West in the evening, and arrives at Port Tampa at 2.00 p. m. on Thursday, Sunday, or Tuesday. The *East Coast Steamship* "City of Key West" runs tri-weekly between Miami and Key West. See p. 184.

The Pinellas Peninsula and Withlacoochee.

The Pinellas Peninsula lies between Tampa Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. Near its southern extremity, on Tampa Bay, nine miles south of Port Tampa, is **St. Petersburg**, the ocean terminus of the Orange Belt Line (Sanford & St. Petersburg Rd., Plant System). This port, where high wooded bluffs overlook the shore and a long railway wharf, is connected with Port Tampa by steamers making three daily trips, with the Manatee River towns by a daily steamboat, and is a favorite excursion point. It has several hundred inhabitants, the large Hotel Detroit (\$3), and some smaller houses of entertainment.

"Here is where the Spanish Mackerel, far famed as a game fish and an epicurean dainty, is caught in greatest abundance. On the long dock extending out over the waters of the beautiful Tampa Bay, scores of fishermen ply the rod and reel from morn to night

during season, and many a heavy creel is carried home. Here too, the grouper, flounder, and sea trout will try the angler's skill. In the marshes along the coast duck-shooting is excellent during the winter months, and on the shore jack-snipe, plover, and numerous other beach birds afford excellent sport. In the woods and 'hummocks' there is abundance of quail-shooting."

The Orange Belt Line passes up the Pinellas Peninsula, which is noted for its numerous and lofty Indian mounds, and runs along the coast of **Clearwater Harbor**, one of the most open and best-known lagoons on this part of the coast. Here are several settlements frequented in winter by fishermen and tourists, and having flourishing orchards of orange, lemon, shaddock, etc. *Clearwater* is itself a pretty little town, with churches, stores, etc., and several small hotels (Virona Inn, \$3; Sea View, \$2.50; Phoenix, \$2; etc.) The latest claimant to public favor here is *Belleair*, a settlement on the high bay shore of the harbor surrounding the new *Hotel Belleview* (\$4), first opened in January, 1897. It has an admirable situation, and is externally one of the most beautiful hotel structures in Florida, while its interior is modern and luxurious. Farther north, in an excellent situation on the seashore, is Sutherland, with the large *Hotel San Marino* (\$3), inviting the special attention of invalids to the climatic advantages of its situation. The railway here comes to the bayous at the mouth of the Anclote River (where, among the Anclote Keys, is an excellent anchorage for yachts, and boating and fishing opportunities of the highest order), and turns inland. Here is *Tarpon Springs* (pop., 500; Tarpon Springs Hotel, \$3; boarding-houses), a town built largely by Northern visitors, and having sidewalks and other comforts not always found in these Florida villages. Sailing expeditions to the "Cootee" River, ten miles north, and to many points up and down the coast, are greatly in vogue, and very safe and pleasurable. There is nothing to detain the tourist east of Tarpon Springs, until he reaches Macon and Lacoochee, where the north and south lines of the Florida Central and Plant System are crossed in quick succession. These junctions are on the edge of the "Lake District," which the Orange Belt Line skirts westward through Mascotte (stages to Villa City) and Claremont to Lake Apopka and Sanford; and are among the headwaters of the Withlacoochee River, whose valley has lately become doubly valuable by reason of the discovery of phosphates, the mining and exportation of which have attracted population, and promoted farming and other industries. The consequence is a line of flourishing villages along each of the two north and south

railroads, of which the principal, reading northward on the Plant System, are *Dade City*, county seat of Pasco (Dade City Hotel, \$2), Owensboro (intersection of Florida Central and Florida Southern railways), Lacoochee, St. Catherine, the site of the Dade massacre (p. 204), *Leesburg* (p. 207), Wier Park, Belleview, and Ocala. (For Ocala and northward, see p. 208.)

Along the more westerly line of the Florida Central are Dade City, St. Catherine, Panasoffkee (Lake View, \$2; junction of spur four miles east, to Sumterville, county seat of Sumter; steamers for Floral City, Lake Panasoffkee, Withlacoochee River, and Little Charlie Apopka Lake), Wildwood (junction of line eastward, to Leesburg), Belleview (small hotels, \$2), and Ocala. At Macon a branch of the Plant System reaches north down the valley of the Withlacoochee through Pemberton Ferry to Inverness and Dunellon (p. 210). At Pemberton Ferry an east-and-west railroad crosses from Brooksville, county seat of Hernando, to St. Catherine.

These roads lie upon the rolling pinelands that constitute the watershed of the State in this part, and lie about 100 feet above the level of the sea; and here ran the old Indian trails and early roads, where they were least interrupted by rivers and swamps. It was in this region that the Indian uprising of 1835 to 1842 began, and it will be proper to give here a succinct account of it.

The Seminole War commonly referred to by writers and speakers, is the second of the two Florida Indian conflicts, so-called. The first was between the Government and a rabble of disgruntled Creeks, Seminoles, and negroes, in 1818, in the extreme northwestern part of Florida, incited by Scotch traders and allowed to continue by the Spanish, but crushed out by General (and Governor) Andrew Jackson, as soon as the United States obtained control of the country. The second, beginning in 1835, was waged by the Seminole Indians in the peninsula of Florida, and ended in their ruin.

These Seminoles were originally members of the Creek Confederacy in Georgia, who, becoming disaffected, went south into Florida, that they might live, hunt, and fish independently, and they were therefore styled by the Creeks *Semanole*, meaning separatist, or run-away, which name they now repudiate, calling themselves "Peninsula People." It is known that Indians speaking the Creek language lived in the south of Florida as early as the sixteenth century, by whom the newcomers were welcomed. These Florida seceders were not at all friendly to the American colonies, during the Revolution of 1776, and refused to join in the treaty of 1790, between their ancient brethren, the Creeks, and the United States. They affili-

ated with the Spaniards, in 1793, and made war upon the States again in 1812. The refusal of the Seminoles to be bound by another treaty with the Creeks made by Jackson in 1814, after the massacre of Fort Mims, precipitated the War of 1817.

Upon the admittance of Florida into the Union, the Seminoles gave up all their territory by another treaty (1823), in exchange for goods and annuities, and part of them were moved, four years later, to lands beyond the Mississippi. The more turbulent part of the Seminoles, however, influenced by a bold and wily half-breed, named Osceola, refused to emigrate, and were left on small reserves of land. Soon the settlers complained of their conduct, and Gen. Wiley Thomson was sent to remove these Indians to their new home, by force if necessary.

Osceola, supported by Micanopy, Coacoochee, and other lesser chiefs, incited his people to resistance, and was so insolent toward General Thomson that he was confined in chains for a day. This seemed to induce a repentance, and he promised, if released, to fulfill the terms of the treaty, but, instead, fell to murdering the white settlers on the borders of the Everglades (1835). Maj. Francis L. Dade, 4th Infantry, was sent from Fort Brooke (Tampa), with more than one hundred soldiers, to the support of General Clinch, in Fort Drane, forty miles eastward of the mouth of the Withlacoochee, but was ambushed near Wahoo Swamp, in Sumter County, near what is now St. Catherines (December 28, 1835), and was killed, together with his whole command, excepting four men, who afterward died from the effects of their wounds. A monumental shaft in the Military Cemetery at St. Augustine (p. 157) marks the grave of the massacred men, who were afterward buried there. Major Dade is not condemned for this massacre by military critics, since he had no information that war had broken out, or that there was any reason for particular caution.

Osceola, on the same day, crept up to Fort King, four miles east of the present town of Ocala, and killed and scalped General Thomson and some friends who were dining in a store near the fort. Generals Clinch and Gaines had each severe battles with the Indians on the Withlacoochee. The Creeks, in 1836, went on the warpath in their own country to help the Seminoles, and terrorized lower Alabama and Georgia; but Gen. Winfield Scott, then in chief command of the South, punished them severely, and removed thousands of them to the Indian Territory. The militia and volunteers from Florida

met the Seminoles in a severe fight near the scene of Dade's massacre, but, as in most of the battles of succeeding years, no lasting advantage was won. Osceola again broke a treaty with General Jesup in 1837, and more of the guerrilla warfare ensued, in which the Indians had much the advantage, because of their wide knowledge of the swamps and hammocks of the wet Everglades in which they hid themselves; and on account of their immunity from snake-bites, insect-stings, and the fevers that decimated the United States troops. At last, under a flag of truce, Osceola, with several chiefs and many warriors, came to confer a second time with General Jesup. The meeting was held in a dark grove, and when Osceola rose to speak, he was seized and bound by Jesup's orders, that officer having determined that no other means of stopping the chief's treacheries were possible (October 21, 1837). The Seminole warriors were covered by the soldiers' guns, and, offering no resistance, were sent away.

Osceola and his lieutenant, Coacoochee, were confined in Fort Marion, in St. Augustine, from which they escaped (p. 159). Osceola, however, was soon recaptured, and then was sent to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, where he died in 1838, and was buried near the main entrance to the fort.

Desultory fighting was still kept up by the Seminoles, although they had no supreme leader; Gen. Zachary Taylor whipped a large party of them again in 1837, but was obliged to organize a summer campaign and chase them to their fastnesses south of Lake Okeechobee. It was, therefore, two years before he could nominally close the war in 1839.

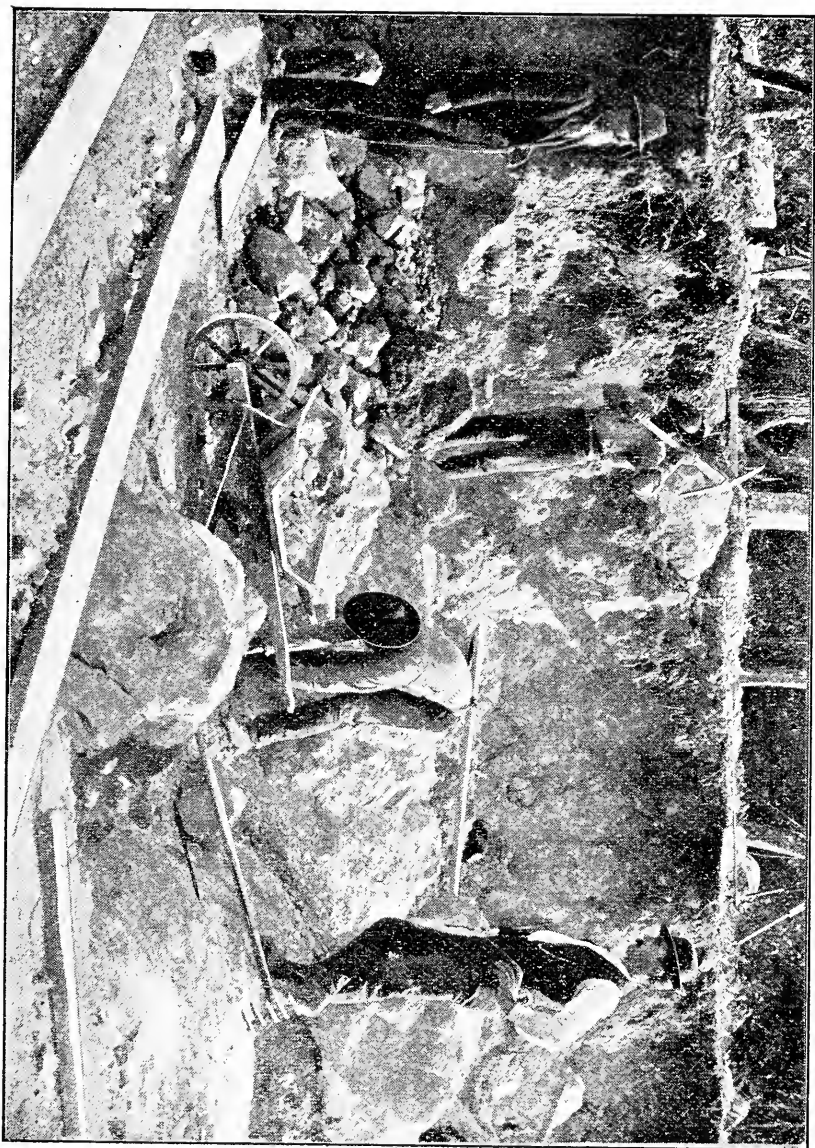
The soldiers in Florida after that spent their time in making expeditions among the rivers and marshes, in order to capture such bands of Indians as they could find, and to send them west to join the colony there. Coacoochee, a noted Seminole chief, who had escaped successfully from St. Augustine with Osceola, pretended to be willing to end his resistance and to persuade his tribe to emigrate, but Major Childs, the commanding officer at Fort Pierce, having no faith in his sincerity, decided to seize the party, which Coacoochee had been allowed a month to collect, before that wily savage would admit that they were quite ready to come in. Coacoochee, his uncle, and several warriors were, therefore, enticed to the fort and arrested in much the same way as Osceola had been captured, whereupon it appeared that the chief had been quietly sending his women and

children south, intending to follow immediately. Coacoochee and his warriors were sent by Major Childs in a schooner to New Orleans *en route* to their reservation in the Indian Territory, but General Worth recalled them to Tampa Bay, and by sending out Coacoochee himself, and keeping the others as hostages, the women and children of the band came in voluntarily, and then all were shipped to their destination. This was a heavy loss to the Seminoles; but there still remained in the Peninsula a few hundred warriors with their families scattered into very small parcels, who were concealed in the most inaccessible hammocks and swamps. At last, in 1842, the Seminole War was permanently closed.

The Seminoles of modern times are pronounced by ethnologists "a people compounded of the following elements: Separatists from the Lower Creek and Hichiti towns; remnants of tribes partly civilized by the Spaniards; Yamassi Indians, and some negroes." They are a stalwart, handsome race, orderly, and living upon the flat, grass-grown "keys" of the Everglades, where fishing and shooting supply them with all the animal food they need, and various vegetables, maize, and sweet potatoes are grown on the hammocks, where wild fruits mature naturally all about them. Their staple flour is made from the koonti, a root yielding a starch much like arrowroot, which they pound, wash, and ferment, thus extracting the starch, or flour, used in making bread and the like. This plant is coming into civilized cultivation and use. They come frequently to trade at the frontier posts, bringing alligator hides and teeth, and various other things for sale; and are often hired as guides by hunters and fishermen; but they will rarely conduct white men into the recesses of the Everglades, conceal zealously the situation of their villages, and must be trusted in all respects with great caution.

The Lake District.

Between the Florida Central Railroad and St. Johns River is a region draining into the St. Johns, which is so thickly sprinkled with connecting lakes, some having an area of more than fifty square miles, that probably a third of the country is under water. Between the lakes are lands comparatively high and dry, and including the loftiest elevations in the State, which are covered with pine, broken by hammocks of mixed hardwood and palmetto, and are traversed by many clear streams. It is as beautiful and salubrious as any part of the interior of Florida, and is, in consequence, one of the most



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thickly populated parts of the State, and one of the favorite dwelling-places for winter residents and tourists. There are few very large and famous hotels, but many small and comfortable ones, not to speak of innumerable boarding-houses and private families that receive a guest or two for the winter. This district is reached from all sides by railroads and steamboats in a quick and comfortable manner. The two central points are Leesburg and Tavares.

Leesburg (pop., 1,500 ; Lake View, \$3) is the county seat of Lake, which has been in the past the greatest orange-growing county of the State. It is situated on a neck of land between Lake Harris (or Astatula), south, and Lake Griffin, north, of the town, which is the business point of the district. It is a station on the Florida Southern, 125 miles south of Jacksonville, and on the east and west line of the Florida Central from Wildwood to Orlando; it is also a terminus of the Plant System's line (St. Johns & Lake Eustis Ry.) from Astor, so that it is easily reached from the St. Johns steamboats at Astor (p. 147) or at Sanford.

Ten miles east of Leesburg is *Tavares* (Osceola, \$3), another railway junction, having, besides the east and west line from Sanford to Leesburg, southerly lines to Lake Apopka and Kissimmee (p. 190), and to Clermont and Kissimmee, connecting with the roads to St. Petersburg and Tampa; a short branch to Nithsdale, on Lake Harris; and the St. Johns and Lake Eustis north to Fort Mason, Glendale, and Astor.

These two towns are the supplying points of a populous, prosperous, and interesting district which offers everything in the way of health, comfort, and amusement that Central Florida can afford. Five large lakes, Harris, Griffin, Eustis, Dora, and Yale are grouped within an area fifteen miles square, and their waters are sufficiently spacious for good sailing, quiet enough for pleasant rowing, and warm enough for healthful bathing. The shores are dotted with little towns, pretty winter cottages, and numberless groves of oranges, while the gardens are semi-tropical in variety and luxuriance. Steamboats ply weekly (Friday) between Leesburg and Esmeralda—at the foot of Lake Griffin—and between El Dorado, the railway station on Lake Harris, and Yallaha, Bloomfield, and Lane Park on its opposite shore. The still larger Lake Apopka, famous for its fishing, is only a dozen miles away, and it is a short journey to the seashore or to the Upper St. Johns or Kissimmee River and lakes.

Eustis (pop., 500; Edwards, \$2; St. George, \$1) is a fine village on the northern shore of Lake Eustis, a terminus of the St. Johns & Lake Eustis Ry. from Astor (p. 147), and a port for lake steam-

boats. Zellwood (Michelhurst, \$2), Mt. Dora (Bruce, \$2; Lake, \$2), and Fruitland (Fruitland, \$2), the last named one of the most successful of English colonies in Florida, are other interesting points on these lakes not heretofore mentioned, see also page 187.

Okahumpka, six miles south of Leesburg, on the railroad, is a new competitor for favor in the midst of high, dry pine lands, and has the Hotel Clarendon (\$2.50).

Ten miles north of Leesburg is *Lake Weir*, where the local Chautauqua Assemblies are held (Weir Park, \$2). Many little settlements are clustered here, with fair roads, one of which leads to Moss Bluff and Lake Weir Landing on the Upper Ocklawaha (which drains Lake Griffin), whence boats can be taken to Silver Spring, some ten miles below, and thence to Palatka.

Ocala (pop., 6,000; *Ocala*, \$3.50; Montezuma, \$2, boarding-houses). This vigorous and growing town is the county seat of Marion, and of increasing importance as the market and supplying point not only of a good agricultural and fruit producing region, but of a wide circle of phosphate mines. It is a pretty place, with a fine public square. The Ocala House has been purchased by the Plant System and renovated.

Phosphates, suitable for use as a land fertilizer, are found in several of the Southern States, notably South Carolina, and exist in Western Florida, in several distinct varieties, each different in appearance and texture from phosphates found in other States and countries. They consist of hard rock phosphate, bone phosphate, pebble, and soluble or soft phosphate. Hard rock phosphates are found in Wakulla, Leon, Jefferson, Madison, Taylor, Suwannee, Columbia, Alachua, Levy, Marion, Sumter, Citrus, Pasco, and Hernando counties; they are white or pinkish, hard and granular in texture, often laminated, and have the appearance of lime rock. This variety of phosphates is supposed to have been originally miocene lime-rock, which, in course of time, by some process of nature, not understood, became impregnated with phosphoric acid. It varies in percentage of phosphates from 60 to 90 per cent. The beds run from the surface to sixty feet in depth, extending in area over thousands of acres. This is the most inexpensive phosphate to mine, no drills or machinery being required, and has been mined, loaded on the cars, loaded on steamers at Fernandina, and delivered at Amsterdam, Holland, at \$7.50 per ton; a clear profit of \$17.50 per ton. Nodular bone or pebble phosphates are found in Clay, Polk, Hillsboro, Manatee, De Soto, and Lee counties, in the Prace, Alafia, Black rivers, etc., and are composed principally of coprolites (petrified guano) and comminuted bones. They occur in bluish gray, dark blue, amorphous nodules, of sizes varying from a pea to a walnut. These pebbles, intermixed with sand, form immense beds and bars in the rivers, and scattered among them are the teeth, tusks, bones, and scales of

prehistoric mammals, reptiles, and fishes. This phosphate is of a high grade, rarely containing more than 1 per cent of alumina, and remarkably free from other alien substances. The method of raising this phosphate is very simple, consisting of a steam-dredge with a revolving screen to separate the phosphate from the sand. Soluble or soft phosphates have been found in Marion County, and consist of soft white pebbles, which crumble under slight pressure, and are very rich, containing over 60 per cent of pure phosphate of lime.

The manufacture of iron-acid phosphate and other forms of prepared mineral fertilizers has been undertaken at Belleview near Ocala, South Jacksonville, and at some other points within the State.

Ocala is a railway junction of importance, where the Florida Central crosses the Plant System. A cross-road, the Silver Springs, Ocala & Gulf, connects Ocala with *Silver Springs* (p. 146), five miles east, and extends west to the Withlacoochee River and sea-coast, at Homosassa. On this line are Leroy and Rock Springs (Hotel Leroy, \$2), and the **Wekiva Blue Spring** (Cottage, \$2), a mile from Juliette, on S. F. & W. division of the Plant System, twenty-two miles from Ocala, of which Colonel Norton has given this enthusiastic description:

"The spring, named Wekiva by the Seminoles and Las Aguas Azul by the Spaniards, is one of the most beautiful in Florida, surrounded by an amphitheatre of bluffs covered with a fine growth of magnolia, hickory, live-oak, bay, and the like, interspersed with pine. The spring is 350 feet wide, of a color that varies from blue to green, owing to unexplained conditions or to individual perception of color. So clear is the water, and so high its refractive powers that, looking from the bank, a stranger can not be convinced that the basin is more than three or four feet deep. . . . The actual depth is twenty-five feet or more. The spring derives much of its peculiar beauty from the wonderful vegetation that rises in endless variety of color and form along the rocky dykes and sand bars of the bottom. To float upon the absolutely invisible water, above these fairy-like bowers, is an experience never to be forgotten. The water boils up through a broad, and, no doubt, a very deep bed of pure white sand, in volume sufficient to form a considerable stream—not nearly so large, however, as Silver Spring Run. All along the banks, too, are other lesser springs, overhung by ferns and vines, that rival those beneath the surface of the water.

"Visitors should not fail to go down the run to Dunnellon, either by steam launch or in a rowboat. The distance, allowing for the windings of the stream, is about six miles, and the whole trip is a series of surprises. Here and there are deep, rocky chasms, through which fresh volumes of water boil upward, and, at frequent intervals, other springs burst from the banks, sometimes utilized to turn water-wheels, and each possessed of some peculiar charm of its own. The lower reaches of the run are bordered with cypresses and frequented by garfish, turtles, and alligators."

Dunnellon is a railway station on the Withlacoochee, admirably situated for a pleasure place, as it was intended to be, but the discovery, in 1889, that the village site and all the neighborhood was underlaid with the richest phosphate, has turned it into a mining center. From Dunnellon the road trends southward across the head of the beautiful Crystal River to *Homosassa*, a port of Homosassa River, which is really an inlet. This was the scene, before the Civil War, of extensive sugar planting and especially of the plantation, sugar warehouses, and mills, of ex-Senator Yulee. As he was an ardent Confederate, and did what he could to aid blockade running, and as the Confederates had a garrison here, the port was an object of considerable attention, during the Civil War, from the Northern war vessels, who frequently shelled the woods and occasionally landed troops for short periods. Now there is not much cultivation nor many inhabitants, and Homosassa is a port for the shipment of phosphates to Cedar Keys. This is an exceedingly advantageous region for shooting and fishing. *The Inn* (\$3.50) and *Osceola House* (\$2) are open at Homosassa.

Another branch from Dunnellon goes straight south along the western shore of Lake Tsula-apopka to Inverness (county seat of Citrus), where it meets a branch of the Florida Southern from Pemberton Ferry, connecting through to the South.

Orange Lake, some nineteen miles north of Ocala, is the largest of a group comprising also, Lochloosa, Newnan's, and Levy's lakes. This region has long been noted for its orange groves, the Mammoth Grove, on the south shore of Orange Lake, having had, in 1894, 70,000 full-bearing trees. These are the largest natural groves in Florida. They are situated in the midst of a vast, rich hammock, the trees being of natural, spontaneous growth, in the places where they now stand, budded to the best sweet varieties. The same profusion of orange trees surrounds all the many villages and stations on the railways. The eastern shore of Orange Lake and Lochloosa are skirted by the Florida Central, through Citra (a prominent shipping point), Island Grove, and Lochloosa, stations, to Hawthorne, where it crosses the Plant System's tracks from Gainesville (p. 211) to Palatka (p. 143). On this east-and-west line, fourteen miles east of Hawthorne, is *Interlachen* (Hotel Editoria, \$2.50), which is a pleasant winter resort in the midst of a rolling, wooded, thickly settled country, where the absence of the saw-palmetto renders walking more attractive than it usually is in Florida. Lakes Lagonda and Chipco are near by.

The Central's line continues north from Hawthorne fourteen miles to its junction with the line to Cedar Keys at Waldo.

The Florida Southern passes north from Ocala along the western shore of Orange Lake to Micanopy (a brisk little town having an historical connection with the Seminole War, and named after an Indian warrior of that time), and at Rochelle, six miles north of Micanopy (Junction) joins the Plant System's line from Gainesville to Palatka, spoken of above.

Jacksonville to Cedar Keys.

The Florida Central is one of the oldest roads in the State, and its earliest lines ran from Fernandina (p. 29) and Jacksonville (p. 133) to Cedar Keys, 127 miles southwest on the Gulf of Mexico. It is to be expected, therefore, that this region of the State will be found among the most thickly populated and productive. This has long been true, and since the discovery of phosphate earths and rock, underlying a large part of it, an increase of numbers and values has taken place. The eastern part of the journey is of no particular interest. The direct line from Fernandina to Cedar Keys crosses at *Baldwin*, nineteen miles west of Jacksonville, that from Jacksonville to Tallahassee (p. 213), and an exchange of passengers takes place upon a platform in the midst of a swamp where a sharp little battle occurred during the Civil War, in which the Union men were gallantly routed. Continuing southwest toward Cedar Keys, through rolling pine woodlands, stops are made at Maxville (mineral springs), Lawtey (Burrin, \$2), Stark (Commercial, \$2.50)—where a short branch runs westward into Alachua County—Thurston, at the crossing of the Georgia Southern Railway, from Lake City to Palatka, and Waldo (Renault, \$2), where the road diverges southward to Ocala and Tampa, and one can reach Lakes Alto and Santa Fé by steamer. At the head of Lake Santa Fé, a beautiful sheet of clear, fresh water, nine miles long and three and one-half miles wide, where fish abound in countless numbers, is *Melrose* (p. 142), whence a railroad runs (30 m.) to Green Cove Springs. The next important station beyond Waldo is **Gainesville** (pop., 3,000; Brown House; Hotel White, \$2), one of the principal towns and railway centers in the western part of the State. Here the main line of the Plant System crosses the Florida Central, and there is also a road directly east of Palatka.

This city is the county seat of Alachua County, which takes its name from the Indian word for "sink hole," referring to a well-like

abyss in the ground of Payne's Prairie (now a large lake), into which flowed the surplus of Newnan's Lake, until the hole was choked by careless curiosity seekers. Here are the United States Land Office for Florida and the State Military Academy. The town is one of the oldest in the State, having arisen during the Seminole War, under the protection of Fort Clarke; and it was occupied for a short time by Massachusetts soldiers in 1864, just before the battle of Olustee. Its growth during the past few years has been phenomenal, and it has become a distributing point for the trade of a large and rich section of country. The city is situated on the edge of a vast tract of the richest hammock lands, at an elevation of 128 feet above the level of the sea. It has long been noted as a place of unusual sanitary attractions, and is already a popular and pleasant place of resort for winter visitors. The streets are wide and shady, and the business portion of the place contains a number of substantial and well-arranged buildings, hotels, and boarding-houses.

The three little stations of Arredonda, Kanapaha, and Palmer, soon passed west of Gainesville, ship large quantities of early vegetables and fruit to Northern markets. *Archer* (Goodwood, \$2) is a phosphate town, reached by a branch of the Plant System from High Springs, fifty-one miles north, and having a local railroad south into the exceedingly rich phosphate districts along the boundary of Levy and Marion counties, which connects through to Blue Springs and Homosassa. *Bronson* (Bronson, \$2) is the county seat of Levy.

Cedar Keys (pop., 2,000; Bettellini, \$2; Schlemmer, \$2) is the terminus on the Gulf of Mexico, and stands on Way Key, one of the islands, four miles out, that inclose the commodious harbor. It dates from the completion of the railway here, in 1861, when wharves and warehouses were built and commerce opened. These facilities were at once availed of, by the Confederate authorities, for blockade running, which went on for only a short time. In January, 1862, the Union navy learned that seven vessels were loaded and waiting for a chance to get out. Down came the Federal vessels, took possession of the town and its trifling garrison, captured and burned the ships and their cargoes of cotton and turpentine, entirely destroyed the railway terminus, wharves, and rolling stock, and, by keeping an eye upon the place afterward, stopped all hope of blockade running there.

At the close of the war the railway and wharves were rebuilt, and a small town gradually grew upon the key, which is the calling point of all the coasting steamers, including the Morgan Line, weekly, and of steamers to all landings on the Crystal and Suwannee rivers. The great quantity of red cedar near here has led to the establishment of pencil factories, and there is an oyster-canning house, but

the principal industry, apart from handling freight and phosphate, is in fish, turtles, and oysters, which are sent all over the interior, packed in ice. It has a supplying trade with ships, and with a large extent of coast. Cedar Keys itself has small attraction for the visitor, and less for the Northern resident, except the excellent fishing obtainable there, but it is a convenient place for starting upon a boating expedition up or down this almost untenanted and everywhere beautiful stretch of coast, from the Suwannee to Clearwater Harbor, of which it is the central haven and supplying point.

The Suwannee Valley and West Florida.

The Florida Central & Peninsular Rd. has a line across the northern tier of counties in Florida from Jacksonville to Tallahassee and Chattahoochee, on the borders of Alabama, continued by a line of the Louisville & Nashville Company to Pensacola, at the extreme western limit of the State. This connects with the New Florida Short Line (Route 14, p. 53), at Jacksonville, and with the lines from Fernandina, and from the south interior of the State, at Baldwin, and makes various connections at towns farther west.

Leaving **Jacksonville** (Union station), the road pursues a course straight west through the long-leaf pine lands to Baldwin (p. 211), and thence, still due west, through lands producing lumber and naval stores, and vegetable-raising districts, to Lake City, sixty miles from Jacksonville. Macclenny (pop., 1,000; Macclenny House, \$2) is near the St. Marys River, and has a business in cotton and in lumber floated down from Okefinokee Swamp. Thirteen miles east of Lake City is passed the little station, *Olustee*, on Ocean Pond, which was the scene of a disastrous repulse of a Union army by the Confederates in February, 1864. This was the most considerable battle that took place in Florida, outside of Pensacola, and has thus been summarized by Lossing, though he does not describe the bad generalship which seems to have led the troops into a situation where their defeat was nearly certain :

“Early in 1864 the Government was informed that the citizens of Florida, tired of the war, desired a reunion with the National Government. The President commissioned his private Secretary (John Hay) a major, and sent him to Charleston to accompany a military expedition which General Gillmore was to send to Florida, Hay to act in a civil capacity if required. The expedition was commanded by Gen. Truman Seymour, who left Hilton Head (February 5, 1864) in transports with 6,000 troops, and arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., on

the 7th. Driving the Confederates from there, the Nationals pursued them into the interior. General Finnegan was in command of a considerable Confederate force in Florida, and stoutly opposed this invasion. At Olustee Station, . . . in the heart of a cypress swamp, the Nationals encountered Finnegan, strongly posted. A sharp battle occurred (February 20th), when Seymour was repulsed and retreated to Jacksonville. The estimated loss to the Nationals in this expedition was about 2,000 men; the Confederate loss, 1,000 men and several guns. Seymour carried with him about 1,000 of the wounded, and left 250 on the field, besides many dead and dying. The expedition returned to Hilton Head. Unionism in Florida seemed to be a myth. The Nationals destroyed stores valued at \$1,000,000. At about the same time Admiral Bailey destroyed the Confederate Salt Works on the coast of Florida, valued at \$3,000,000."

Lake City (pop., 2,000; small hotels, \$2) is an old town, founded, like many others, upon a military post, and its streets are embowered in aged magnolias and live-oaks. Two hundred feet above the sea, and having good drainage, the locality is healthy, and the whole county, of which this is the capital, is prosperous. Here is the State Agricultural College and a United States Agricultural Experiment Station. The town has an academy for boys, and another for girls, besides the customary schools and churches. It is the market-town and supplying point for a region producing long-staple cotton, for which there is here a large steam cotton-gin and a knitting mill; and an excellent kind of cigar-leaf tobacco, which is regarded as the most profitable crop of the locality. In addition to this, great quantities of early vegetables are shipped North, and (until the freeze of 1895) many oranges. Lumber, chiefly yellow pine, is another important item (50,000,000 feet of lumber being sawed in this vicinity annually), and turpentine is a noteworthy local product. Building-stone is quarried in the neighborhood, and shipped far and wide, and there is an abundance of brick clay. This is the crossing-place of the Georgia Southern Rd., whose line (Route 23, p. 128) enters the State at Jennings, and passes through Jasper, the county seat of Hamilton, and *White Sulphur Spring* to this city, whence it continues seventy-three miles southeast, through Bradford and Putnam counties, to Palatka. Lake City is also the northern terminus of a branch of the Plant System, which connects with the main line twenty miles southward.

White Sulphur Spring (Hotel, \$2), mentioned above, is an old-time resort, twelve miles north of Lake City, on the Suwannee River, fashionable "befo' the wa'," but abandoned now, and grown lovely in its age. "Withdrawn timidly half a mile from the track, it

seems a veritable sleepy hollow. The long, low, columned hotel, in two stages of dignity, one about 1820, the other about 1860, occupies the entire east side of the town. It is, in itself, a study for an artist. Two magnificent rows of live-oaks, fringed with gray moss and crossing each other at right angles, give abundance of shade. A number of old and interesting homes, with pretty flower gardens, peep out here and there from the shadows, and near the river one splendid clump of sycamores lift their boughs one hundred feet into the air."

The railroad west from Lake City trends gradually northward. *Live Oak* (pop., 1,000; small hotels, \$2) is a lively market town, with large dealings in lumber and cotton. Here the Plant System from Dupont, Ga., to Gainesville and Southern Florida, crosses the Florida Central, and eight miles north of the town is the station **Suwannee Springs**, on the south bank of the Suwannee River. A very copious spring of warm sulphur water gushes out of the ground, about which there has been made an ornamental park, with a hotel (\$3) and numerous cottages, bathing arrangements, etc. These waters have a wide reputation for their medicinal value, particularly in ailments of the kidneys, and are extensively sold in all parts of the South and East.

The Suwannee River is crossed thirteen miles west of Live Oak, at Ellaville, where connection is made with the Suwannee River Rd., running down the river to Hudson on the Suwannee, where steamer connections are made for all the landings on the river.

The Suwannee River has a world-wide reputation, for who does not know the song

"Way down upon de S'wannee ribber,"

which was written many years ago by Stephen Collins Foster, under the title "The Old Folks at Home." Its pure melody caught the ear of the people, who heard it sung by Christy's Minstrels, and it has spread all over the world. This has given to the Suwannee a sentimental estimation far beyond that of almost any other river in the United States; and truly it is a beautiful stream, but no more attractive than many another, which, like it, flows full and sluggish between heavily wooded banks of magnolia, oak, sycamore, and palmetto trees, from whose branches wave the spectral pendants and festoons of the Tillandsia, and in whose shadow lurk birds of gay plumage and creatures of strange and fearsome proportions. The very name of the river, which has its source in Wilcox and Dooley counties, Georgia, and is formed by the junction at Ellaville, Florida, of the Little and Allapaha rivers, is a matter of doubt. It is said to be a corruption of the Spanish name San Juanita or Little San Juan; once applied to this as is the first river west of the St. Johns (San Juan). The present writer has not had an opportunity to verify this;

but the name appears to him to be a Creek Indian word containing a reference to the Shawnee Indians, who had towns not far to the westward of it, one of which the Creeks called Sawanolgi. The Suwannee is navigable for large steamers as far as the mouth of the Santa Fé, which drains Lake Santa Fé (p. 211), and for smaller boats for some distance above that point; and there is a regular line of steamboats to and from Cedar Keys, a trip upon which is one of the most attractive pleasures of Florida travel, and offers great opportunities to the sportsman.

West from Ellaville the railway crosses through Madison County, the principal station being Madison, the county seat. This county produces more cotton (long staple) than any other in Florida, and is also an extensive producer of fruit, especially grapes and figs. To the southward lies Taylor County, along the Gulf of Mexico, which is largely a vast swamp, almost unexplored, and harboring bears, pumas, deer, and smaller game. Crossing Aucilla River, into Jefferson County, the train reaches Drifton, the terminus of a branch of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway, which comes south from Thomasville, Ga. (p. 51), and forms the ordinary approach from the north and east to Tallahassee. Five miles north of Drifton on this railroad is *Monticello* (pop., 1,700; *St. Elmo*, \$2), which is the county seat and a flourishing market town, steadily growing into an important place. Its wide streets are described as shaded by superb trees, and often bordered by gardens where roses bloom the year round, and old-fashioned Southern mansions which stand among oaks and magnolias. Three miles north is the big Lake Miccosukie, which is surrounded by a forest of remarkable size and variety, and whose outlet disappears into a great sink-hole a short distance south of its borders. Continuing west of Drifton, the road crosses the headwaters of the St. Marks River and arrives at Tallahassee, 165 miles west of Jacksonville.

Tallahassee (pop., 3,500; *The Leon*, \$2.50; St. James, \$2.50) was originally the territorial capital of Florida, and, when the territory was admitted into the Union (1845), was retained as the capital of the new State; the name is derived from a Seminole word meaning "old city." During the first Seminole War, in 1818, Gen. Andrew Jackson cleared away the rebellious Indians then occupying the locality and the town was soon built up by settlers from the nearer States. The subsequent wars with Indians and white people have disturbed it but little, and the trees and gardens have attained to so magnificent a growth that they are now the glory of the city.

In 1861 the Florida Ordinance of Secession was passed at Tallahassee and many of its citizens enlisted, although those left behind were sufficient to repel, at the Natural Bridge (p. 218), in one of the severest battles of the State's record, an attempted attack of the Federals, made mainly by colored troops, who approached by way of St. Marks. The United States troops occupied the city, only as a precautionary measure, after hostilities ended.

The city covers the top of a hill nearly 300 feet above the sea-level, which is surrounded by other hills, between which the eye can see far into the country. It thus secures, not only some charming views, but a most healthful climate, dry, yet tempered by the strong Gulf winds, and highly advantageous to those invalided by throat or lung troubles. The original Ordinance of Secession, and several interesting war relics, maps, torn battle-flags, and the like, can be seen in the old State House, which was erected in 1835, and, like many of the houses in the city, is a good example of colonial architecture. Built of brick and stucco, with a stately portico, it stands in the midst of a grove of noble trees, on the brow of the hill, near the south end of Main Street.

The soil about Tallahassee forms very good roads, and excursions are pleasantly made to Lake Bradford, three miles from the city, and to Lake Jackson, a large sheet of water which was so disturbed, by the same earthquake that upset Charleston in 1886, that it entirely disappeared through some subterranean outlet, taking several days to fill up again. It is well, apropos of this disappearance, to warn people against driving carelessly about this part of Florida, since the whole region is undermined by subterranean rivers, and often an apparently shallow puddle will disguise a bottomless sink-hole.

Prince Murat, son of the King of Naples, and his Virginian wife, lived at their estate on a hill two miles west of the Tallahassee railway station. The graves of both are in the Episcopal cemetery, a few minutes' walk west of the Leon Hotel. At *Lake Hall*, six miles northeast on the Thomasville road, there is good fishing, and other lakes more distant furnish hunting as well as fishing grounds. *Bellair* is an old suburb, a summer resort of Tallahassee society in former days, and is situated in the flat pine lands, on the St. Marks branch of the Florida Central & Peninsular Railroad. *Wakulla* is another station on this branch, sixteen miles from Tallahassee, and is the stopping place for **Wakulla Spring**, which is also a favorite objective for long drives from Tallahassee. Here is a tremendous outpour of water, as clear as crystal for a depth of more than a hun-

dred feet, supplying the Wakulla River, that joins the St. Marks River at the little town of St. Marks.

St. Marks is the terminus of this branch, twenty-one miles from Tallahassee, and the point of departure for excursion steamers and boating-parties out on the Gulf and up the St. Marks River. A fort of considerable strength, San Marcos de Apalache, of which some ruins still remain, two miles south of the present town, was built by the Spaniards in 1718. In 1862 a redoubt was thrown up near the lighthouse, on the point at the debouchment of the St. Marks River, but was destroyed by a United States gunboat. The river itself was somewhat used as a refuge for blockade-runners during the Civil War, but the vigilance of the Federal gunboats along the west coast made such business extremely risky. The Confederates erected salt works on the river in 1863, from which the Confederacy was supplied, but they, too, were destroyed by boat-crews from the Federal gunboat, "Tahoma," that had shelled the redoubt.

The stream St. Marks is believed to rise in Lake Miccosukee; its course can be traced by a series of open stretches of water and sinks, for much of the time it is underground. It is fed by many mineral springs, its water is of crystal purity, and no snags are found in it, though there is a tropical richness of vegetation along the banks. There were once three towns on its shores that are now little more than landings; or, rather, one town existed in three places. Sixty years ago this whole district was covered with plantations, and Port Leon stood near the site of the present lighthouse, and was a shipping town of size and importance. But a terrific hurricane wiped it out of existence, along with plantations and planters. Those citizens who survived rebuilt their town at Magnolia, eight miles up the river, but as a ledge of rocks obstructed the passage to the landing, they gradually moved down and reinstalled the town at Newport, near a great mineral spring, which became a watering-place of note in that region; but unfortunately a railroad was completed from Jacksonville to Tallahassee, which took away its shipping trade. Newport still exists, but in a very feeble fashion, though the large white sulphur spring, the cause of its former vogue, is beginning to attract tourists again. It can be reached by an excursion steamer. Above Newport the St. Marks River takes to underground ways, sinking for half a mile beneath an arch in one place, and thus forming the *Natural Bridge*.

The main line of the Florida Central & Peninsular Rd. passes westward from Tallahassee out of Leon County, which is a great grass and hay-producing section in which live-stock and dairy farming prospers, into Gadsden County, whose capital is *Quincy*, a mile north of the railroad station of that name. Northern capitalists have

revived the tobacco-growing industry here, and fine Havana wrappers are successfully raised on more than 15,000 acres, sustaining several cigar manufactories in Quincy.

At the end of the line are the three stations Chattahoochee, River Junction, and Chattahoochee River, respectively 207, 208, 209 miles from Jacksonville. The first is a small village where, before the Civil War, was an arsenal of the United States Government. Before the State had seceded, this arsenal was seized by disunionists to whom the sergeant in charge had indignantly refused to surrender it—the first act of war in Florida; and afterward the building became a lunatic asylum. *River Junction* is the point of connection with the Louisville & Nashville Rd. for Pensacola (p. 52), Mobile, and New Orleans. At *Chattahoochee River* there is the wharf where passengers can take steamers up and down the Apalachicola, Flint, and Chattahoochee rivers. Of these there are two lines, furnishing a boat for all points every two or three days.

VI.

ALABAMA AND THE GULF COAST.

Route 27.—Queen & Crescent Line.

Chattanooga to New Orleans and Shreveport.

This is the continuation of Route 18, and follows the line of the Alabama Great Southern Railway, which passes from Chattanooga (p. 100) around Moccasin Bend, under the point of Lookout Mountain, and up Lookout Creek, over ground fiercely contested during the campaigns of 1863-4.

One very severe encounter of that time took place about *Wauhatchie*, six miles out on the road leading from Lookout Mountain to Kelly's Ferry. Grant, in command at Chattanooga, wishing to open a direct road for supplies, ordered Hooker, then at Bridgeport, to cross the Tennessee to Lookout Valley, and menace Bragg's left. He reached the place October 28, 1863, and sent General Geary with a small force to encamp at Wauhatchie, being anxious to hold the desired road to Kelly's Ferry. At one o'clock the next morning, McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which was then occupying Lookout Mountain, and which had been observant of Hooker's movements, attacked Geary's camp on three sides, aided by the batteries on the mountain, and hoping to overcome and capture Hooker's entire command. But they were met by a steady, deadly fire, the Federals were soon reinforced by Hooker, who had heard the commotion, and the Confederates were beaten off with the loss of 250 men, killed and prisoners, and many small arms. The National loss was over 400 killed and wounded. This victory opened a safe road for the passage of Federal supplies from Bridgeport to Chattanooga.

The Battle of Wauhatchie was the scene of the incident that inspired the poem—a parody of the "Charge of the Six Hundred":

"Mules to the right of them —
Mules to the left of them —
Mules all behind them
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines —
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Testing chivalric spines,
Into the Georgia lines
Stormed the two hundred."

This records the dash of 200 mules, which, frightened by the commotion of the battle, stampeded into the Confederate lines, early in the fight, and caused a panic among the soldiers, who fancied that Hooker's cavalry was charging among them.

The road is here crossing the extreme northwest corner of Georgia. This is the mountain-girt fastness in which, long years ago, the isolated population attempted to set up a little commonwealth of their own, to be called the State of Dade. But Georgia "called them down," and would do nothing more liberal than to organize the triangle into a county. Now vast quantities of coal and coke come from the mines in the rough Raccoon Range, on the west, where there is a mining center and coke-burning place called Cole City, reached by a rickety little railroad from Shell Mound. Alabama is entered just beyond *Trenton*, the county seat of Dade, the low divide (1,027 ft.), separating the drainage of the Tennessee from that to the Gulf of Mexico (Coosa River), is passed at Valley Head, and the first stop by through trains is made at *Fort Payne* (51 m.) This town (De Kalb, \$2; Sulphur Springs, special rates) was founded, in 1889, by Northern owners of mining and furnace property, who have built up here a flourishing manufacturing town, which is now the county seat of De Kalb, and has about 4,000 population. It is an incorporated city, with water, sewerage, electric lights, etc. Near by are beds of coal, of which great quantities are turned into coke, and vast deposits of brown iron ore, which is extensively mined and smelted on the spot. As good stone, clay, fire-clay, and great forests are near by, these resources have all contributed to increase and diversify the manufactures here, which now include iron furnaces, steel mills, rolling mills, hardware, tile, fire brick, and terra cotta works, potteries, lumber mills, etc. An east and west line connects the town with the Chattanooga Southern Railway, and with the mining districts west. It is a fertile and very beautiful valley (of Will's Creek), down which the train pursues a straight southwesterly course to Attalla (36 m.). Lookout Mountain is close upon the left, until it disappears at Keene's, while on the right, is the long parallel Sand or Raccoon Range. At *Attalla* (pop., 1,500; Attalla House, \$2.50), an iron manufacturing town, the tracks are crossed by a branch of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Rd. from Huntsville, through Guntersville (Wyeth City), on the Tennessee, to Gadsden and southward. *Gadsden* is only five miles east of Attalla.

Wyeth City is a new town merging into the old village of Gunter'sville. Coal, limestone, and iron abound in the immediate vicinity. "The conditions there are therefore such as caused the marvelous development of Birmingham and Anniston. The present manufactures at this new point are such as to utilize the abundant wood of the locality, and convert it into carved furniture, doors, sash and blinds, and woodenware. The capitalists interested in the new city are intent upon securing the establishment of iron-working and cotton and woolen factories there in the near future." The direct railway connections north and south, and the navigability of the Tennessee River, make the situation of the town very convenient for commercial purposes.

Below Attalla the railroad runs through a well-settled, agricultural country, with many small stations, fifty-four miles to the manufacturing metropolis of the State.

Birmingham (pop., with suburbs, 40,000; Florence, \$2.50; Hotel Morris, European plan; Opera House, American and European plan; Metropolitan, special rates) is picturesquely situated among the wooded hills and ravines between the Cahawba and Black Warrior rivers, and is an interesting, well built, modern city, gradually acquiring many beauties. Its electric cars run into pleasant hill-suburbs, where several parks and pleasure-gardens have been instituted; and excellent sport is to be had at no great distance. The score or more of railways and branches, reaching out from the city in all directions to coal and iron mines among the surrounding mountains, afford an endless variety of interesting excursions and sights; and the climate is healthful, the altitude of the city being over 600 feet, with suburban parts much higher above the level of the sea.

Mining and Manufacturing are the features of first interest at Birmingham, and these have been so broadly and admirably summed up by Julian Ralph, in a late article in *Harper's Magazine* (March, 1895), that it will be well to quote his remarks:

"Birmingham is said to have been a farm at the close of the Rebellion, and busy Anniston was a group of timbered hills very much later than that. There is a truly western flavor to the history of a land company in one of these cities. It divided more than \$5,500,000 with its stockholders in a little more than five years, upon an investment of \$100,000.

"The new city of Birmingham in 1880 had sixty establishments and twenty-seven industries, and in 1890 its establishments numbered 417 and its industries forty-eight, while the capital invested had swelled from two millions to seven millions of dollars. Its leading workshops are carriage and wagon factories, foundries, and machine-shops, three iron and steel working plants, planing mills, and print-

ing and publishing works. In what is known as the Birmingham district there are twenty-five iron furnaces, with a capacity for 2,600 tons of pig-iron daily. All are within twenty miles of the town. Consolidations of large companies have recently strengthened this remarkable iron center, adding to the economy with which its products are obtained, and fitting it to meet a dull market better than before. Experts have declared that several of the works at this place stand as models in judicious construction and economical results to the whole country, and to Europe also. Some are so favorably located near ore and coal that it has been proved that nowhere in this country, and scarcely anywhere in Europe, can iron be made as cheaply as they can make it."

This industrial activity and success has attracted a great number of railways and given the city extraordinary competitive transportation facilities, which has led to the establishment here of a large wholesale trading business. The city is a station on the through lines of the Queen & Crescent and Louisville & Nashville routes north and south, and on the Southern Railway east and west. It is a terminus of the Central Railroad of Georgia, of a branch of the Southern from the south, and of the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham, and the Birmingham, Sheffield & Tennessee River Railroad from the west. In addition there are various local lines and through connections by which the city may be quickly and comfortably reached from all parts of the south and west.

South from Birmingham the present route follows the tracks of the Alabama Great Southern road through *Bessemer* (pop., 5,000; The Hadden, \$2), a steel-making suburb of Birmingham (11 m.), and turns westward to *Tuscaloosa*, the county town of Tuscaloosa County; an old military frontier post that became the capital of the territory; a fine, old-fashioned town at the head of steamboat navigation on the Black Warrior River, and the seat of the State University. It has large dealings in cotton. The line then follows down the rich river valley to Akron Junction, where it is joined by a branch of the Southern Railway leading southeast to Greensboro, Marion, Selma, and Montgomery; crosses the Black Warrior and proceeds to *Eutaw* (pop., 1,200; Alexina, \$2.50), another cotton market. Thence it takes a straight course southwest, crossing the Tombigbee River at Miller, to Meridian, Miss.

Meridian (pop., 10,624; Planter's, special rates; Southern, \$3; Grand Avenue, \$2) is a large industrial city having a steady growth due to the large area of cotton-growing country tributary to it, and its railway advantages. The Mobile & Ohio extends south 135 miles

to Mobile (p. 231), and north to Hickman, Ky., and the Southern Railway's line passes through east and west from Selma (Route 26, p. 132) to Jackson and Vicksburg. Here the Alabama Great Southern terminates, and the Queen & Crescent trains pass to the tracks of the New Orleans & Northeastern Railroad.

This road from Meridian southwest passes through a thinly settled, but wonderfully beautiful part of Mississippi — a roiling country of trees, forests, and crystal streams, where deer and bear are still to be found, and where wild turkeys and such game are abundant. "When finally you reach *Lake Ponchartrain* you are treated to a most extraordinary trip on the water, for you cross over the lake on the longest bridge in the world, it, with its approaches, being over sixteen miles in length. When you reach the middle of the bridge and see the land dimly in the distance, you can but feel as if you were at sea, while the strong but pleasant lake breeze pours through the cars, and the red-sailed Italian luggers sail alongside the train."

The station in **New Orleans** is on the Levee at the foot of Press Avenue, about two miles from Canal Street, which is reached by the Rampart & Dauphine and Barracks & Levee lines of street cars.

This line runs daily a solid vestibuled train of the highest excellence through between Cincinnati and New Orleans, also a sleeping-car between New York and New Orleans, and a sleeper between Chattanooga and Shreveport, La.

The Southern Pacific Co.'s Steamship Service between New Orleans and Havana has been resumed, and a steamer leaves every Saturday.

Route 28.—Louisville & Nashville Railroad to Mobile and New Orleans.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company operates extensive lines between the Ohio River and the Gulf of Mexico, and transports solid trains and through sleeping-cars between various terminal points. Its lines concentrate from the North at Nashville, with the exception of the "Jellico Route," already described as Route 17, p. 91.

1. From *St. Louis* via Evansville, Ind., and Guthrie, Ky. This carries (1) a sleeping-car between St. Louis and Jacksonville, via Evansville, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Bainbridge, Thomasville, and Waycross; (2) a sleeping-car between St. Louis and Atlanta, via Evansville, Nashville, and Route 19.

2. From *Cincinnati* and *Louisville*, carrying sleeping-cars (1) between Louisville and Nashville; (2) between Cincinnati and Louisville and Memphis, via Guthrie, Ky.; (3) between Cincinnati and New

Orleans; and (4) between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, via Montgomery and the Plant System.

The *Nashville, Paducah & Cairo* and the *Nashville & Evansville Packet Companies* have several steamers leaving Nashville tri-weekly for Evansville, Cairo, and intermediate points.

Only one point north of Nashville need claim attention, and that briefly, in this book—

The Mammoth Cave.—All trains now connect at Glasgow Junction, ninety miles south of Louisville, with trains on the Mammoth Cave Railroad, direct to the Cave Hotel (12 m.) A stop-over is allowed on all tickets over the L. & N. Rd. At the hotel guides and boats can be procured. Some 200 miles of cave have now been explored, but only a small portion, though characteristic and sufficiently wonderful, is seen by the ordinary visitor, who can choose between the shorter route (\$2) and a longer one (\$3). As the cave keeps a uniform temperature of about 55 degrees F., the season of the year is a matter of no consequence. Special low rates, both at the hotel and in cave-fees, can be obtained for large parties by addressing the hotel proprietor. Twelve hours gives time enough for a hasty trip underground.

Nashville (pop., 85,000; Duncan, \$4; Maxwell, \$3; Nicholson, \$3; Linck's, \$2.50; Utopia, European plan) is the most populous city and capital of the State. It covers a hilly site on both sides of the Cumberland River, and has many attractive features. The locality was first settled in 1780, and as early as 1806 the town became an incorporated city, and the capital in 1843. It was abandoned in a panic by all the military and civil officials and as many of the people as could get away, when the fall of Fort Donelson (p. 87) exposed it to Grant's Union army, who marched in and took quiet possession. The city was at once policed, and life there continued much as usual, the city being held by the Federals as the great central depot of supplies until the close of the war. This possession was threatened, however, in 1864, by Hood's invasion of Tennessee to the very gates of the city, from which he was repelled at

The Battle of Nashville.—This great struggle, which destroyed the Confederate power in the West, occurred as follows: When Gen. J. B. Hood was compelled to evacuate Atlanta, he moved north and tried to destroy Sherman's railroad communications with Chattanooga. He did much damage, but was soon driven away, and then turned into Northern Alabama, trying to lure Sherman out of Georgia

in pursuit, but that commander declined and turned back to begin his "March to the Sea," as has been told under Route 21 (p. 124), leaving Hood encamped along the Tennessee River, near Florence, Ala. This was early in November, 1864.

At this time the Union army in Tennessee was commanded by Gen. George H. Thomas, who kept a part of his force at Pulaski, Tenn., to watch Hood and check his advance. This was finally increased to 30,000 men, and put under command of General Schofield. On November 17th, Hood, who had about 45,000, began a northward advance in such a way as to pass around the Union force. Schofield's orders were not to fight a battle if he could avoid it, but to retreat slowly to Nashville, retarding the enemy as much as he could. There was a slight skirmish at Columbia on the 21st, and on the 30th Schofield had arrived at Franklin. Hood followed closely and reached Franklin in time to make an attack next day. The fight was very desperate and sanguinary. The Confederate generals led their men in repeated charges, and many field-officers fell, and the fighting continued with great severity until long after the night closed in, when the Confederates drew off. The losses on both sides in this battle amounted to about 2,000 killed and nearly 5,000 wounded. Thomas made no effort to reinforce Schofield at Franklin, as military critics are disposed to think he should have done, and so make the decisive battle there instead of waiting until Hood came to Nashville, but ordered Schofield to continue his retreat to the city. Hood immediately followed and invested Nashville almost without interference. Meanwhile Thomas had been making active preparations to hold the town, which was very strongly fortified. He had received reinforcements, and had armed and placed in the intrenchments 10,000 detailed and citizen-employees of the quartermaster's department.

This position of affairs gave great encouragement to the South and caused the keenest anxiety at Washington and throughout the North. General Grant, then in command of all the armies, and operating before Richmond, urged Thomas in the most emphatic manner to move against the enemy without delay; but it was two weeks before he felt himself ready. Grant writes in his "Memoirs" that Thomas had troops to annihilate Hood in the open field. "To me, his delay was unaccountable — sitting there and permitting himself to be invested, so that, in the end, to raise the siege, he would have to fight the enemy strongly posted behind fortifications. It is true the weather was very bad. The rain was falling and freezing as it fell, so that the ground was covered with a sheet of ice that made it very difficult to move. But I was afraid that the enemy would find means of moving, elude Thomas, and manage to get north of the Cumberland River."

Grant became so impressed by the momentous danger that he made preparations to supersede Thomas by Logan, and then on the 15th of December he himself started to take personal command in the West. The reasons and circumstances which induced Thomas to

permit Hood's investment, and the alarming delay that ensued, have been told by one of Thomas' staff-officers in an article upon the battle, with illustrations, published in *The Century* for 1887, p. 597.

At last, on the morning of December 15, 1864, Thomas attacked Hood's fortifications and relieved the anxiety of the country. The story can not be more succinctly told than in Grant's words:

"The battle during the 15th was severe, but favorable to Union troops, and continued until night closed in upon the combat. The next day the battle was renewed. After a successful assault upon Hood's men in their intrenchments, the enemy fled in disorder, routed and broken, leaving their dead, their artillery, and small arms in great numbers, on the field, besides the wounded that were captured. Our cavalry had fought on foot as infantry, and had not their horses with them, so that they were not ready to join in the pursuit the moment the enemy retreated. They sent back, however, for their horses, and endeavored to get to Franklin, ahead of Hood's broken army, by the Granny White road, but too much time was consumed in getting started. . . . Our cavalry then went into bivouac and renewed the pursuit on the following morning. They were too late. The enemy already had possession of Franklin and was beyond them. Our troops continued the pursuit to within a few miles of Columbia, where they found the rebels had destroyed the railroad bridge as well as all other bridges over Duck River. . . . There was, consequently, a delay of some four days in building bridges out of the remains of the old railroad bridge. Of course Hood got such a start in this time that further pursuit was useless, although it was continued for some distance."

The remnants of Hood's army made their way eastward, joined the forces of Joe Johnston, and were a part of that army when it was surrendered to Sherman a few months later.

Nashville is now one of the most flourishing of Southern cities. It has extensive manufactures of all sorts, especially of hard-wood wares, and flour mills of enormous capacity. It is regularly laid out, is well built in its central part, has good water and drainage, gas, electricity, and a large system of electric street-railways. These all center at the Public Square, which is adorned by the *Court House*, whose Corinthian porticoes on all sides make it a very striking building. The Federal custom house and post office, a Gothic structure costing \$1,000,000, is also conspicuous. The most important building in the city, however, is the *State Capitol*, which stands on the summit of Capitol Hill and is approached on four sides by flights of marble steps and ornamental terraces. It is built of a fine fossiliferous limestone, is imposing in style, and is surmounted by a tower 206 feet high. During the siege of the city it became a military citadel, the grounds were filled with troops and the hill and even the porticoes bristled with cannon. Other State institutions here are the Peni-

tentiary and asylums for the blind and the insane. The *educational institutions* of Nashville are among its strongest claims to notice. Of these the leading one is Vanderbilt University, which has been munificently endowed by the Vanderbilt family, based upon an original gift of \$1,000,000 by the old commodore, and occupies twenty buildings on grounds seventy-six acres in extent. It offers a wide range of the higher studies and has from 700 to 800 students annually, making it the largest collegiate institution in the South. The University of Nashville is another well established college, operating in connection with the Peabody Normal College. It has fine buildings and about 300 students, and its library and museum (in the medical department) are well worth visiting. Fisk University is a well known and successful college for colored students, and there are several other advanced schools for the education of this race. In the *Watkins Institute* are the Haward Library and the rooms and galleries of the Historical and the Art associations of the city. The National Cemetery, containing 16,533 bodies of Union soldiers who fell in the West, 4,701 of whom are unknown, occupies a beautiful situation four miles to the northward. There are many medicinal springs and popular mountain resorts in the neighborhood, especially to the north and east.

The Cumberland River is open to navigation nearly all the year round, and has several lines of steamboats upon which pleasant journeys can be made. Railroads radiate from Nashville in all directions.

(1) North to Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati, and other points on the Ohio River — all in the Louisville & Nashville system.

(2) West to the Mississippi River at Cairo, Hickman, and Memphis. Five miles in this direction is Gen. W. H. Jackson's famous stock farm *Belle Meade*.

(3) East up the Cumberland Valley. In this direction are several places of note. *Hermitage*, the home and plantation of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, 1829 to 1837, is distant twelve miles and is a fine example of the old-time southern rural manor house. The owner is buried within the grounds.

(4) Southeast to Chattanooga. Route 19.

(5) South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, as follows:

The Louisville & Nashville Route,

South from Nashville, passes through a hilly, cultivated, and very pleasant region, with stations at *Franklin*, nineteen miles, and

Columbia, forty-seven miles. These are the two battle towns described above. At *Columbia* (pop., 6,000; Bethel, \$2.50; Guest, \$2; Metropolitan, special rates), on Duck River, a line diverges southwest to Lawrenceburgh and Florence (p. 99); and another southeast through Lewisburg, Fayetteville, and a region abounding in mineral springs to Huntsville and Decherd. The main line continues straight south through Pulaski, enters Alabama, just after crossing Elk River, and crosses the Tennessee fourteen miles beyond Athens, into *Decatur* (p. 99). The course from this point is as straight south as the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains will permit, traversing a rather sparsely cultivated, heavily forested, and hilly country. Fifty-two miles south of Decatur are the *Blount Springs*, a well-known medicinal resort, where a strongly alkaline sulphur water is available for the cure of all the diseases to which it is suited. The property and hotel are owned by a company who have provided every facility for baths, etc. The hotel stands in a picturesquely hilly and forested country, 450 feet above the sea. Thirty-four miles south from Blount Springs brings the traveler to **Birmingham** (Route 27). The next point is *Calera*, thirty-three miles south; after which there is a run of sixty miles to the crossing of the Alabama River, three miles north of

Montgomery. The capital of Alabama (pop., 25,000; Galatas and Fleming hotels, European plan; Exchange, \$2.50; Windsor, \$2.50 Mabson's, \$2) is near the head of practicable navigation on the Alabama, and owes its first rise to that fact. Steamboats actually ascend to Wetumpka—the site of the prehistoric Upper Creek town at the rapids of the Coosa, forty-two miles (by river), above Montgomery. The Alabama is formed by the confluence, ten miles above the city, of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers; some miles above their junction they are separated at bends, by only a narrow ridge of land, and there was strategically placed Fort Jackson, a frontier military post for protection against the Creeks, who had been beaten in 1814 by Jackson. Montgomery was founded in 1817, and Alabama was admitted as a State in 1819; but Tuscaloosa was its first capital, and the government was not removed to Montgomery until 1847. The *State House*, a fine old building now enlarged, amid a large park in the center of the city, from whose dome an excellent view is obtained, was erected in 1851. That part of Alabama early became a very rich cotton-growing region, besides furnishing iron, lumber, and various other products; and Montgomery soon became the principal market-

town of a wide territory, and the residence of its most wealthy and influential men whose fine old-fashioned homes remain to make this one of the best examples of a fine old Southern town. Here on February 4, 1861, the convention of the six States that then proposed to secede from the Union, assembled, and, in the Legislative Hall of the capitol, organized the provisional government of a new league which they hoped to organize into a separate commonwealth, to be styled "The Confederate States of America." This government was transferred to Richmond, Va., July 20, 1861. Its remote position and lack of strategic importance saved this city from the consequences of this act almost to the last days of the ineffectual government thus organized, for it was not until April, 1865, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston (p. 42), that Wilson's federal cavalymen entered the town and destroyed its iron works and railways. Then, as now, Montgomery was a manufacturing as well as commercial city, having collieries (near by), rolling mills, railway shops, and varied factories. At present the cotton mills are most important; 150,000 bales of cotton are said to be handled at Montgomery annually, and the local spinning of this staple is very large. Besides the capitol, the Federal building, the city hall, court house, and new railroad station are notable buildings.

The Alabama River pursues a very crooked course westward as far as Selma, where it turns southward, and, in the southwest corner of the State, unites with the Tombigbee River, draining the western edge of the State, to form the Mobile River, which empties into Mobile Bay. It is 330 miles by the river from Montgomery to Mobile—a voyage of picturesque interest—or more than twice the distance by rail.

Montgomery is a railway center of importance, eight lines radiating from its Union station.

(1) The east and west line of the Western Railway of Alabama, continuing west to Selma (p. 131), Route 25.

(2) The Savannah, Americus & Montgomery Railroad to Savannah (p. 21).

(3) Central Rd. of Georgia southeast to Union Springs, Eufaula, and southern connections.

(4) Alabama Midland Railway—a part of the Plant System, extending southeast through Troy and Ozark to Bainbridge and Thomasville (p. 51); this way passes a sleeping-car over the Louisville & Nashville Route and Plant System between St. Louis and Jacksonville.

(5) The present route north and south, as follows:

From Montgomery southward the Louisville & Nashville Line makes its way through a wooded, agricultural region, gradually becoming the level lowlands of the coast region, and taking on the characteristics of these warm latitudes. The heads of numerous streams are crossed, all draining southeast into the Persimmon and Sepulga rivers. The principal stations are Greenville (pop., 3,000), Evergreen (pop., 2,000; Magnolia, \$2.50), and Brewton (pop., 1,200). At *Flomaton*, on the Escambia, where a branch comes in from *Pensacola* (p. 52) forty-three miles directly south, the route turns sharply west, crosses the Escambia River, runs along the edge of Florida to the crossing of the Perdido, and then bends southward to Tensas, where it crosses successively the Apalachee and Mobile rivers, and turns down the right bank of the latter into the city of Mobile. The remarkable bridges and general engineering difficulties of this last section of the line will attract the attention of men of practical knowledge in such matters.

Mobile (pop., 55,000; *Battle House*, \$3; Windsor, \$2.50; Southern, European plan) is the seaport and principal commercial city of Alabama, and is situated on the western bank of Mobile River, at the head of Mobile Bay, about thirty-five miles from the open gulf.

“Like Savannah, Charleston, and the French quarter of New Orleans, Mobile still remains characteristically Southern. Her avenues are broad and well shaded, the dwellings large and airy, and half hidden in exquisite gardens and sloping lawns. Even in the poorer streets, roses, magnolias, camellias, and jasmine fill the air with fragrance. The pretentious brick houses with Mansard roofs and colored glass, so common in Eastern cities, which the Northern and Jewish newcomers are beginning to erect, in some of the Southern towns (quite unconscious, apparently, that they are not only ugly, but totally unsuited to a warm, damp climate), have not as yet vulgarized Mobile's old-time grace. She turns to the stranger a quiet, home-like, friendly face, with that indefinable gracious air of good breeding in it, which only generations of ease and hospitality can give even to houses. No money or architect can impart it to blocks of magnificent mansions built for display.”

Mobile as a business town is of growing importance. Her net receipts of cotton, in 1894-5, were 240,220 bales, one-half of which was exported, 10,626 bales going to Mexico. She has powerful presses and gins, mills for making cotton-seed oil, and factories for cotton cloth. Lumber and naval stores are also an important article of commerce, while iron mills and foundries, railway and other machine shops, shipyards, carriage furniture, barrel and woodenware factories are among her industries.

Steamships run from Mobile to Liverpool, Mexico (Vera Cruz), and Cuba; the last named is the Plant System's weekly line to Port Tampa, temporarily discontinued. There are also boats that go far up the rivers and around the bay. Here comes in the Mobile & Ohio Railroad (Route 29), and the road from Selma, connecting with the Southern Railway (Route 26).

The neighborhood of the city affords delightful excursions and the city contains a great deal to interest the observant traveler, as has been suggested above. Government Street is one of the finest urban avenues in the South. The **Shell Road** has long been famous. It is a shell-paved boulevard, running for several miles down the shore of the bay, bordered by old and far-spreading oaks and magnolias, thickly hung with the graybeard moss. Old plantation houses and suburban residences alternate with newer structures, and the whole length is instructive and delightful. Frascati and Bellevue are pleasant places down this road, on the shore, reached by street cars. *Spring Hill* is a favorite suburb, six miles west, connected with the city by a steam railroad from St. Francis Street, and containing a Jesuit college (St. Joseph's), founded in 1832, and well equipped.

The Bay affords splendid fishing in great variety, and excursions by sailing craft or steamboat are always to be included among possible pleasures at Mobile. Daphne and Point Clear are villages on the eastern shore, where there are hotels.

In History Mobile has borne a prominent and picturesque part, for the city is one of the oldest settlements within the United States. It was visited by the earliest Spaniards, but its permanent story begins with the arrival of Iberville, in 1699, who sailed along this coast with a well-equipped and scientific French expedition, in search of the mouth of the Mississippi, which LaSalle had recently descended almost to its outlet. Consult John Fiskes' "Basin of the Mississippi."

Iberville entered the bay, sounded it, learned that it was not the mouth of the river he was seeking, and left it behind; but it appears on his map fairly well drawn. Continuing west between the line of islands and the mainland, through the broad reaches of Mississippi Sound, he discovered the features of the coast, got acquainted with the Indians, and finally was led overland by them to the Great River. Returning, he left a garrison, under his brother, Bienville, on Biloxi Bay, and sailed away to France to deliver to his king the proofs of what he had found for the possession of his country. In 1701 the French left Biloxi and established themselves at the head of Mobile Bay, but had poor success, finally sharing in the temporary prosperity and subsequent ruin brought to all that region by John Law and his

famous "Mississippi Scheme." In 1763, Mobile and the neighboring shore-settlements were regarded as a part of Florida and ceded by France to England, but this shore was seized by Spain in 1779, who held it until the outbreak of the war between the United States and England, in 1812 (see *Pensacola*, p. 52), when the United States, under our interpretation of the cession of Louisiana from France, seized Mobile and some other places, as strategic points. The Spaniards were expelled and a battery (Fort Bowyer) was built on Mobile Point. This was the extremity of the long sandspit extending westward from the mainland across the mouth of the bay. This is continued westward of the entrance to the bay (where the improved channel is now twenty-three feet deep), by Dauphin Island, beyond which are Petit Bois, Horn, and the other long, narrow islands that form the outside barrier of Mississippi Sound. After the close of this war, when the country of Alabama began to be settled and Mobile became a port of importance, the United States erected a new fort (Morgan) at Mobile Point, and another (Gaines) on the opposite extremity of Dauphin Island, commanding the channel.

Alabama was among the most ardent adherents of the secession movement, whose first capital was on her soil (p. 231). The Mobile Bay ports were seized, greatly strengthened and fully garrisoned, and the city was thoroughly fortified. For a long time it and Wilmington were the most important seaports the Confederates had, for the blockade could not be thoroughly preserved. It had been a part of Grant's plan to move upon Mobile immediately after the fall of Vicksburg, but he was prevented. A year later he gave orders for an attack upon it by the army at New Orleans, under Canby, but that officer was so slow in preparations that nothing came of it. Sherman was undecided when he left Atlanta whether he would not march to Mobile instead of Savannah, but chose the latter. Hence Mobile remained untouched until nearly the end of the war. The harbor, however, was captured much sooner. In August, 1864, Admiral Farragut appeared off the coast with a fleet, headed by his flagship, the "Hartford." Lashing his vessels into couples, and forming a column, he boldly sailed past the forts, exchanging a terrific cannonade, and entered the bay, where a Confederate flotilla awaited him. This was the battle in which Farragut stood in the rigging, where he was lashed by direction of the captain of the "Hartford," in order to supervise the movements. No vessel was sunk by the forts, but the monitor "Tecumseh" was destroyed by a torpedo. The greatest of the Confederate vessels was the ram "Tennessee," which rushed at the flagship, but missed her and was beaten off. At night she returned to the attack, and a terrific battle ensued, which resulted in disabling her and forcing her to surrender. Nearly all the Confederate squadron was destroyed, and next day the land forces and fleet together captured the forts. These forces were not sufficient to land and capture the city, but as its harbor had now been hermetically sealed, and as Sherman had by this time got between it and the Virginian armies, its usefulness was mainly gone and its capture of secondary moment. It remained thus, an almost

isolated stronghold, until the spring of 1865. It was then "the best fortified place in the Confederacy" and garrisoned by 15,000 veteran troops. A large force, aided by the navy, attacked it on the east and north, and severe battles were fought at Blakely and Spanish Fort. The outer walls were gradually gained, and preparations for a final bombardment and assault were made, but on April 11th the city was evacuated by the garrison, who escaped up the rivers on steamboats. The Union loss of vessels, by torpedoes, and of lives was great, but the Confederates lost more, and abandoned \$2,000,000 worth of military stores.

Westward from Mobile, the Louisville & Nashville Route is close along the coast to New Orleans, 140 miles distant. Its first course is southwest forty miles to Scranton, Miss. (pop., 1,500; Noyes, \$2; Scranton, \$2), the county seat of Jackson, at the mouth of Pascagoula River, which Iberville explored in 1699. The railroad then crosses this river to the narrow Spanish Point, and west of that crosses Pascagoula Bay, then proceeds westward to *Ocean Springs* on Biloxi Bay. This is a pleasure resort, where Northwestern people assemble in winter, and are replaced by New Orleans folk in summer. The Ocean Springs Hotel (\$2) and several large boarding-houses supply the transient need, and there are many cottages. Four miles west of Ocean Springs, and on the western side of Biloxi Bay, which is crossed by a long bridge, is **Biloxi**, the principal of the Mississippi resorts on this coast. It has been lately described in a sympathetic and charmingly illustrated article by Julian Ralph in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1895, where the reader is given to understand that the villages along this coast are "bits of dreamland" where nobody has the power to think or do anything serious—a land of natural and perfect rest and recreation. The village, which has some 3,500 inhabitants and three or four hotels, of which the most prominent is the Montrose (\$2.50), is one of the oldest of the gulf resorts.

"It is made up of little cottages of pretty and uncommon designs that have sprung from French beginnings. Often the second stories project beyond the parlor floors so as to provide a lower porch; and here and there are seen prettily shaped openings in the upper stories so as to make additional galleries. When vines trail up the house fronts and frame these galleries the effect is very pretty. Vegetation is abundant, the trees are of great size, and flowers grow in luxuriance, though it is whispered that there is sufficient chill in the air of winter nights to make it prudent to pull the potted plants in doors in cold spells. The green gardens and chromatic cottages lie prettily beside white sand streets, where there are no sidewalks, but borders of grass instead. Natives point out the trees as chinaberries, willows, cypresses, magnolias, oranges, pecans,

plums, and apples. The people love the castor-bean, because it has a tropical look, I suppose, and thrives so well down there. I have seen fifty-three orange trees in one garden, checkered with golden fruit and greenery, and have found the oranges as delicious as any I ever ate. The buds come upon the trees before the fruit is plucked. The people in the tiny streets and gardens are extremely democratic. They talk to all who pass their way, and if a stranger like myself refuses to make a free exchange of his business for theirs, they will give up theirs quite as freely, if he will stop and listen.

"These are often Western folk, for our Eastern people have not discovered this perpetual summer land, but have allowed men and women from the other end of the Mississippi Valley to steal this march upon them. Therefore we find a small section of the place spoken of as a Michigan settlement, and in addition there are many regular winter visitors from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. They discovered the Gulf Coast about seven years ago, and make it a habit to come either in November or after the holidays, and to stay until warm weather reaches the North. The greater number go to Pass Christian, a rather new place, prettily spread along the beach, and with a large, well-managed hotel maintained by Chicago people. Ocean Springs, Bay St. Louis, and Biloxi are the other resorts. Biloxi, the oldest, is the most quaintly typical, slightly Frenchified Southern town of them all. Bathing, fishing, driving, and cottage and hotel life are the diversions.

"A great many of these visitors buy cottages and modernize them, renting them for a \$100 or a \$150 when they go away in the summer, at which time the New Orleans folk come along."

Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was the most distinguished of Biloxi's citizens, living at his country place, *Beauvoir*, near by. He resided there after his release from Fortress Monroe, in 1867, until his death in 1889. The place is a tract of about ten acres, looking out upon the gulf, surrounded by forest and devoted mainly to the cultivation of the Scuppernong grape. The house, which is large and low, was an excellent example of the old-fashioned aristocratic planter's residence in the old South, and was beautifully adorned within. It is not now occupied and the whole place is rapidly falling into ruins.

West of Biloxi the railroad runs close along the edge of the gulf, or, to be more exact, of Mississippi Sound, whose waters are protected from the outer sea by a line of tropically beautiful islands, most of which belong to the United States as military reservations. The station for *Beauvoir* (5 m.) is passed and *Mississippi City* is reached. This is the county seat of Harrison, and is a pleasure resort much like Biloxi. (Gulf View, \$2; and Tegarden, special

rates.) Gulfport, Long Beach, and *Pass Christian* are small stations frequented by pleasure-seekers and fishermen. The latter is on the east side (Henderson's Point) of St. Louis Bay, across which the railroad is carried on trestles to the town of *Bay St. Louis* (pop., 2,000; Clifton, \$2.50; Crescent, \$2; Bay St. Louis, \$2), the capital of Hancock County, and a seaside resort. A few miles farther the mouth of Pearl River and the outlet of Lake Ponchartrain are crossed, and the road passes through the dense swamps and canebrakes that form a watery wilderness, separating the open lakes Ponchartrain and Borgne, and enters New Orleans. The station is on the Levee at the foot of Canal Street, where street cars may be taken to all parts of the city, and the various ferries and steamer lines are close at hand.

Route 29.—Mobile & Ohio Railroad.

The Mobile & Ohio Railroad is a long-established route between St. Louis (Union depot) and Mobile, with close connections to Florida by steamer, and to New Orleans at Meridian, Miss. Through sleeping-cars are attached to all trains. Its south-bound trains take a straight course from East St. Louis to Cairo, cross into Kentucky, and pass down through the low-lying, corn-growing, western end of this State, and of Tennessee, with Columbus, Union City, Jackson at the crossing of the Illinois Central Rd., and Henderson as the principal stations. This was the territory of the early campaigns of 1862, and was a raiding ground until the end of the Civil War. The first station in Mississippi is Corinth, twice the scene of hard battling (p. 97); and all the stations onward to Tupelo, where the Kansas City, Memphis & Birmingham Rd. is crossed, can tell stories of assault and repulse. At one of them, *Booneville*, twenty miles south of Corinth, and the judicial seat of Prentiss County, Sheridan won almost his first distinction as an independent cavalry commander, by skillfully and boldly routing a Confederate force three times as large as his own (July 1, 1862). *Tupelo*, the capital of Lee County, was a Confederate military center, in 1862. Again, while Grant was operating against Vicksburg, his cavalry under Grierson were active in this northern part of the State, largely to prevent reinforcements being sent to Johnston, in Grant's rear (at Jackson, Miss.); and, for the sake of general purposes, they tore up this and all other railroads and telegraphs near here; destroyed a great

amount of public property, factories, foundries, and the like; broke Johnston's communications by passing clear around his army, and finally swept through Southern Mississippi and the towns along the Gulf Coast, and around into the Union lines in Baton Rouge. It was one of the boldest and most successful raids of the war on either side.

At Muldon, a branch (9 m.) leads northeast to *Aberdeen* (pop., 3,500; Hotel Gordon, \$2.50; Commercial, \$2), county seat of Monroe. A few miles farther is West Point (junction). Here the Illinois Central Railroad's branch from Aberdeen to Kosciusko crosses the Mobile & Ohio, passing through *Starkville*, county seat of Oktibbeha, and locality of the State Agricultural College, fifteen miles southwest. Here also crosses the Southern Railway's through route from Atlanta to the Mississippi River, at Greenville. Fifteen miles southeast is *Columbus* (pop., 15,000; Gilmer, \$2; West, \$2), the largest city in Mississippi, which has grown up as a cotton-trading and manufacturing town of importance, within a few years. Birmingham is 119 miles distant, directly east. Columbus and Starkville are connected with the main line of the Mobile & Ohio by branches from Artesia, a junction (restaurant) thirteen miles south of West Point. The most beautiful part of Mississippi succeeds, as the train runs straight south through a hilly and well-cultivated region to *Meridian* (p. 223), where connections are made for New Orleans direct (Route 27), and east and west. From Meridian the road descends the Chickasawhay Valley, through Quitman and Waynesboro as far as the northern border of Greene County, when it swerves eastward into Alabama, and heads straight for Mobile. In the northern part of Washington County, Alabama, reached from Bucatunna Station by daily stages, are the *Healing Springs* (Hotel, \$2), which have a widely local reputation for their curative properties in all diseases of the digestive organs. The sanitarium is in the midst of elevated pine woods, and there are several springs whose water is not only drunk at the place, but shipped in kegs to customers elsewhere. Another station, on this line, is worthy of note — *Citronelle*, thirty-two miles north of Mobile, where the Hygeia Hotel (\$2.50) offers a sanitarium and pleasure resort in the pine woods, which is much appreciated by the people of that region. Distance, St. Louis to Mobile, 644 miles, to New Orleans, via this route, 705 miles. (For Mobile see page 231.)

Route 30.—Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago and St. Louis to New Orleans and Florida.

The lines of the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago, the Northwest, and St. Louis, concentrate into one at Cairo, which proceeds south through Western Kentucky and Tennessee and Central Mississippi. *Fulton*, Ky., is the place of change for Memphis over the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Rd. At *Martin*, Tenn., the next stop, change for the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry. to Nashville and southward by Route 19. At *Milan*, the Louisville & Nashville is crossed; and at Jackson, Tenn., historic ground is entered, for this was the scene of severe cavalry raiding during the Civil War, and became the headquarters and base of operations of the Union Army under Halleck and Grant which paused here so long and fruitlessly in 1862. Jackson is now an enterprising town of over 10,000 people (Depot, special rates; Armour, special rates; New Arlington, \$2.50; Pickwick, \$2; Robinson, \$2), where the Mobile & Ohio Railroad intersects north and south with the Tennessee Midland Railway west to Memphis and east to Lexington and Perryville on the Tennessee River. It is the market town of a large and fertile region, and does considerable manufacturing. Here is the West Tennessee College and a large, girls' academy. At Medon, eleven miles south of Jackson, a sharp engagement between the Union bridge-guard and guerrillas occurred on September 1, 1862, and the same day another engagement, a few miles west, also resulted in the discomfiture of these irregular cavalrymen, who were the curse of that region, and in unusual loss to them. *Bolivar*, on the Hatchie River and the county seat of Hardeman (pop., 1,200; Acton, \$2; Bolivar, \$2), was the scene, just before August 30th, of an attack by a strong Confederate force which was driven away with severe loss; all these fights were incidents in a Confederate movement on Jackson thus frustrated. Eighteen miles below Bolivar is *Grand Junction*, the crossing of the Memphis & Charleston Rd. (Route 20) where fighting occurred, and General Sherman and his staff once came very near being captured, as also did Grant, not far away, a few months earlier. Nothing could have been bolder, more rapid and courageous than the behavior of the Southern cavalry, regular and irregular, in that part of the country during the whole of the Civil War. That was Forrest's especial field of operations; and had he not stained his reputation with the massacre of Fort Pillow, he would

have been regarded as one of the greatest, as he was one of the most dashing and skillful, of the Confederate leaders. Twenty-five miles below Grand Junction the line reaches *Holly Springs*, Miss. (pop., 2,500; Depot House, \$3), at the crossing of the K. C., M. & B. Rd., from Memphis to Birmingham, Ala., where the sleeping cars from St. Louis to Florida diverge. (See p. 241.)

This town was occupied by the Confederate General Price, in the summer of 1862, with an army that caused Grant much uneasiness; and it was from here that Price moved in September to join with Van Dorn in the attack upon Iuka Springs and Corinth (p. 97), which proved so great a failure for him. Holly Springs remained as the Confederate headquarters, however, under command of Pemberton, until, early in November, Grant was sufficiently reinforced to assume the offensive. By the middle of the month he had taken possession of the town without much opposition, Pemberton having retreated to fortifications on the south side of the Tallahatchie near Abbeville, a railway station eighteen miles below. Here he was flanked and again retreated down the road and was followed by the Union men as far as *Oxford*. This town (pop., 1,800; M'Kee, \$2; Hotel Anderson, \$2) is the capital of Lafayette County and contains the University of Mississippi, one of the most flourishing colleges in the South and especially notable for its astronomical work. It occupies a hilltop 450 feet above sea level.

These movements were a part of Grant's intended campaign against Vicksburg, co-operative with a force under Sherman and Porter, which were descending the Mississippi River to attack that stronghold, and if possible open the river to the sea. Meanwhile the Confederate General Van Dorn, made a dash at Grant's line of communications (this railroad was then called the Mississippi Central), and was able to destroy it in places, and to capture wholly the garrison, and destroy an immense quantity of stores gathered at Holly Springs. "The capture," Grant records, "was a disgraceful one to the officer commanding, but not to the troops under him." Grant then began to live off the country, swept the whole neighborhood clean of food and forage, sent cavalry to drive Van Dorn away and restore the railway. He was, however, compelled by orders from Washington to diminish his forces, until they were too few for his purpose; he also learned that Pemberton had taken the bulk of his force to Vicksburg, which Sherman was unable to reach by river owing partly to this fact, and partly to the tremendous difficulties met with in the swamps north of that city, and that consequently he would better abandon this advanced position, which he did in January, 1863, while the river expedition returned to Memphis. Grant tore up all the railroad from Oxford north to Holly

Springs or beyond. There were no more serious operations in this part of the State, excepting Grierson's raid (p. 236), until the latter part of 1864; for Grant's advance upon Vicksburg, which immediately ensued, was made by way of the Mississippi, to landings above and below that city, where he joined his forces in a cordon about it and entered upon a siege which ended in its surrender on July 4th.

The Illinois Central Line below Oxford trends slightly westward, through a hilly, fertile, and beautiful region, past Coffeeville to Grenada, on the high banks of the Yalabusha River. *Grenada* (pop., 25,000, Chamberlin, \$2; Paso House, \$2) is an important market town at the intersection of the main line with another line from Memphis (100 m. long), which comes straight south through Hernando, Senatobia, Sardis, etc., carrying sleeping-cars between Kansas City and New Orleans, via Memphis and Grenada. The next station of note southward is Winona, where the Southern Ry. (p. 132) crosses, below which the road soon enters the valley of the Big Black, and descends that river to Durant, where a branch leads west to the Yazoo Valley, at Tchula. Just below Durant the branch from Aberdeen, in the eastern part of the State (p. 237), comes in via Starkville, Chester, and Kosciusko. The Big Black is crossed and left behind at Way's Bluff, and the road turns southward through Canton to the capital of the State.

Jackson (pop., 7,000; Edwards, \$3; Lawrence, \$2.50; Spengler, \$2.50) was the abode of the aristocracy of this planter's commonwealth before the Civil War, and one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the secession idea. It never dreamed that it would suffer as it was compelled to. When Grant landed his armies above and below Vicksburg, and had nearly driven Pemberton's army to take refuge behind their entrenchments, he found himself compelled to deal with a new enemy. Joseph E. Johnston had brought a large Confederate army to the relief of the city, and was at Jackson ready to attack Grant in the rear. Facing both ways, the Union commander made haste to begin the contest. He won the preliminary battles west of the city, and pushing on (May 13, 1863), fought a severe engagement in the outskirts of the city, ending in the route of the Confederates. The Union troops then entered the city, destroyed factories of clothing and arms, took possession of abandoned stores, and then left it to return to the attack upon Vicksburg. That city was invested, and in a few weeks reduced to helplessness and surrender. Grant then took his army

north, but left Sherman with a large force to pursue Johnston, who still menaced him, having taken possession of Jackson and fortified it a second time. Cannonading, assaults, and sorties went on, with frightful loss of life, until July 17th (1863), when the Confederates withdrew across Pearl River. Says Lossing:

"Sherman did not pursue far, his object being to drive Johnston away and make Vicksburg secure. For this purpose he broke up the railways for many miles, and destroyed everything in Jackson that might be useful to the Confederates, and the soldiers shamefully sacked and plundered the city. . . . It was one of the most shameful exhibitions of barbarism of which the Union soldiers were occasionally guilty, and soiled with an indelible stain the character of the National army."

Before the war, Jackson was one of the most beautiful of Southern cities. It has not had time to recover yet, but has some fine streets and residences. The *Governor's Mansion* is a stately home.

Through Sleeping Cars from St. Louis to Jacksonville and Savannah are now running over the Illinois Central Line, by way of Holly Springs, Birmingham, Columbus, Americus, and Waycross, connecting at Holly Springs with sleeping cars to and from Chicago, Cincinnati, and Louisville.

From Jackson South this line takes a straight southerly course, soon leaving the banks of Pearl River for the firmer ridgeland that part the rivulets flowing into the Pearl from those coursing westward into the tributaries of the Mississippi. Hazlehurst, Brookhaven, and Magnolia are the only stations of any importance. Louisiana is entered at Osyka, and Tangipahoa County is traversed to Lake Ponchartrain. The road then skirts its southern shores and enters New Orleans "over one of the worst *prairies tremblantes* that ever defied an engineer," and passes through the dreariest swamp possible, to the station at Clio and Magnolia streets.

The distance from Chicago to New Orleans by this line is 912 miles; from St. Louis, 693 miles; from Memphis, 394 miles.

A *connecting steamship line*, from New Orleans to Cuba and Puerto Rico, is in preparation by this company.

Route 31.—Yazoo Route.

This is the route of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Rd. from Memphis to New Orleans, along the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. It runs sleeping-cars between Memphis and New Orleans, and Vicksburg and New Orleans. Its branches diverge so as to

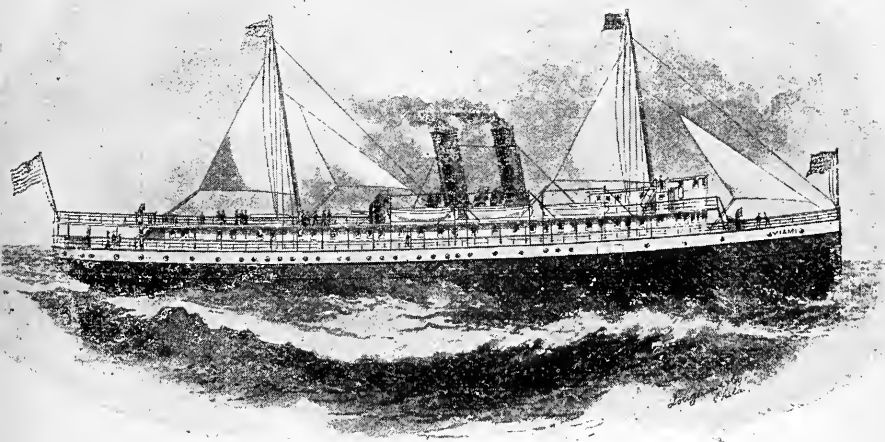
obtain the business of all the immense cotton-producing region between the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers, and furnish railway communications to every important town and river landing. At Huntington it connects by ferry with the Arkansas system of railroads, converging at Arkansas City, and at Greenville with the Southern Railway west to Columbus, Birmingham, and Atlanta. The various branches converge at Rolling Fork, in Sharkey County, into a single line southward to **Vicksburg**, and there connect with the through line east, via Jackson, Meridian, Montgomery, etc. South of Vicksburg the road passes over the hard fought fields (1863) along the Big Black River and about Port Gibson, crosses at Harriston, a line from Jackson and *Natchez* (28 m. southwest), and then proceeds straight south inland to *Baton Rouge*, the capital of Louisiana. Between here and New Orleans are vast sugar plantations, and the most typical scenery of the lower river country, this being an old, rich, and densely-populated plantation-region, having few settlements large enough to be called towns. The station in New Orleans is at the corner of Poydras and Magnolia streets. The distance from Memphis to New Orleans is 455 miles.

Route 32.—Kansas City and Memphis to Florida.

This is the sleeping-car route from Kansas City to Florida (Jacksonville and Tampa), via Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, and the Plant System, which has been elsewhere described in detail as its parts came under notice.

THE TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS.

Out in the warm current of the Gulf Stream, hardly a hundred miles from our own Florida Keys, yet a part of the West Indies, lie the Bahamas — sunny, indolent, flower-scented, ideal lounging, rest-giving places in the midst of a shining sea. The heart of the group is New Providence, and the quaint delightful old port of Nassau, where the English flag has floated ever since the days of the buccaneers. Years ago, Americans thought it worth a voyage almost equivalent to the trip to Europe in order to spend all or a part of the



THE STEAMSHIP "MIAMI."

winter there, but such exertion is no longer necessary, for the elegant steamers of the Florida East Coast Steamship Co. (opp. p. 185), now run back and forth all winter between Nassau and Miami, Fla., a distance of only 145 miles, and taking but a few hours.

It is midwinter, but out here the air is soft, caressing, "brushing the face with a silky touch." The water sweeps under the steamer's prow in long, velvety swells, rich, translucent, sapphire blue in the sunlight, a little denser blue in the shadows. "Think," exclaims

a delighted voyager, "of a crystal world floored with sapphire, domed with spaces of lavender and violet.

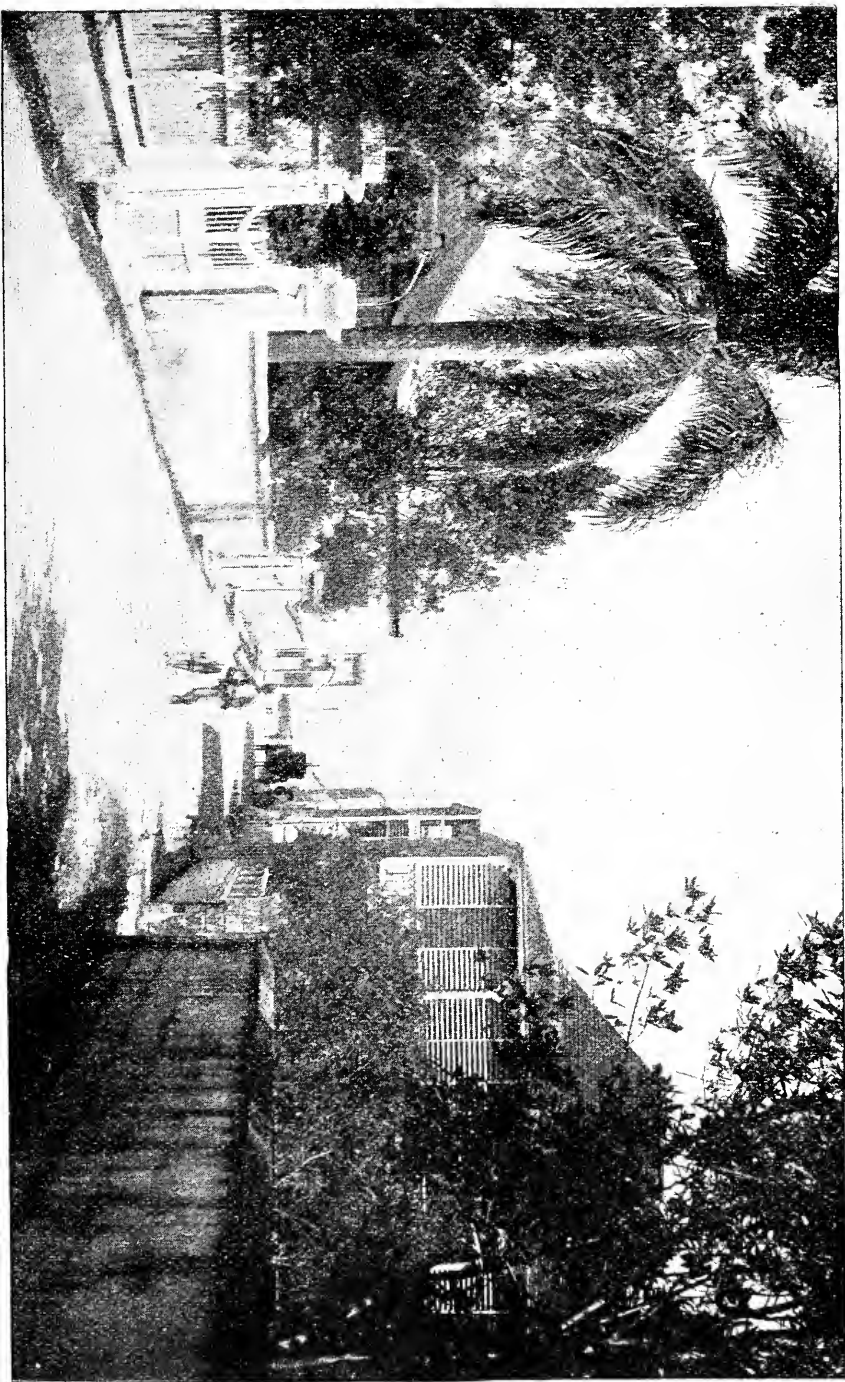
Nassau is a quaint and delightful city of some 1,200 people, built and controlled by those who have learned how to live and enjoy life in the tropics. Their houses, in many of which temporary guests are received, are surrounded by gardens of tropical luxuriance.

For "something to do"—since the Yankee can not learn in one winter's visit to be content just to enjoy existence—the traveler may be told that nowhere else in the West Indies are the drives more interesting or the roads better than those about Nassau. The paving of shells or broken coral packs down into a perfect surface, so that there are many miles of perfect bicycling roads and paths all over the island. Take your wheel with you to New Providence, by all means. The world has no lovelier experience than an evening run out of Nassau through the balmy, rose-scented air, and under the marvelous tropical moonlight.

Then there is the sea beckoning you, along miles of flashing coral beach, and around many a palm-shadowed reef or islet, to sail upon its crystal surface, or swim in its lambent blue, or gaze down at the treasures it preserves. Who has not heard of those wonderful natural aquariums—the "submarine gardens" of the Bahamas?

Far down in the clear green water waive brilliant sea grasses, polyp-flowers, and vines, while fish varying in hue and size from green and golden minnows to the ponderous Jew fish, clad in a coat of silver mail and weighing over 500 pounds, dash through the shrubbery or placidly float in a grotto. Conchs, in which pinkish, pearls are concealed, may be found there, and a hundred other strange and lovely forms of rare and beautiful animal life.

As for comfort, make your mind easy. Every convenience of travel is at your disposal in making the short, smooth voyage to and fro. At Nassau the Royal Victoria Hotel, which since last season has been acquired by the Florida East Coast Hotel System, is now operated by that system, and guests can be assured of the same magnificent service which has made famous the world-renowned hotels of St. Augustine, Ormond, Palm Beach, and Miami. There are smaller hotels and boarding-houses, so that every class and condition of tourist or invalid can be well accommodated. A direct cable exists, with low rates to the United States, but that fact better be forgotten.





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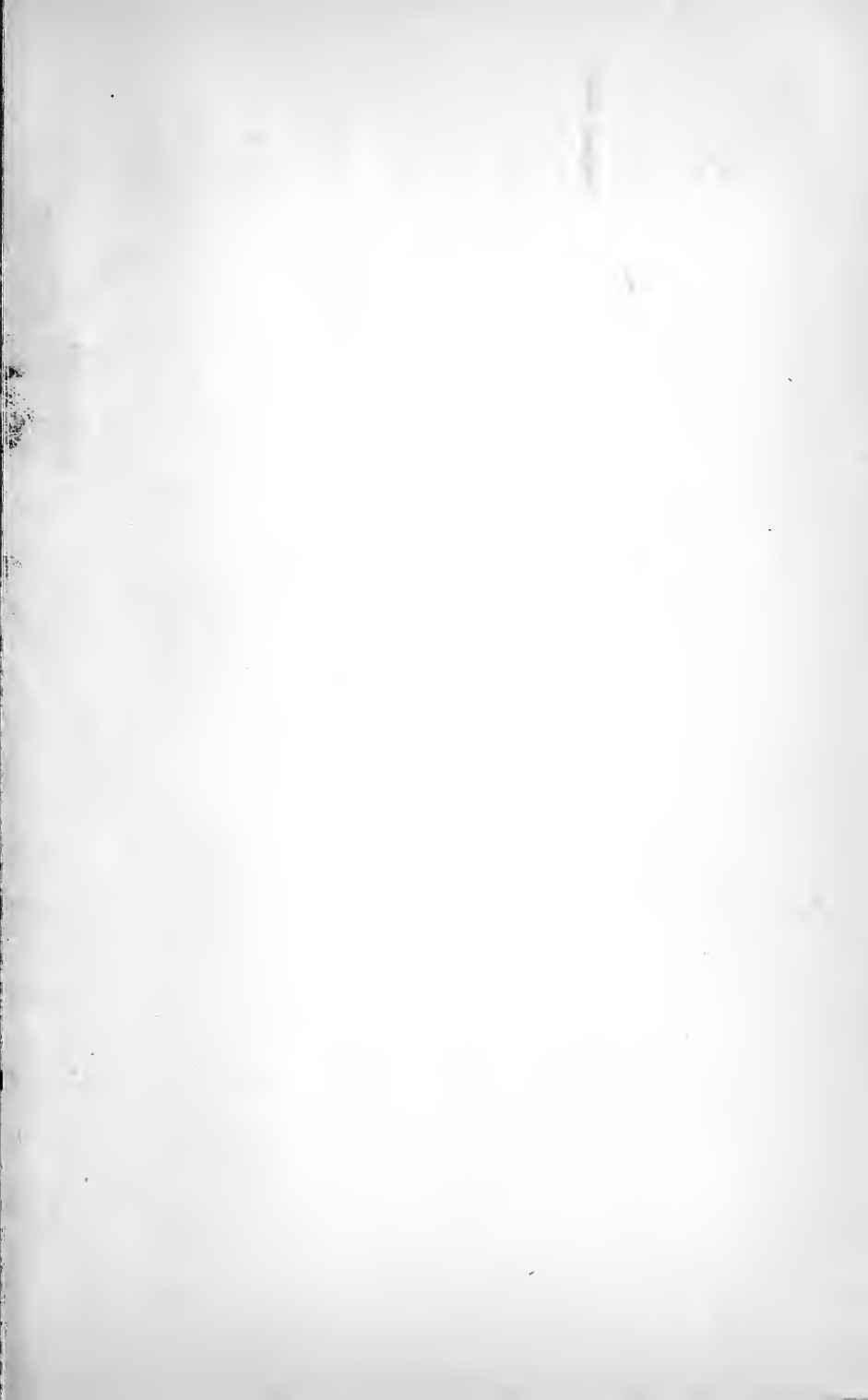
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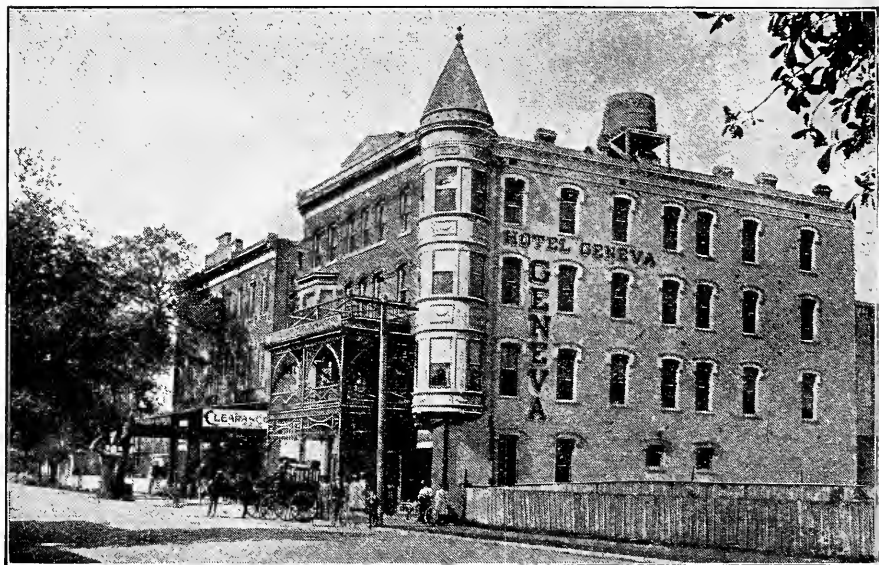
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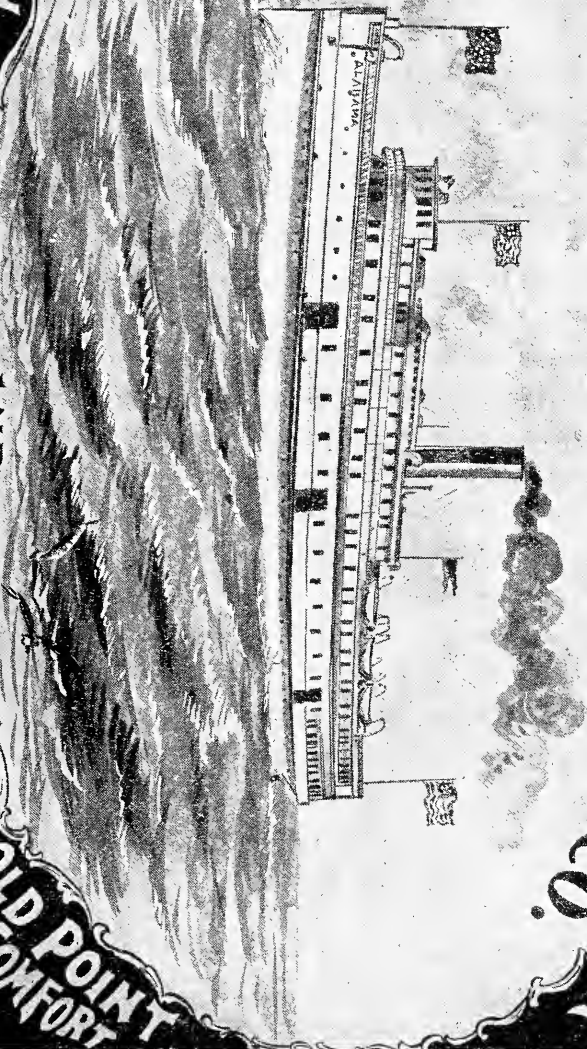
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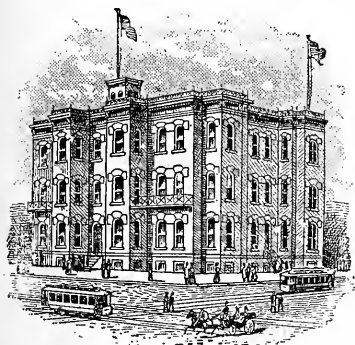
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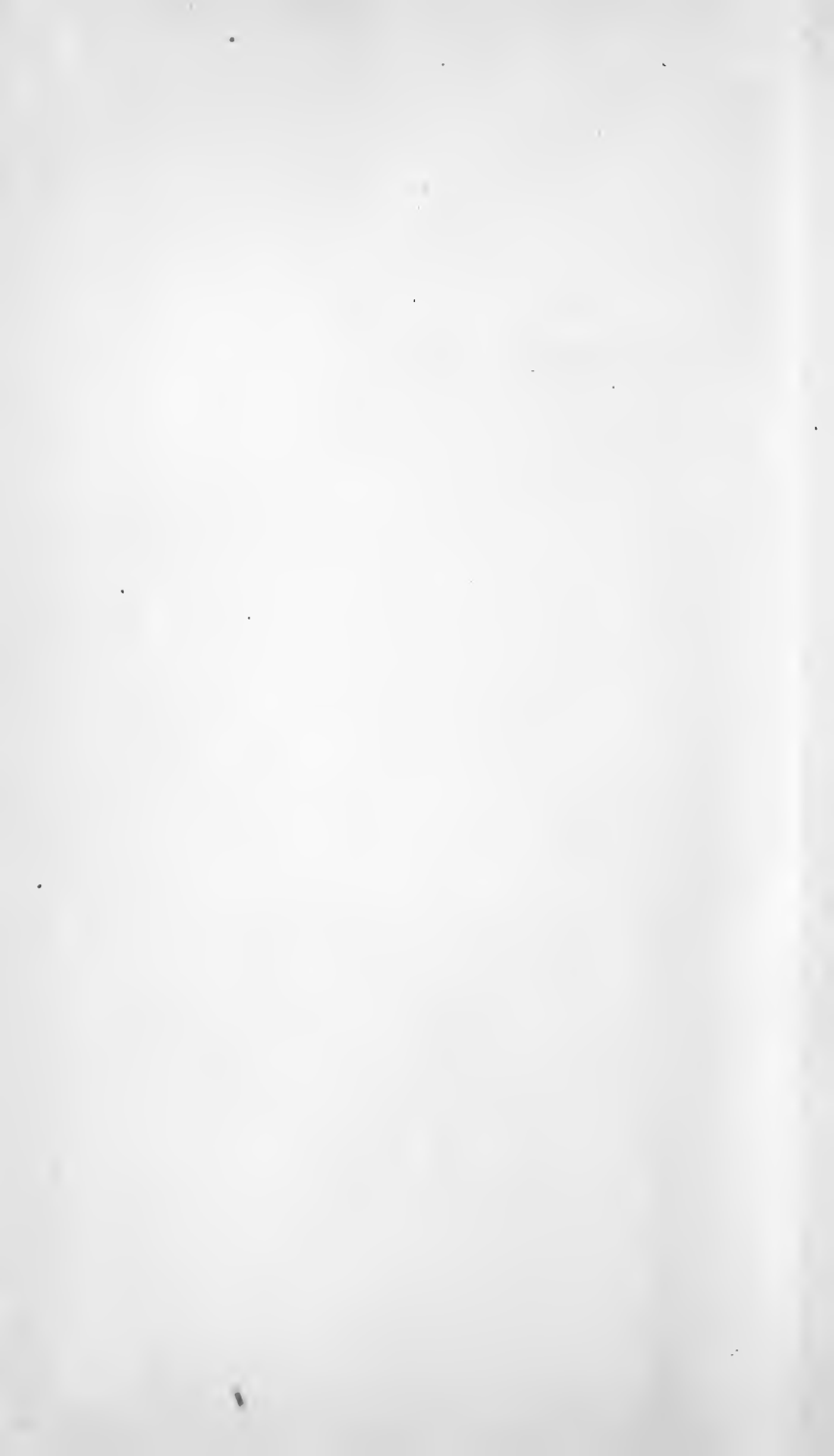
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